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MEMORIALS

OF

CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS-WYNN

EDITED BY HER SISTER

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SECOND EDITION

LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1878

PREFACE.

MANY of the following letters and extracts have already appeared in a volume printed solely for private circulation. That edition is now completely exhausted. The interest evinced in the book by many into whose hands it had fallen, and who had no personal knowledge of the writer, has induced the editor to consent to its publication with some additional matter.

No preface was needed to the first issue. It was intended only for the eyes of those who had known and loved the writer, and to whom no introduction would have been necessary or welcome; but it may be well to prefix a few words to the volume in the event of its meeting with a more extended circle.

Charlotte Wilhams-Wynn was the eldest

of the Right Hon. Charles Watkin Williams-Wynn, and of Mary his wife, the daughter of Sir Foster Cunliffe, Bart. She was born in 1807, and from her father's position in public life, she was at a very early age thrown into political society, and learnt to take a keener interest in all the questions of the day than is usual for a girl of fifteen. Her father's renewed friendship with Heber, with Southey, Hallam, Mackintosh, and others, added a strong literary element to that of politics in the society by which she was surrounded; and the impressions thus given never deserted her in later years, and led her always to take a deep interest in public affairs, whether at home or abroad. These graver tastes did not, however, prevent her entering with zest into all the lighter amusements of a life which seemed to differ but little from that of other girls of her age and position.

In the year 1836, she accompanied her parents to Wiesbaden, whither her father had been sent in the hope of benefit from the waters. On the journey [illegible] Rotterdam up the Rhine, then a long and [illegible] steam passage of some seven or eight days, [illegible] met Baron Varnhagen von Ense, and, in spite [illegible] difference in their ages, there was then

laid the foundation of a friendship which lasted till his death in 1858. Many subsequent visits to Germany with her father confirmed and strengthened this friendship. Varnhagen usually arranged to receive them during their short annual sojourn at the baths. His political and literary memoirs of Prussia during the early part of this century will suffice to show the part he played in the history of his country during that period.

Among others with whom, at and after this date, she formed valuable and lasting friendships destined to colour her whole remaining life, may be mentioned Mr. Carlyle, Baron Bunsen, M. Rio, and the Rev. Mr. Maurice. To these, much of the keen enjoyment that she derived from unreserved interchange of thought was due. With Mr. Maurice above all, for whom her regard amounted to veneration, the most intimate friendship subsisted from the year 1849 to the very week of her own death.

During the later years of her life, her health failed so much that she passed part of every year on the Continent, and when, in 1866, a fatal complaint declared itself, she was obliged to break up her London home, and to reside more constantly abroad, returning

to England only for short intervals. She died at Arcachon, April 26, 1860, five days after the death of her sister, Mrs. Milnes Gaskell, at Bordeaux.

But little remains to be said. As usual with private letters, much has necessarily been omitted, so that these extracts can give but a very incomplete view of her character. Imperfect as they are, they afford, however, a real clue to her feelings and aspirations, and show something of that rare power of sympathy which so endeared her to all who knew her.

They are now given to the world in the belief that passages will be found in them, affording strength and comfort in some of the doubts and trials which so frequently beset us in the course of our lives. If this should be the case even in a single instance, their publication will be amply vindicated.

HARRIOT H. LINDESAY.

March, 1877.

The following extracts from the letters of Mr. Maurice and Baroness Bunsen are added, as showing the different lights in which her character presented

itself to those who had the best opportunities of judging it:—

From a Letter of the Rev. F. D. Maurice.

April 1870.

. . . What comes back to me most vividly now that I can bring my different remembrances of her together, is the thoroughly honest and faithful way in which she met the doubts and perplexities that arose in her own mind, and that she knew were disturbing the minds of others. She never went in search of novelties; she had a dread of them, feeling that the facts of life are quite enough for any person to grapple with who considers them seriously. . . . She was in direct contact with what would be called German Rationalism, in contact as close with those fascinations which draw so many women into Romanism. It seemed to me that she did not dare to treat one or other of these habits and tempers with levity or indifference; did not dare to repel them by mere resolute acquiescence in traditional opinions, and therefore, that she did not fall under the dominion of either.

She retained, amidst all intellectual troubles and confusions, the maxims of her English education; these she did not exalt against those of any other country. She did not disguise her discontent with mere English dogmatism, her desire to find a ground beneath it on which she could stand; nor did she deny the unspeakable temptation which there is for those who have been tormented with doubts, to seek repose in infallible dictation. She clung to the worship and sacraments of her country; for they told her of One in whom she might trust for life and death—of a Spirit who would guide into all truth those who desire to be true. No one taught me more practically that the grounds of our Communion lay far beneath all agreement about propositions; that we were united in Christ, not in our judgments about Him. And there I believe lay the secret of her influence over many, young and old, in this land and in other lands: she could meet them frankly and confidingly, not seeking to avoid differences, not playing on the surface of existence, lest if she penetrated more deeply she should find causes of hopeless strife; but rather assuming that the real harmonies

are within, and that our cowardice prevents us from discovering them.

To wield such a power was one reward of sincerity with herself. It was another that comparative rest from intellectual struggles was granted her when bodily suffering would have been a fearful aggravation of them. She told me that she was almost afraid of her own calmness when her last illness began to declare itself; the new trial seemed to bring her such a delightful rest from those which had wearied her spirit before (a very consolatory announcement that was to anyone who knew and loved her: a witness that, if faith must be proved in the fires, there is a Hand which makes the fires tolerable, a Son of God who is with every sufferer in the midst of them). The joy with which you told me she received the news that the last hour had come was an assurance that she believed she was passing out of a region of mist into clear sunlight. I cannot but believe, my dear friend, that she is beckoning us to follow her into it.

Ever your affectionate

F. D. MAURICE.

From a Letter of the late Baroness Bunsen.

Cadenabbia, May 14, 1870.

My dear friend,—How should I sum up in words the impressions I was privileged to take in of the merits and characteristics of your precious sister, our invaluable Charlotte? If I could but paint such a portrait of her as some of the ancient painters have left us of persons often without name, of whom we know nothing, and yet into whose very soul and life we seem to enter, whose capabilities of action, whose principles and feelings we take in by intuition, not needing further testimony, satisfied by internal evidence and intense conviction of moral power and equipoise—then indeed the demands of your affection might be duly met, and an image transmitted to posterity worthy of that enshrined in our memory. But what I can say in words is so tame and colourless that I shrink from the attempt to note it down, and wish that some other mind than my own would make clear to me the *why* and the *how* she could be so feminine and yet so forcible, so decisive and yet so mild, so considerate of others, of their feelings, of

their shortcomings, and yet so positively herself; so dignified, not in manner and carriage only, but in elevation and grasp of mind, and yet no abstraction; so full of human sympathies, and yet not melting away into unsubstantiality. To combine all our observations and consciousness and draw the true result, the verification, designation of (what my dear late husband would have called) the grand idea of God in the creation of that human soul, I feel to be the office of a masculine mind, of which my woman's powers are incapable; and I send you this effusion to show that I set myself to work in vain.

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CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS-WYNN.

Nice, 1839. — *To Baron Varnhagen von Ense.* — 'What's in a name?' Shakespeare is wrong; there is a great deal in it. I should have read 'Les Lettres d'un Voyageur' long ago, had it not been for the bad name of their author. The book has perhaps struck me the more from my previous prejudices, but it has given me more pleasure than I have had for some time. How magnificent are some passages! One thing strikes me: I had always been told that her writings were so like those of a man, that it was impossible to discern from them that the author was a woman. Now, in this work it appears to me impossible to make such a mistake; every line bears the impress of a woman's writing. No man could analyse and dissect his own feelings as she does: in the first place they could not; and, secondly, they would not waste time in attempting to do so. Each of her feelings, almost each shade of feeling, she examines

with a microscopic eye. No one metaphor is exact enough or close enough for her; so she gives one four at least, where a man would have been content with the first, or have abandoned the attempt altogether. It is miniature-painting; and women generally excel in it.

Nice, December 1839.—*To the same.*—The omission of any allusion to Prince Albert's Protestantism has given great offence in the *annonce* of the marriage; and it was a concession to O'Connell, which many think ill-judged. Lord Melbourne came out of the Council, telling everyone he had done it on purpose. I fancied that the first weeks of the session would be passed by all parties harmoniously, in singing epithalamiums; but our letters hint at very different songs. The performers, at least, seem determined still to sing in parts, and not in chorus; for which I am sorry, as our violent, ill-judging newspapers have given the idea that the Conservatives bear personal dislike to the Queen, and are trying to put the Dowager one in competition with her. This is so untrue and so dangerous an opinion, that I was in hopes they might contrive to unite in demonstrations of civility to her at present. My father says that an attack upon the conduct of Ministers is none upon her; but one knows she will fancy it is.

October 1840.—*To the same.*—What a beautiful edition of Kant you have sent me! As yet I have only admired the outside, having been too much engrossed with Hegel to think of anything else. I

cannot express the delight I derive from the latter! Over and over again have I read his 'Introduction to the Philosophy of History;' and at last, as an excuse for still occupying myself with it, translated the greater part. The main charm in him to me is, that he is completely master of his subject; his thoughts are so clear that he can afford to clothe them in the most precise words, and need not give himself the benefit of an ambiguous expression; also the wonderful manner in which he confines himself to the one point he is treating, until it is perfected. There are single sentences which contain matter for a volume in themselves. The causes of the decline of the Roman Empire, and the manner in which Christianity is considered in its birth, were most interesting to me.

Llangedwin, October 23, 1840.—*To the same.*—Do you ever find that conversation which is exclusively upon *people*, never upon *things*, is apt to be wearisome? Perhaps you have enough love for your neighbour not to feel this—for it certainly argues a want of it—but so it is with me. Sidney's interest in the affairs of others is as keen as ever, while mine, with all my endeavours, is grown to be but skin-deep. I was not a little astonished to find that whatever topic was begun, it invariably ended in a discussion upon the religion of some one, or rather upon the forms that were adopted. It seems to me a singular sign of the times that six or seven women cannot meet to drink their tea without troubling their heads about High Church, Low Church, and Puseyites.

The latter is the generic name under which they class all who do not do as they do. None of them, I see, have read a line Pusey ever wrote; but, like one of those monuments to the murdered in the East, where every passer-by throws a stone of some sort or other to augment the heap, so our neighbours toss over any little fact or opinion they know not what to do with to the Pusey heap, which, by this means, promises fair soon to 'top the skies.'

I am in the middle of Hegel; there are parts which make me feel as if a new light were opening on me, they are so clear and mathematically true. Tauler is most precious to me. Schleiermacher, the volumes of Letters, and Novalis I have also read; but unfortunately I have not got Rahel's 'Letters in the Country,' as I should like to read her opinion of him again. It is very beautiful, though perhaps a severer style is more to my taste. What a lovely character a friend gives of her in Neumann's review of 'Das Buch Rahel!' It is the most perfect thing I ever read, and every line bears the impress of truth. The simple remark that all, when in her presence, became as good as they could be, seems to me the most glorious praise that can be imagined; and then, that she never thought the best which she had to say was too good for the intellect of those below her. This touches me deeply. One is so apt to follow the command, 'Cast not your pearls before swine, lest they trample upon them,' &c., forgetting all the time that, instead of pearls, one has generally but imitation-beads to give away.

Thornes, Dec. 19, 1840.—Three weeks have passed away very comfortably, but marked by no events worth detailing. Still, as you wish to hear of my every-day life, I must give you an account of the party who were staying here last week, the component parts of which were somewhat strange. At the head comes one of the first theologians of the day —Dr. Hook, a very reasonable, delightful man, who is the clergyman of Leeds, and there devotes his whole time to instructing and visiting the poor; through which he possesses an influence that is quite extraordinary. The great church, which was never half filled, is now not large enough for the crowds who throng to hear him; and the other day, he brought over to the Church of England, at once, a body of four hundred Dissenters, with their minister at their head. Do not imagine I bring this forward as a proof of his excellence, or that I think such a flock of sheep are much worth having, as they will probably walk out of the Church as suddenly as they walked in; but it shows the position he holds. The worst consequence of his popularity I should take to be the number of letters he has from persons who wish to consult him on their spiritual condition, young ladies particularly, who seem to inflict upon him their doubts and scruples most unmercifully; and he is good enough to answer each. Then Professor Smyth, the Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, a kind-hearted, courteous old man, who has lately published his lectures on the French Revolution, which are very elegantly written, and produced a great effect when

they were delivered. These people, and two or three more, did very well together; but then, we had an Italian exile, who lives here a great deal; a Polish officer, who, after having escaped from a Russian prison, was trying to make a little money here by a concert; and Mrs. Gaskell, who is kindness itself, thought it might sound better if he were known to be staying here. Poor man! he did not get much by his exertions, but he was cheered by his visit and by the sympathy he found.

January 30, 1841.—*To the same.*—The two last volumes of Gentz are particularly interesting to me, more so than any of the preceding ones. I like the author better from them than I did before, though that is not saying much; for though I admire his extraordinary talents, his eloquence, the dignified position which he gained for himself, and, in general, his political sentiments, I cannot help disliking the man. That letter to Madame von Helwig—what a disagreeable one it is! Perhaps she may have deserved it by her seeming anxiety that he should give her an exposition of his opinions, but the utter contempt and cold condescension which gleam athwart the flattery and exaggeration with which he tries to blind her, are to me very odious. The correspondence with Müller is one of the most interesting I have ever read. As to 'Die Gunderode,' I am convinced that none but a German can appreciate its merits rightly. You require early association with certain modes of thinking and acting to be able to understand them. This seems to me no universal

book, which, like Rahel's, may be equally admired and understood in all quarters of the globe; but it is a rigidly national one, and is almost too peculiar for a stranger. Although I was constantly provoked with the authoress, I could not put the book down when I had once begun it, for there is much that is very clever and amusing. Were three-quarters of the work cut away, it might be 'sehr lesbar.' Her descriptions of nature are beautiful, as long as she can keep clear of the stars, and of her metaphysical investigations into her own feelings, which are melancholy.

Grafton Street, March 4, 1841.—*To the same.*—The other day I got a heap of the Pusey tracts; and soon discovered they did me more harm than good, from the captious criticising temper in which I read. Your countryman, M. de Bunsen, I was told, thus wrote to Mr. Acland respecting the Pusey doctrines:—'I do not like your new faith. It seems to me to be Popery without infallibility, Catholicism without universality, Evangelism without spirituality, and Protestantism without liberty,' and, I should add, mysticism without depth. Their most dangerous tenet, however, seems to me to be that of mental reservation. Many of their opinions are only to be revealed to the initiated; they hold that the vulgar cannot understand them, and therefore that they would harm. This may be true, and yet I cannot think that uninspired men have a right to assume to themselves the knowledge of the Apostles, and settle who are to comprehend them. As a question

of justice, they have no right to do so; and as a question of expediency, surely it is a dangerous time when there comes to be one religion for the people and another for the clergy. I hear the Oxford sect are, however, very angry with Mr. Gladstone's book, and say, 'Here are mysteries, which we never discuss but amongst ourselves, thrown open by a layman to be commented upon by every fool who can read.' Still, their opinions are spreading rapidly, and will continue to do so as long as there is so much that is good in their practice. But if the leaders of the Church are short-sighted enough to attempt to impose upon the laity the tyranny of a priesthood, who are to fix what is to be revealed and what is to be hidden from them, their authority will be utterly cast of; and then one is afraid of the violent reaction that will take place in the opposite direction.

It makes me very melancholy to think that your state of happiness, or at least content, is attained by forgetting yourself; but I cannot help believing that it is very much the result of your illness; and when that vanishes, you will again find a personal pleasure (for that it is a pleasure experience has taught me) in feeling that you are willingly performing and suffering that which is appointed to you.

Grafton Street, June, 1841.—*To the same.*—You are always so kindly interested in all that gives me pleasure, that I know you will like to hear that for the last fortnight I have been more amused than usual. I generally complain to you of the dullness of my society; this has lately undergone a change,

and I have seen many clever people. Among them the most agreeable acquaintance I have made is that of a Mr. Rio, a Breton, who being implicated in some political transactions, escaped to this country some years ago, married an Englishwoman, and is now about to return to France. He has lived a long time in Germany, where he became much attached to Schelling, and looks upon him as the day-star of Germany. He is the most eloquent talker I ever heard, and speaks English better than most natives. You may have heard of the book he published some years ago (as I am told it was much talked of), though until he sent it me I never had. It has a quaint name, 'De la Poésie Chrétienne dans sa matière et dans ses formes,' and the volume just published is on painting only.

June 24, 1841.—*From MSS. book.*—How grateful I feel to God for the pleasure I have enjoyed for the last fortnight! I was introduced to Mr. Rio on the 9th, and between that and the 23rd I saw him every day, generally for two hours' comfortable *tête-à-tête.* The strong devotional feeling that mixes in all he says is very fascinating. And yet Mr. Rio has not a strong mind, at least I think not; he has not that confidence in the strength of truth which would allow him to read any arguments against that which he believes to be truth. He says a doubt would kill him, he would know no objections to that which he believes and wishes to believe. He will not have an Atheist given interesting qualities lest it should do harm; and if a pious man should fall into error, and there should

not be a fifth act, as he calls it, in which he repents and is comfortable, he would not have the biography of that man written. This appears to me a want of moral courage. It is curious that a month ago I complained in this very book of being weary of theological discussions, and that no one spoke of religion from their heart, but rather from their head. A few days after I meet a man who talks only from his heart, and I am no longer weary. His faith is beautiful, and his conviction is so deep and sincere that it is most touching. His conversation was to me like some church bell—it always produced a feeling of devotion in my mind. What can I say stronger? Altogether he gives me more the idea of a knight of the Middle Ages than of a practical man of the present day, with his enthusiasm, his superstition, his patriotism, his adoration of the female character, his one-sidedness (what a German word!), and his humble obedience and submission to his Church. . . . . .

To Mr. Rio.—Do not you remember my telling you that I could not get through Hegel's life in spite of the author's civility in sending it to me? I am glad you agree with me in thinking it dull, but I am not sure whether it is not advisable to give to the world such biographies at times, in order to prove how possible it is to cultivate one faculty at the expense of all the others, which I think was Hegel's case. He passed his existence in sharpening his intellect to the finest point, while all the others were allowed to remain blunted.

June, 1841.—*To Baron Varnhagen von Ense.*—I am much pleased that you like Mr. Rio's book.[1] The remark you make on it is exactly what I said to him—'that it was so tranquilly told.' His own character would never be discovered from his writings. His 'Art Chrétien' I like also, although I do not quite agree with him. The great charm of his conversation to indifferent people is his enthusiasm and his earnestness, and the singular eloquence he possesses which can almost make the worse appear the better reason.

Llangedwin, October 1841.—*To the same.*—It would be difficult for me to express how much I delight in Goethe! My new edition is so small that I can always carry a volume when I walk; and he is the most companionable of authors, suiting all moods and all humours. Not to be obliged (as is the case with most writers) to wind one's self up to some particular key, before one can enjoy and understand him, is to me a great charm. Then, the seemingly careless, concise manner in which he allows observations and opinions to flash out which open a new world of thought to one, is very fascinating. But the principal effect his works have on me I cannot myself understand. He comforts, he consoles me! How, I know not; and it is a happiness which I never expected to have gained from them, for, as you know, his way of thinking was very different from all I have hitherto looked up to. That his

[1] La petite Chouannerie.

writings should have created in me the highest admiration and interest seemed natural, but not this home feeling. I have been much struck lately by the excessive beauty of his descriptions of the sea. He seems to draw fresh inspiration whenever he mentions it, or perhaps I ought to say *water*, in general; and there is a sort of pellucid clearness in his images that harmonises beautifully with that which he is describing. Spenser is the only one of our poets to whom the same remark applies; but he lived so much on the sea-shore, that it is not so singular.

From MSS. book.—I am beginning to be tired of the very name of orthodoxy. I am convinced there are a set of men in the world who answer to that race of dogs who hunt truffles. It is quite curious to see how, in a wood, one of them will rush at once to some particular tree, and hunt out the truffles that are to be found in the ground underneath it; and equally astonishing is it, to see how these men are always sniffing at, and picking at some hidden heresy in a book, which common eyes and readers never discover; and like the dogs too, they trouble themselves with nothing but the heresy, and look neither to the right nor to the left. They are made to perform that one duty, and they do it.

With —— I cannot agree; but I have a singular faculty for admiring another person's faith, although I cannot make it my own. It is like viewing a fine prospect out of a window; I can think it beautiful, and even wish to be transported there, without finding it possible. I am not at all sure whether I am not in

danger of carrying this too far, and may be becoming indifferent. If one is thoroughly and decidedly convinced of the truth of an opinion, is one not generally anxious to persuade others to adopt the same view?—and I am not. Mr. Rio was bigoted to his own opinion, and so was I; and that was the reason we agreed so well, I think. I had much rather not have the responsibility of changing a person's opinion or conviction. I have settled what my own opinions ought to be, but not those of my neighbour; and I only wish they would act on the same principle towards me. It is that love of persuading others to be of one's own opinion that causes all the heart-burnings of society.

London, November 18, 1841.—*To Bn. V. von E.*—You say in your last letter that you have not much confidence in our present Premier, and I have no doubt you have good grounds for it; but still I think he possesses some good qualities, which peculiarly fit him to lead in the present time. His firmness, or obstinacy, which will cause him to part with half his Cabinet, however influential they may be, rather than give up to them, if he does not think them right; and then his sovereign contempt for that bugbear consistency, which appears to me to be generally the phantom that scares all statesmen more or less from the path they ought to tread.

The following sentence would form a good motto for a future life of Peel:—'In a higher world it is otherwise; but here below to live is to change, and to be perfect is to have changed often.'

They say Mr. Gladstone has been given two offices, in order, if possible, to keep him quiet, and by giving him too much to do, to prevent him from troubling his head about the Church; but I know it will be in vain, for to a speculative mind like his, theology is a far more inviting and extensive field than any that is offered by the Board of Trade.

Grafton Street, June 18, 1842.—*To Mr. Rio.*—My dear friend,—I have only time to send you a few lines; for the last week I have been trying to write to Mrs. Rio, but in vain, and now I must hasten to my principal reason for writing. A few days ago I breakfasted with Mr. Rogers; we had only the Gaskells and Mr. Grüner the cartoon man. Rogers was in a very bad humour: after breakfast he took up your book, asked Mr. Grüner if he had read it, and then asked my opinion of it, which of course I gave. Rogers—'Oh! I daresay it is very good, but I have no time to read this, though I displeased the author very much by not having done so before he breakfasted with me the other day. It evidently made him quite unhappy that we talked of anything else, and I had not read it, so could not talk of it.' Upon which I could not resist saying, 'No, Mr. Rogers, *that* did not make him unhappy, and as you have alluded to it I see no reason for not telling you the truth, which is that he would not have cared if you had never read his book, but he *did* care for the alteration which he thought he perceived in your manner towards him, and he had received too much kindness from you, and was too sincerely attached to you, not to

feel that change keenly.' I was rather frightened when I had finished, and expected he would be angry with me, but it produced an effect which astonished me, for he took hold of both my hands, and with his eyes full of tears said, 'I was not changed; no one could have felt more admiration for the contents of that book than I did. Mr. Rio himself was not, could not be more enthusiastic on that noble subject than I was, but when he came, as I told you, I had not read the book, and I thought he expected I should have done so. I have now (I forget how many) pages of MSS. to correct, and have time for nothing. Now, do you ever write to Mr. Rio, and will you tell him this? Will you not forget?' He really spoke as if he were anxious on the subject. I think you will like to know this. I wish that I could tell you many other things which he said, but I am now writing with people in the room asking all sorts of questions, so that I must be very incoherent. I am very glad that I spoke out to Rogers, for I think it may put straight the misunderstanding which there certainly was with regard to you in his mind. Whenever we meet I will tell you all, but he was really affected when he spoke to me. Adieu, we are off to-morrow, and Mary is grudging me every line I write.

Kreuznach, July 1842.—*To Baron Varnhagen von Ense.*—Your being forced into theological conversations amuses me much, and I do not wonder at your saying 'the Rev.' is the least learned of the party, particularly if he is an old one, for there is a great difference between the young clergy of the present

day and those of twenty years ago. That the result should be that you hold still more firmly to your own opinion, seems to me the usual end of all controversy; but as long, however, as you allow that those who require the letter of Scripture may keep to it, I am content. It seems to me evident that those who can soar above the letter towards the Spirit, will always do so, but for those who are not endowed with power for it, who are not strong-headed, surely it is a dangerous and a bewildering doctrine to preach, and if the Church is to teach, it cannot teach authoritatively except by the letter. You know well, dear friend, I am not alluding to you, but do you not think that with men in general, religious misery (the very worst of miseries!) would be fearfully increased when every man had to doubt whether he had seized the spirit of the passage, or been only led by his own wishes. I am myself rather in favour of the threefold sense which the old mystic writers seem to have ascribed to Scripture, though I know your Church has always denounced it. I cannot understand her reasons for doing so, in spite of Mr. Rio's best endeavours to explain them. It is curious to see what pains the new School of Divines take to separate us entirely from the Reformers. Their ambition seems to be to prove that we did not reform ourselves, or rise up against the Church, but that somehow or other the errors slipped away of themselves.

Ehrenbreitstein, July 1842.—*To the same.*—I have enjoyed myself very much here, more altogether than I remember to have done for many years, which arises

I suppose, from my health being quite good again. After all I am very much like a child who is quite content with looking at pretty colours, for my pleasure has arisen certainly from nothing more intellectual than watching the summer tints over the hills and dales. My breakfast is brought to me under a particular tree in the garden, and often have I wished for you to enjoy the view with me.

The other day I bought some flowers from a man who would talk to me. After saying he had served in the English army for many years, and giving a most strong opinion as to the badness of all that belonged to it, he was very eloquent on the single piece of beef he got for dinner, no vegetables, no soups; *here* the poorest peasant fed better than the richest nobleman *there*, which I was quite willing to allow; he then proceeded to complain of the want of freedom that the soldiers there suffered under. I had just before asked him where all those soldiers were going that were passing by, and he told me they were going to bathe by detachments, so I could not resist saying, 'Why, they have at least more freedom than yours, who are not even allowed to go to bathe without an officer to take care that they go into the water the right way.' To my amusement he took this quite seriously, and looked really sad and puzzled as he said '*Das ist wahr.*' He was evidently trying for some answer, and meanwhile I walked on; and though he has often tried since to induce me to hear him again, I have been a very woman, and having had the last word, mean to keep it.

Kreuznach, August 1842.—*To the same.*—I wish you were here to talk to Mr. Hansell, for you would be pleased with him as a man of very deep learning, and withal the most liberal and modest or cautious I ever met, too much so, for it prevents my getting any good from him. I want to learn, and he will not speak decidedly. He is considered a very clever man, which he may be, but he is not used to argue, which is singular in an examining master at Oxford. Last Sunday evening we had a long walk together, and talked over subjects which were near the hearts of both—how far it was your duty to try and influence those who depended on you in religious matters, which has always been to me a great difficulty. His opinion agreed with mine, but when I said, 'May not so and so be alleged against it?' he answered 'Yes,' and left me just as I was before. Very different is Dr. Büdde, with whom I happened to get upon exactly the same topics next day; he 'drives four-in-hand' over every objection, has considered his opinions in all possible lights, and defends them well. He amuses me much, for *he* certainly has no caution in what he says.

October 1842.—*To the same.*—By this time your nieces are with you, and I trust you will feel the comfort from their attentions which I know must be the result, if you will allow them to pay them. But I am a little afraid that you may make the mistake, which many do from the kindest of motives, and say, 'Their young lives shall not be clouded by having anything to do or to think of, but to amuse themselves and be

happy.' This is a mistake, and I have suffered under it. Nothing makes a young thing so happy as to feel she is of use, and that she does something. At that age one is not selfish; and it falls like a cold stone on one's heart to be told to go out and amuse one's self by way of pleasure, when those you love cannot do so. Let them, therefore, be with you when you are sad; and if they feel they cheer you, they will be happy.

November 6, 1842.—*To the same.*—What a service you would render to the world could you but persuade biographers to dare to show that a great man is as you say, not equally great in all things; particularly to English biographers, who have not the courage to give the light and shade as it is in nature, but think it necessary to make the hero all devil or all saint! Still it is certainly a melancholy discovery when, after beginning life by fancying that those to whom you look up so much are guiltless of any contact with the world, you find, at last, that though the head rises unto heaven, they are at the same time ankle-deep in our earthly mire!

Whether the country will become Roman Catholic or not, seems to me a secondary consideration to that which forces itself upon one's mind, whether we are retrograding or progressing by this movement—whether it is likely to promote real religion or merely the forms of it. I am well aware that it is possible to keep both the essence and the form; but one is easier than the other. All the ceremonies they would now impose, and talk of so wearisomely, seem to me

perfectly indifferent; and if any pray better kneeling on the ground than on a cushion, before an altar decked with flowers, and surmounted by the finest pictures, in a gorgeously gilt church, they are quite right, if possible, to procure these luxuries to the senses. But what puts me out of patience is, that they insist on asserting that those whose devotion does not require these helps are more destitute of real religion, and ought to try to acquire it.

I have long desired to have Abeken's 'Das Christliche in Plato.' You know I cannot help running after philosophy wherever I can find it, though I have made many good resolutions to give it up, and confine myself to the history of facts rather than of ideas.

Llangedwin, November 16, 1842.—*To Mr. Rio.*—I envy you not a little your tour to Dresden and Munich. During that time we were passing a dreary three months at Kreuznach, without society or comforts for my father, and I trust we shall never see it again. My preconceived idea of the Arcadian simplicity of its inhabitants soon vanished, and I found to my dismay that to call a man a 'Kreuznacher,' was tantamount to calling him a rogue! It is curious that it was the only German town where the Goddess of Reason was actually worshipped during the Revolution, and they say the people have never recovered what they then lost. I, however, have no right to complain, for with the usual good fortune that accompanies me in such matters, I made an acquaintance which was of the greatest interest and pleasure to me. Hearing

that I wanted to find some one to read with me, the master of the house proposed a friend of his own, who he was sure would like to come, if there was no question of money. This was rather embarrassing; however, Germans are not like other people, and the friend came to tell his own story. He was a Doctor of Philosophy, had never met with any English, was very curious to see what sort of animals they were (which he naïvely told me he could not find out from books), and, in short, managed very cleverly to prove himself to be the obliged person. From this time my days were no longer dull, for I never met before with such learning on every subject in one person, who, fortunately for me, was as anxious to teach as I was to learn. He had been Lecturer on History for some time, and though I was often aghast at the boldness with which he knocked down theories of ages, I could not sufficiently admire the patience and candour with which he listened to my objections. We read Schelling's works together, and his comments on them were most curious. If I, as an Englishwoman, was a new study to him, he was certainly as new to me; and although I differed entirely and irrevocably from him on many subjects, I felt not a little humbled when I found that he, with what I held to be a more imperfect form of religion, a less easy religion than the one I enjoy, was yet so far beyond me in its essence. His deep devotion astonished me, his habitual living to God without any outward helps to doing so! Attached to no form of religion, no dogmas, his faith was a mixture of mysticism, doubt and truth. He appeared to have studied the mythology of the

ancients very deeply, and it was perhaps a natural result that he ended by looking upon all ceremonies as but the veil that covers the one true religion, and considered no one form better than its neighbour. In short, he was a dangerous teacher, for he might destroy and not be able to build up again. Delightful as was his conversation, I doubt whether a long continuance of it would have been useful to me, so I bore with fortitude his departure. One is too apt to confound intellectual with spiritual progress. So much for my Kreuznach life, of which you will be quite tired. Since our return we have been perfectly quiet here, and shall remain so till January at least. This house is, I should imagine, very like some of your Breton castles—old, ill-furnished, without a door or a window that will shut as it ought to do, and I am very shy of asking people who like their comforts to come here ; still, I would venture it with you.

Now, in return for this long dull letter, I expect you to tell me all you are doing, and above all, what you are *thinking*. Jean Paul says, our thoughts and feelings are all that can be termed our own individual history. The events of our days we share with others, and they do not belong so exclusively to us. I have always felt the truth of this, but do not desire others to do the same, and wish that you will have the kindness to tell me what topic interests you most. What do you wish to hear about? For my letters may as well act the part of newspaper, if I knew what sort of intelligence you most long for. I knew the letters of Rahel would not suit you ; in the first place, the leading principle in German biography is to conceal

nothing; too much like the *diable boiteux*, it takes the roof off every house, and displays the most domestic concerns, to show the man as he is in his every-day working garb, and not dressed in his 'Sunday best,' as is too much the aim of our English editors, and, secondly, how difficult is it for love to see any faults in an object that has been taken from one!

January 1843.—*To Bn. V. von E.*—Your affectionate wishes for the New Year were the first I had received, for we were here alone, and had not the heart to wish each other the customary 'Happy New Year.' It seemed a mockery just now, and I even longed to pull down all the bright holly with which the rooms are decorated at this season, and which we have always connected with a happy, joyous Christmas; and yet is it not the fitting emblem of the Christian mind in sorrow? The harder the winter the brighter are its leaves, and it becomes more vigorous and more flourishing when the blast blows keenest, and the world is coldest. After all, God knows whether a happy year is worth wishing for. A certain degree of happiness is in one's own power, enough to live upon, and more than that is a luxury which we have no right to expect, and at least is not necessary.

The other day we lost my mother's oldest friend, one who had been her companion in childhood, and literally adored her. She loved us all like her children in consequence; but I had not seen her for ten years. It is a curious coincidence that this perfect woman (for she was as perfect as a human creature can be) always, like your dear Madame Mendelsohn, prayed

that she might die suddenly. She was seized with a fit in the act of giving charity to a beggar out of doors, and died instantaneously. Can one imagine a more beautiful death for one whose whole life was a constant preparation for her end? And yet I am astonished that the wish to die suddenly without being aware of it is so common a one. Surely it is a singular desire? Mine would be the exact contrary. I should like to die leisurely, and not to do that which can be done but once in a hurry. I would not pass away unconsciously, but rather with all my powers unquenched to see it approaching. To be allowed to intend to die seems to me the most enviable departure, not the being struck down like a withered tree.

I think it is wrong to lay too great a stress upon a longing for death being a certain proof of a good life and of a Christian state of mind. It is a pity that the tone from the pulpit is invariably that men dread death, for I do not believe that it is true. You may have an intellectual desire to die, or rather a longing prompted by the intellect, merely the natural result of the limits and shadows by which it is here confined. Is this meritorious? The same spirit that makes the child, after admiring the toy, desire to pull it to bits in order to discover how it is put together, accompanies us through life; and after wondering at the machinery around one, and spending many a year in vainly trying to find out why and how it acts, is it astonishing that we long at last to get into the engine-room?

March 1843.—*To Mr. Rio.*—Poor Southey's death, of which we heard two days ago, has cast a gloom over us. Although my father has long felt that it would be a merciful release, now that the blow has fallen, he forgets the last few years, and reverts to the days of their happy school friendship, but he is not low. How benevolent a dispensation it is, that as one advances in years, and the loved friends of one's youth are dropping rapidly away, the loss is so much less keenly felt than it would have been in earlier times. They are but gone before a little while, and sorrow seems misplaced.

I trust the office of Poet Laureate will now be abolished; it is a remnant of barbarism, and I think the place of Court Poet ought to be abolished with that of Court Fool!

Poor Mrs. Southey (Miss Bowles) is so far from being left well off that she is really in distressed circumstances. She had a good income before she married, of which she gave up half on marrying him, and she now has hardly anything. There never was a sadder case than hers. Having acted invariably from the highest, most unselfish principles, she is maligned; a strong and powerful party has been made against her, and few take up her defence. Wordsworth has chosen to stand forward against her, and his herd of admirers follow their leader. Had he heard both sides, he was at perfect liberty to take that which he preferred, but he decided at once without any evidence. It is two of Southey's children who, hating the second marriage from the beginning, accused Mrs. Southey of being actuated only by the

most sordid motives; which one should have thought the very fact of her being obliged to give up half her income whenever she married would have sufficiently refuted. Two of the children are against her and one for her; but Wordsworth's name is a host in itself. My father feels strongly the injustice that has been done to a person whose natural protector was, alas! unable to defend her. They are anxious she should publish a life of her husband, but at present she shrinks from it.

To Bn. V. von E.—Never mind the want of interesting conversation in the great world. I sometimes think it is a wholesome change from the too absorbing interests of one's conversations with one's self, and have lately become aware that that constant feeding upon one's own thoughts in solitude is not morally good. We have been alone, with the exception of a neighbour, who is supposed to be a very sensible man. How he did weary me! Unfortunately he had been used to be surrounded by an intelligent family, upon whose intellects he was accustomed to drip, drip information the live-long day, and, of course, continued his occupation away from home. One of the most painful tortures is said to be the letting a single small drop of water fall unintermittingly upon the criminal's brain, and the allegorical sense contained in this idea never struck me till I had passed two days with this man. Religion, government, politics, every science under the sun, dropped upon me, and no wonder I was worn out, hard stone as I am!

Mr. M. has just written to say he intends to publish his Review in the next Edinburgh, and that he hopes it may meet your approbation. He has really great gifts and high powers, and a temper such as I never saw before, but there is a want of earnestness and a love of paradox in his conversation which vexes me, for I see that there is something behind, if he would but give it me. He is also one of the kindest-hearted men I ever met, and the best and warmest friend to those whom he really likes. He is just now wild on the idea of founding an institution of Sisters of Mercy like your Prussian one, and was civil enough to say that he thought I was particularly suited to be one; and I shocked him by at once declaring that I had no idea of joining it, that I thought the only way to found such a charity would be that there should be first an order of Brothers of Mercy. Let them show us the example, and we would follow it; but women have quite enough to do as it is, and it puts me out of patience to find men pluming themselves and thinking they are doing a work of charity, entirely at our expense. 'We are all so selfish in these days; there is such a want of self-devotion,' was his speech. 'Quite true; and therefore do *you* give up your dinners and all that ministers to your vanity, and devote *yourselves*. I have quite as many opportunities for self-devotion as I need, and therefore find in myself no craving for more.'

I have finished your bishop's book. I like it very much. The new light in which it has placed your late king is most interesting to me; it is impossible to doubt the truth of what is related, and I am only

astonished that one who possessed so many fine and uncommon qualities should have been so undervalued among his contemporaries as this good king was. I will own I was a little wearied by the eternal digressions of the author, and the history of every man whose name is mentioned to the third generation; and yet one cannot help liking the good old divine, 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,' and at seventy-three one forgives him for his garrulousness, his heaps of words, and his india-rubber-like sentences, which seem capable of being pulled out to any length, though they become much attenuated thereby. The book is in one respect very curious to me, inasmuch as it shows the different position your clergy hold towards the king from that in which ours stand. Which is in reality the best and most suitable, may be very doubtful, but I was rather amused by seeing the difference; to me, your king seems to be performing the bishop's part, and the bishop the king's. The bishop is ever relating how he stood ashamed at some reproof of the king's, upon matters which one expects the clergy rather than the laity to decide. The king tells him what his duties to his flock are, the sort of sermons *he* wishes him to preach, and the bishop seems to listen most duteously; there is no dispute between them as to which is the Head of the Church. All the anecdotes of Frederick the Great delighted me, and I long for the continuation. Besides these, I have been reading some of Milton's prose works which I never knew intimately before. The well-known quotations from them I knew, but had no idea the whole was so

fine. I cannot understand why we have so absolutely lost the power of writing such English now. All other nations seem to improve their language with age (excepting, perhaps, the French), but ours has declined since 1700. I have never been able to get from anyone a satisfactory reason for this, though all acknowledge it. Whatever be the matter on which Milton writes, though his opinions are often biassed by party hatred, the style is always wonderful; such nervous Saxon English as I find in no other writer except in those days.

. . . How entirely do I agree with you that a child's unhappiness is not enough considered. At that time it has a keener sense of injustice than it ever has in after years. Your feelings were, without doubt, beyond your age, but it brought back to my remembrance many a similar instance of great wretchedness, caused merely by my not being understood.

London, February 1843.—*To the same.*—I am ashamed at being obliged to own what an effect 'Hyperion' has produced on me. The beginning of it has enchanted me, not perhaps so much in consequence of its own merits, but because it is almost a transcript of my own mind at one time. I can call to remembrance the day, the very hour, when years ago I felt, and even expressed, my feelings in words which curiously resemble his. You can hardly imagine how startling it was to me to read a book which seems a reflection of myself, when that self was very different from what it now is, before I had discovered my own straight path, when that exces-

sive weariness and craving for something better came over me, which used to be the case when in the opinion of others I was most fêted and most happy.

Kervegh's Poems have amused me, although I cannot help wondering that so undefined, so vague a patriotism, should have produced such an effect. After reading every one of his odes, I have no more idea of what he precisely wishes than before I began, but like a child, he seems very anxious to be doing something, little matter what. The king is forthwith to go to war, with whom or for what is quite a secondary consideration. Still, it is a stirring book, though to me there is little poetry in it. I have not done more than look wistfully towards the other works, longing for the time to begin them, and much inclined to wish myself turned into Cerberus, merely because he had three heads instead of one bad one. How agreeable an addition they would be to me just now! I could employ all three very comfortably.

Marheinecke's essay has been most interesting to me; one seldom sees an impartial view taken of a subject which it seems almost impossible to approach dispassionately. Church and State with us are the watchwords of party, and no one can mention them without sharing the feelings of party. Our Church is becoming very powerful, more so daily, and if she is prudent she may remain so.

The only other book I am reading is 'Wilhelm Meister,' which, singular to relate, I had never done before. I have not reached the conclusion of the third book, so I can hardly say I have yet got into it, and the story will become more interesting. I

own I find passages which appear to me in bad taste; but this I am quite willing to believe is my fault, my want of judgment, and not the author's. In all the more serious parts I delight, and I cannot tell you how the reflections startle me at times from their wonderful beauty and truth; I lose myself in admiration!

London, May 9, 1843.—*To the same.*—I gave my opinion so freely before respecting 'Wilhelm Meister,' that you will make allowances for my doing so now. The other day I began again from where I had left off, at the beginning of the sixth book, and must fairly say I think it is the most extraordinary proof of genius I ever met with! In this I may be wrong, as I feel I was in my judgment of the first books, but I really cannot find words to express my admiration and astonishment at the almost superhuman knowledge of the human heart which must have dictated such remarks as those that are profusely scattered through the seventy pages of 'Bekenntnisse einer schönen Seele!' I must not attempt to transcribe the passages that most struck me, for I should never come to an end. Anything more perfect than the moral, and the way in which it is worked out, I cannot imagine; and above all, the masterly way in which the utter selfishness, or rather self-seeking, which forms the basis of the religion, is exhibited in every feeling, though veiled under a better name, until it deceives its very possessor! I cannot understand Schiller wishing the thoughts to be more clearly developed than they are, nor that he should think it

possible that '*ein christliches Gemüth eine zu leichtsinnige Behandlung tadeln könnte?*'

May 1843.—*To the same.*—The weather has been most ungenial lately, the flowers have insisted on coming out (much like spoiled children, who will not be persuaded into what is good for them), and now that they are out, seem not to know what to do with themselves in the cold, nipping winds we have lately had.

Latterly I have been reading Hegel again, and though I now can keep my mind to it but for a short space of time, it does me good; there is a nourishment in it which I do not get in other books. At Dropmore I read Brown's works which you mentioned to me. His lectures are well meant, but there is a profusion of metaphor and fine writing that makes them very wearisome, I think.

June 1843.—*To the same.*—Ireland is indeed in an alarming state, and Father Mathew (although I believe unintentionally) has much increased the danger. It is a very different thing to have to deal with well-organised bodies of men who are all sober, to what it was when they were all drunk. Still the opinion is, that such precautions have been taken as may repress all outbreak, but neither the Lord Lieutenant (Lord de Grey), nor his secretary, are men of sufficient talent to meet such an emergency.

The decision of the Board at Oxford suspending Dr. Pusey for two years from preaching, has created the greatest excitement. There is no doubt, I think,

that it was an unwise step to take; for it is almost impossible in a Church, constituted as ours is, to prove a charge of heresy. The Articles are purposely left so indefinite, and open to such latitude of interpretation, that it would be difficult to prove any unorthodoxy upon so subtle a matter as Transubstantiation, &c., particularly when 'the Fathers' are allowed to be cited for the defence. Pusey and his followers are very angry that the Chancellor of the University will not specify the precise sentences in his sermon which are supposed to be heterodox, and they complain of injustice, but I think he is wise in refusing to comply with this request; it would only make more scandal to the Church, more disputing, more fending and proving, and they have certainly the authority of precedent for it, as the Church has invariably burnt and imprisoned her heretical sons without assigning the grounds on which she acts. The whole thing seems to me somewhat puerile in these days, and I cannot help wishing Dr. Pusey would at once turn Roman Catholic with his friends, and so end the matter peaceably!

London, July 14, 1843.—*To the same.*—Lady Grenville is only just returned from Italy, where, among other things, she has been much gratified by the respect and unexpected attentions that have been paid her as Lord Grenville's widow. I was told that they were constantly surprised by some proof of his memory being valued, where one should hardly have expected that the very name had ever reached them. I heard that once some cardinal came to pay her a

visit, introduced himself, and said that hearing she was in Rome, he could not resist expressing to her the sense of obligation which the Catholics owed her husband, as being the first proposer of Catholic Emancipation, &c., &c. This would not have been astonishing or embarrassing to any who did not know Lady Grenville, but since his death, his name has never been mentioned or alluded to before her: no one ever saw her shed tears for him, though she used to shut herself up for days to weep at her leisure. Under these circumstances you can imagine that her companion was almost afraid of the consequences, but to her surprise Lady Grenville burst into tears, and answered in a very measured tone, and the cardinal went away delighted at the effect he had produced.

Your friend came in yesterday evening, and was a little full of our Queen and Prince Albert, but it is not wonderful, and most pardonable. I am quite convinced that no head (save perhaps that of Medusa) can keep itself unturned, and straight upon its shoulders, when exposed to the fascinations of royalty.

Last night I went to see the first representation of a comedy written by Lady Emmeline Wortley. It was a bold attempt, and one that did not succeed, though the audience was composed entirely of her friends. The dialogue was more witty than I should have expected, but the plot was absolutely nothing, and we had to sit through five long acts of it. All the fine men of London went, determined to carry it through by their plaudits, and these were so inces-

sant that I could not help saying to one who sat behind me, 'I think it rather a shame for you all to come here and insist upon making the public swallow and put up with such trash as this.' He answered very quietly, 'You need not be the least alarmed, for the public are very well able to take care of themselves, and, moreover, you will see they will *not* swallow it,' and so it turned out.

The Irish Church is to be left quiet for this session, but they must take some decided measure next year. Your friend, General Willisen, is very eager about it, and naturally so. He thought me, I saw, very unfeeling in the way I mentioned the subject, but he knew not how much I had heard on both sides. Both churches complain of being oppressed, or, rather, not sufficiently supported. It seems to me that the only line is for the State to pay neither Protestants nor Catholics, for if, according to the new doctrine, the State is to be looked upon as an individual, bound to act after its conscience, it does not do so when it pays (and thus helps to further) that which it conscientiously believes to be untrue, although it is bound to tolerate it. But this is one of the difficulties that follow a State Church.

Pantyochin, August 18, 1843.—*To the same.*—I long to tell you how happy I am to be again in the country. We arrived on Tuesday, and have been welcomed by the first hot weather of the year, and all those summer sounds which are so peculiar and soothing, and to me so new, for, from our yearly visit to the Baths, we have usually missed them. I am

hardly yet recovered from the fatigue and jolting of the journey, and the heat makes one feel it more. I always find it takes some time before one can bring either mind or body into unison with summer in the country. There is a luxuriance, a breadth, a purity, and yet an utter lawlessness in everything that moves or grows, with which our narrow, prescriptive, social habits do not agree. Summer seems to have no duties, and while law and order may rule for nine months of the year, during these three they cease, and the birds, the grass, and the trees do just as they like, at least, so it appears to me, and thus I feel out of harmony with all around, which after all is my own fault, for I have only to follow the example of nature and like what I must do! This is somewhat of a rhapsody, but there is a sense in it, though perhaps I have not explained myself so that you can discover it.

I rejoice truly at the pleasure you derived from your interview with the Grand Duchess. It is seldom that such qualities as you describe are found in princes, and yet I almost wonder that they should not be found there, for they are less apt to have their independence, their individuality, crushed by rules and examples, than their subjects are. There is no definite shape into which a prince must be moulded, whether he is inclined to it or not, and for this reason I have sometimes longed to be one.

. . . It always seems to me the most terrible irony when the doctor prescribes that the invalid shall have nothing to agitate, to excite, to depress him. There is but one place where he can be safe from such

disturbances, and you would say that therefore the medical man does his best to send his patient to it.

Llangedwin, August 23, 1843.—*To the same.*—We are all rather melancholy at returning to this place, and finding that the workmen employed in repairing the house have cut down and utterly destroyed all the roses and jasmine that were wont to creep up the sides of the house. This sounds too sentimental, but they were very dear to us, and are mixed up with all our early remembrances. The happy lessons we used to have under that jasmine tree with my mother! It was planted a small thing when my father came here on his marriage, so you may imagine that to him the seeing it no longer is a constant depression.

Sadness also suits me now better than happiness: I understand your melancholy letters better than your happy ones (alas! I have not many of the latter), but life is becoming a serious affair to me.

Spitz is very poorly, and I had to sit up with him last night. Imagine General Willisen remarking that I probably did not buy him on account of his beauty; now, he is perfectly beautiful.

Llangedwin, September 1843.—*To the same.*—My cousin is now here, and has brought over nearly two hundred hounds to hunt some wretched foxes which are supposed to be in the woods. I proposed to him to take a gun and shoot them in order to save time, but he was quite horrified at the idea, so the whole valley has been disturbed this morning by the howling and screeching of these beasts, and the glorious

result has been three little foxes, to accomplish which he had to be out at four o'clock in the morning.

Llangedwin, October 8, 1843.—*To the same.*—I am grieved, my dear friend, to find from your letter that you have had household annoyances to struggle with, for they are the very worst, and leave traces behind long after they have passed by. I can easily imagine how they must have worried and fretted you, for the more susceptible one is of the happiness and harmony of home, the more keenly one feels anything that interrupts it. Now that you are at least at peace, think as little as you can of the disagreeable past. I know this is easier advice to give than to follow, but still I have followed it at times, and always with benefit; it used to be a regular drawn battle between my resolution and my longing once more to bring back events which I knew could be of no use but to make me wretched! What a powerful sentence you quote of St. Martin![1] Yet if those lines were shown to some lost angel as a true view of our life here below, would he not turn away in horror, and prefer his own outcast state? My favourite South says, 'Nothing should make us give up our hope, till it forces us to give up the ghost also!' and this is strong invigorating doctrine.

[1] 'La route de la vie humaine est servie par des tribulations qui se relaient de poste en poste, et dont chacune ne nous laisse que lorsqu'elle nous a conduits à la station suivante, pour y être attelés par une nouvelle tribulation.'—*St. Martin's Œuvres Posthumes.*

Llangedwin, October 1843.—*To the same.*—Since I last wrote we have been only nursing our invalid, whom I think I mentioned as being ill; it was a long recovery, and he left us before he was fit to travel. He might have been taken ill on the road, so we are thankful it happened here where the poor man could be looked after. His is the most poetical mind I ever met with, and it is curiously crossed by a strong vein of practical good sense, which produces a singular effect; one balances the other, and he seems, as it were, to have two selves, each treating the other ironically, which puzzled me much at first, but his poetical nature will gain the upper hand eventually, for it is too strong to be crushed by any practical considerations of utility or interest. I should much like you to know him, and am certain he would please you, from his thorough simplicity and hatred of all cant, whether in religion or in art.

I have been reading Mr. de Custine's work; it is very brilliantly written, and my father says it is the most powerful book he has read for a long time. I must own that when I found him writing deliberately a letter of falsehoods, in order to deceive the Post Office and prevent a search from being made for his real opinions, I was a little staggered, and felt he had not associated with Russians in vain. Neither a German nor an Englishman would have condescended to such a step. The thoroughly hollow flattery which he takes care to detail his having lavished on the Emperor to his face, is also very French. During the whole of the journey he seems to have felt with Talleyrand, that the use of speech is to conceal one's thoughts; but the book is a very amusing one.

Llangedwin, October 31, 1843.—*To Mr. Rio.*—Let me begin by thanking you for your letter, and for the detail of what you are doing and thinking. You know how deeply interesting both are to me: would that I might be allowed to take part with you in all that you are now enjoying; but as this is denied me, the next best thing is to be made partaker of the impression it produces on you, and therefore I am grateful to you for it. The employments in which you are engaged must be both cheering and reviving, they will indemnify you for many a dreary hour, and your last letter was written in so sad a spirit that I rejoice the more the sunshine follows so soon. It is certain that life has a very empty, dry, poverty-stricken side, and at times we are too apt to look upon that side alone when, unless one can draw upon oneself for some 'living waters,' one is parched amid the general drought. This is more my own case than yours, and fortunately my books are allowed to be those refreshing waters to me; most grateful I am for it, for I have thus a resource and a comfort always at hand!

November 1843.—*To*———.—Well, do I know the sort of feelings you describe, that at one time there is a black curtain over everything, nothing amuses or interests one. I am only anxious, dearest, you should not make yourself unhappy when you feel this want of interest, that you should not add discontent with yourself to all your other trials. I am even inclined to advise you not to fight against it, do not make exertions against the feeling; the bearing

it simply would take less out of you, I think; your interest will return, but what you describe is entirely physical, and you have enough to struggle with around you without more worry in yourself. In all this I may be wrong, but my feeling is that people are apt to do too much. . . .

Do not think you have made it appear you are more uncomfortable than is the case; it is useless to mince the matter to yourself, or try to fancy you are unreasonable, selfish, I know not what, which I see you are doing your best to discover, in order to account for your feelings. There must and will be moments in which the dreary prospect before you must make your heart sink, and oh! do not, dearest, at those times think you are sinning. You know that it is God's support and grace that enable you to bear it at all, that enable you ever to look forward, and feel that the way in which the next few years are passed signifies little. For a little space He may withdraw His comfort, and then what can you do but remain quiet? If one day you feel that the winter will be long, that you have nothing to look forward to, which is one's human feeling, do not trouble yourself; the next, you will (depend upon it) be enabled to look far beyond winter and summer to an eternal sunshine. . . .

In a letter from Varnhagen the other day, I was struck by his saying, 'When I feel my trials are sent from God, are actual messengers to me, they become supportable, nay, I can imagine their being even welcome, though my piety does not yet go so far. Happiness is to us like some fine view we drive past,

rejoice in, although we never come into it ourselves. The object of the journey is the only thing that signifies; the discomforts we meet with on the road are only a proof that we are travelling.'

—— said to me one day, 'Miss Wynn, you would not wonder at what I tell you if you knew the incessant speculations I am condemned to hear. It is very well to say, keep your own opinions unshaken, or to say to one's self, I *will* not give them up; but when you hear them constantly ridiculed by a judgment that you respect highly, if A—— would but argue I could bear it; but it is a sort of continual attack and sneer at it. At first you are angry, and at last you feel that all that you were most determined to hold is fading away, and you cannot keep it fast. You feel weary of the whole world, and all that is in it. The men that I see take up any side that is vacant and argue upon it.' What a miserable use of talents! and when one thinks that for each one of those arguments they may have to give an account, it would not be pleasant to hear for one who is interested in them. That is 'holding the truth in unrighteousness,' knowing the truth, and yet arguing against that knowledge. I mentioned, to divert her thoughts a little, that I had a good deal to do in nursing my father, and that I was rather anxious about him. She entered into it kindly, and added, 'But oh! how such a duty clears the way before one; there it is, straight and certain; there can be no self-questioning and self-tormenting as to whether that is to be done or not.' This struck me forcibly, for it was precisely what I had felt. It had done so: seemed to have swept away all doubts

of myself, all discontent at my own spiritual state, like a mighty besom sweeping the snow. It is so startling thus to see that the same law governs every mind more or less. You said the same, dearest, when —— is ill, and is not it comforting in some degree to see that these sort of trials are more general in woman's nature (I say nothing of man's) than one thinks; that when one feels 'the waters have gone over my soul' (which is so good an expression for it), that there are heaps of souls all nestled there, too, underneath those waters, to be dragged up again some time! I should never have fancied that a person so keen and cold, and masculinely-minded as I took —— to be, could have felt such scruples and doubts.

Wynnstay, November 21, 1843.—*To Baron Varnhagen von Ense.*—Your idea of seeing happiness afar off and taking pleasure in the bright prospect, though you are not permitted to enter it yourself, is as true as it is invigorating. It is amusing to me to remember that I made use of almost the same words last year in answer to an assertion of the danger there is in giving way to great admiration or even contemplation of those tenets which do not agree with your own, as tending to shake your belief. 'It is like driving past some beautiful country; in spite of the delight and pleasure I derive from looking on it, I cannot transport myself into it, but must keep to my own rugged high road.' Your application of the image, however, is far truer than mine.

I am ashamed of my present depression, but the truth is, the manner in which I have lived for the last

three weeks has contributed in a great degree to produce it, or rather to prevent my throwing it off. Nothing, I am convinced, is so wearying as talking for talking's sake. From ten each day till two the ladies sit together, and talk one must; what is said is quite a secondary consideration, those hours are to be got through; and one finds one's self at last going on like a machine, and often not hearing one's own words from absence of mind.

I must thank you for having sent me Rosenkranz's lectures on Schelling, which I only read a short time ago, and I cannot tell you the pleasure they gave me! For many months I had devoted myself to other sorts of reading, and coming back to philosophy again was like drinking wine when you are faint. Rosenkranz seems to me a model for controversialists; he writes in so worthy a spirit, so measured, so earnest, and grave! He never quits his ground till his adversary is in the dust at his feet, but then he never *kicks* him when he has him there, which few can resist doing in their triumph.

Wynnstay, December 5, 1843.—*To the same.*—I am suffering under a bad headache to-day, the consequence of a terribly hot dinner of thirty people last night, when a club called 'the Cycle' held one of its annual meetings. It was a Jacobite association, set on foot the day that Prince Charles Edward was born. The Sir Watkin of the day was always the President, and his wife the only lady allowed to dine with them. The health of the Pretender was drunk with great solemnities, and I believe altogether the club did

much to keep up the old Jacobite feeling; now, it has dwindled into a dinner with no meaning in it, but they still cling to the garb, though the spirit that once gave it life is gone, and I suffer, therefore.

December 31, 1841.—*To the same.*—The sight of your handwriting rejoiced me not a little, though alas! you do not give as comfortable an account of yourself as I ventured to hope; still in this world, where nothing either good or evil stands still, it is a great point that you are not worse, and I cannot help trusting, therefore, that you must be better. As usual, I must begin by thanking you for the parcel of books which I received the other day. Prince Puckler's Life amused me much; he is very fortunate in finding a biographer who has such a thorough admiration of all he does and does not do. One sentence delighted me, and has diverted many to whom I have communicated it. 'In this year he married, &c., &c., and we may truly say that so blissful a union was never seen on our globe—in nine years it was dissolved by mutual consent!' I am quoting from memory, but it ran so; the good man seems perfectly unaware of the satire contained in much of his praise.

I have lately read an article in a review that has given me much pain. There is a spirit of bitterness and unfairness in it which shocks me. The reviewer had a perfect right to express his opinion of the book, but not to pick out isolated passages for ridicule, which, without their context, he must have known would give a false impression of the writer's mind. The office of a reviewer has always seemed to me

almost a holy one. It ought to be undertaken as the painters of the early ages did their pictures, with a prayer beforehand that truth, and truth alone, might guide their hand, and when I see it thus debased in order to amuse, when I find ridicule instead of argument, and a sneer instead of a proof, it is somewhat difficult to feel with Shakespeare and find 'good in everything.'

You will have seen what turmoils Oxford and the Church have been in from the fancies of Mr. Ward, who, after they had tried in vain to degrade him, settled the matter quietly by marrying, which at once obliges him to give up his fellowship. Meanwhile, others say boldly they hold every point of Roman doctrine, and yet defy the bishops to remove them, nor can they. It seems to me that the Articles are perfectly useless, and the sooner they are got rid of the better, for it is unfair to desire some to burden themselves by subscribing them when they can be so easily evaded by unprincipled men, and I am inclined to think the Church would be better without any tests but the Creed. I am beginning to believe old Baxter right, when he says, 'The plague of the Church for above a thousand years has been the enlarging our Creed, and making more fundamentals than God ever made.'

Grayton Street, March 6, 1844.—*To the same.*—Carus is very interesting, and brings still more clearly before one's eyes the wonderful and all-embracing genius of Goethe. The observations he makes respecting Goethe's health as influencing his disposition and

writings altogether are new, and strike me as having much truth. It seems to me that they give the key to much that before was incomprehensible. It is only those who are used to bad health and to weakness that can sympathise with it, nay, that can even bear it to be brought before them, and I can understand that one on whom the rare gift of perfect health was bestowed would necessarily shrink from and avoid all that was likely to trouble it, whether by mental or bodily causes. I particularly admire the spirit in which the author contemplates his subject; it is an honest, noble admiration which does credit to both.

The Irish trial has engaged the attention of every one. It has been, I hear, a great astonishment to the Irish, that a verdict of guilty was returned. They did not believe that any jury would dare to find O'Connell guilty; they thought his power was far greater than that of the law, and the result will at least have the good effect of showing he is not omnipotent, though I cannot see that much else will result from it. They tell me, however, that the debate of nine nights in the House has done good, and that the people are pleased at seeing how universally the sympathy of the House is given to their condition, though they differ as to the means of bettering it.

London, March 20, 1844.—*To the same.*—I send you, my dear friend, the little volume of poems I promised, in which I think the author's own character comes out more clearly than in any he has before published. The evident admiration which he feels for Mohamme-

danism shocks many; last year they said he was to become a Roman Catholic, now it is to be a Mohammedan, and one is just as likely as the other. My opinion is simply that he is sufficiently a poet to see the beauty that is to be found in all, if one knows how to look for it, or, to use better words than mine, 'he has enough love of truth to see what is good in everything.' I have lately been hearing much of the danger of what they choose to call a plastic religion, of that which changes its hues according to the different lights in which it is placed. Still, while the spirit remains the same, I doubt whether its many-coloured garb signifies. However, I believe this is an untenable argument, and a chameleon religion is wrong, though not to the extent that my High Church friends would have me believe. The other day I fell again upon a sentence of Goethe's which has often puzzled me. He says in his 'Spruche in Prosa,' that as truth and error spring from the same source, 'Desswegen man oft dem Irrthum nicht schaden darf, weil man zugleich der Wahrheit schadet.' This principle once allowed and carried out, would surely strike at the root of all duty and right! I cannot help thinking that truth is well able to take care of herself, and it is of little use bolstering her up with error.

Dropmore, April 7, 1844.—To the same.—I take my book out all morning, and pass the time very delightfully reading and thinking, and inhaling the spring air. At three we dine, and one of us goes out driving with my aunt afterwards. The other, meanwhile, goes her own way; at eight we meet for tea,

and go to bed at ten. Such is our day, and I should be glad if all my days were such. I would that you could have seen the sun setting last night. Just before he sank behind a grove of dark pines, his beams fell on a sloping bank covered with primroses, and the poor little flowers seemed quite oppressed under the exceeding glory that had fallen upon them—they drooped their heads, and closed their leaves as if dazzled by the glow of amber-light. In a few minutes their tormentor disappeared, and as the long dark shadows of the pines fell on them, they looked up quite refreshed and young again. I am obliged to put a restraint on myself, or I should fill my letter with histories of grass, and trees, shadows, and sunshine.

Grafton Street, May 12, 1844. — *To a young Widow.*—I have longed so much, my dearest, to tell you how deeply and truly I have felt with you, that I will not resist it longer. If it wearies you now, put away my note until the mere expression of affection (poor as it is) is pleasant to you, for the time will come when even *that* is comfortable.

Dearest, take care of your health, and do not exert or try it too much, for you must remember how very precious it is; and when bodily suffering is added to mental, the burden of living becomes heavier. I know how irksome it is, when all the happiness of life is taken away, still to be desired to take care for that which you so long to lay down; but yours is no common lot. You have a glorious and a mighty task yet to do on earth! Your work

is to ensure that your children may meet their father again; and when the weariness of life comes over you, with such an object in view you will not faint in the dreary path you have to tread! Oh! think, dearest, of the happiness of seeing that dear face again, with all those he loved around you, and being able to say: 'Here are all whom you bequeathed to me; by God's help, I have lost not one; we are with you for ever!' Is not this worth living for?

I cannot write more. Do not think of answering me even. Perhaps in the course of time I shall hear of you from your sister; and only believe, in future years, dearest, that you have one who can and does sympathise in all your trials, and who loves you dearly! God bless you and comfort you in His own good time!

London, June 11.—*To Bn. V. von E.*—I send you a poem[1] which I think you will like, and agree with me there is a genuine vein of poetry running through it, though I never approved the plan, as I foresaw it would be open to the charge of representing vice as a necessary result of poverty, and virtue of riches. Still, I so entirely sympathise in the feeling which has been the origin of this poem—that the faults of the poor are not to be judged by the same standard by which those of the untempted rich are judged, that I make excuses where others would not. There is great power in some of the descriptions, though too many compound words, the result, I think, of his having

[1] *The Two Destinies*, by Sir F. H. Doyle. Bt.

devoted much time to the translation of Homer. There are some pretty compliments to Mary Gaskell, whose visiting of the poor in London he much admired, and her incessant instruction of her children.

. . . As long as one's courage lasts, one can do without happiness. One does not long for the latter until weakened either in mind or body. I have, however, great cause for thankfulness in the never-failing enjoyment and renovation which reading gives me, or rather which the employment of my intellect brings. It rather increases than diminishes, which I was led to expect would not be the case with advancing years.

Lately, I have been greatly interested in a life and correspondence of Dr. Arnold, whom you will hardly have heard of. There are many letters to Chevalier Bunsen, of whom he speaks with an admiration that is quite touching. Their ideas upon the Church seem to coincide, though Arnold's were not very clear on the subject, owing, I think, in a great measure to his not being able to throw off the early notions with respect to the clergy in which he was educated, and which still hampered him when he had adopted entirely the German views of Church and State. He was the best historian we had, and was the greatest loss—a better man never lived.

. . . It always appears to me, that of all the invectives which one can lavish on a rival opinion, that of having a tendency to Pantheism is the most convenient. It has the merit of being so indefinite that it can hardly be refuted.

Wiesbaden, September 21, 1844.—*To the same.*—Late on Saturday, my dear friend, we returned here to our old quarters and found the packet of books, for which I cannot delay thanking you, particularly for the 'Laien Evangelium,' which has given me more satisfaction and pleasure than anything I have read for very long. There is a depth of thought, and an earnestness in the cause of truth, independent of all prescriptive dogmas, that delights me and makes me long to have known the author. Most of his opinions have been so long my own, that I could not refrain from translating bits as I read on to my sisters, that they might amuse themselves by seeing how precisely I had (in worse words) said the same thing in my scrap-book. The prologue I like particularly, and there is a scorn of all self-deceit that is much needed in these days. The pamphlet I have not yet read, but if the same anxiety for truth and hatred of all cant is to be found in it, that makes the poetry so delightful to me, I shall care little for his dogmas.

September 21, 1844.—*To the same.*—Frankfort was very full, but we found no acquaintance, and passed our time in looking at all the curious and amusing shops. The pictures we saw, and Lessing's pleased me much. There is a small landscape of his which is beautiful, and though not in as high a walk of art as the historical pictures, it is, I think, quite as good in its way. The only fault I find with the picture of Huss is the want of shade, and this seems to me to be the fault of the few German pictures I have seen at Dusseldorf and Cologne. There is a want of effect

in them all, though the figures are beautifully drawn and coloured; one longs for more dark masses to throw out the principal group. Overbeck's I could not admire, and quite agree with you in thinking it a failure. We saw in one of the shops a new composition in imitation of the old ivory carvings, which is beautiful. I bought a Holy Family for myself, imitation of the very old black ivory, which was very good. I have such a love for sculpture and works of art, that I regularly ruin myself when I get into a shop where they are to be found. My room in London is a curious medley of incongruities; Kant and Luther are side by side, Hegel and the Virgin and Child! and so it goes on, much to the horror of strict friends, who seem to think one ought to look but upon one set of opinions. I feel just the contrary. My walls remind me of heaven when I see all those great spirits resting quietly side by side.

I have often felt that the religious party, as they call themselves, are far too apt to give the name of Atheist or Deist to all who do not do as they do. It moves my indignation to hear the light way in which they dispose of that which they cannot know; but calling names is by no means confined to their side. Why do the so-called Atheists not set a good example, at least be contented with their own position, and not assume as soon as they see any outward forms practised, as soon as they find others believing what they cannot believe—that it is all hypocrisy? If the enlightened liberal party would refrain from idle vituperation, from abusing their neighbours' faith, they would stand on higher ground, and their example

might in time produce some effect on their adversaries instead of the present deplorable state of things, when one calls the other Atheist, and he retorts by Hypocrite. The liberal party, in religious matters, have long been abusing the other for want of toleration, and quite true it is, but it must be mutual to last, and as long as every man who goes to church and follows the directions in his prayer-book, is to be called a hypocrite, so long will he be apt to think others worse than he is, who do otherwise. I shall be glad to see Mr. Von Sallet's book, for all opinions are interesting to me as long as they are real.

London, October 29, 1844.—*To the same.*—The others are gone to Dropmore, and I feel so unwell, that I far prefer remaining quietly here to having converse when I do not feel up to doing so; and I am not without companions, for Mohr the black Spitz, and little Dümmich never leave me. The former has at last become devoted to me, but it is a difficult dog to manage, for it is so selfish in its affection, that no one can approach me without danger of being bitten, and my poor maid never enters my room without trembling, from the fearful growling that assails her from under the bed. It is also so jealous, that, if ever I speak to the little Dümmich, it is in despair and sets up a howl. Fortunately, the little one is not blessed with such very fine sentiment, and will go through life much more comfortably in consequence. Then, I have got a new book-case, and the arranging all my books is good both for body and mind; so, altogether, I am very well content to be alone for a week. Talking

of books, I never told you how much your account of your stay in Paris amused me. The remarks on sculpture and painting pleased me, and I cannot help rejoicing that you do not admire Rubens more than I do. People, tell me, however, that I can have no idea of his power till I see his famous pictures in the Netherlands. Titian is also a sealed book to me.

I shall send you a volume by Miss Berry, one of the sisters to whom Horace Walpole wrote. It is 'A View of Social Life in France and England in the Eighteenth Century,' and was much talked of. They are both alive, and hold a sort of French *salon* in the midst of London, receiving all foreigners and everything that is distinguished, in a small room, without any parade. I went there once or twice in former years, but have long lost sight of them—it is a sort of life I cannot understand. That constant society at the age of eighty, must be, I should think, so wearisome! They must have heard all there is to be said in the world, and might as well take a little time to think it over, before they go hence.

Of the French king I saw nothing; I wonder at his taking the trouble of coming over, and think the present fashion of royalties paying visits of three or four days to each other a very silly and expensive one. There is not a grain more sincerity in them than in the rest of their life, and it does not increase their popularity one jot. The royal progresses in their own dominions, on the contrary, *do*, and they say our Queen is far more firmly seated in the hearts of her subjects, since it has been seen that she is not

afraid of wetting her feet, and that she walks in the rain without an umbrella!

I am in the middle of Sidney's trousseau, and live surrounded by laces and silks. The time is now drawing very near, but as they will still live with us, it is not like a separation. I have been reading Plato lately; what a beautiful idea is it that love is but the remembrance of the Deity, of the One all fair, and that those love best who remember best. This, you will say, is not exactly his meaning, but it is not contrary to it.

December 27, 1844.—*To the same.*—I am now quite alone, but so much more active in mind and body, that solitude is very agreeable. My thoughts are beginning to spring up again, very much like the snowdrops, which, warmly covered over for a certain time by the snow, come out in their due season all the more vigorous. For the last three months I have had the snow lying heavy on me, and ought now to reap the benefit. The change I feel is the most convincing proof how ill I have been, and I intend to be very prudent, lest too sudden a devotion to my usual pursuits should bring back the exhaustion and suffering that I have now lost.

Your account of your Clerical Synod is very curious, as showing how general is the attempt to invest the clergy with greater powers. They tell me the same scenes are taking place in France, and here the south of England is nearly in a flame; the ostensible cause which has kindled it being whether we are to be preached to in a black or white gown! But,

in truth, it is a question whether a bishop is to force upon the people compliance with that which they do not choose; and, I am happy to say, he cannot, but has already given way. The matter in dispute is perfectly immaterial, and I wish they would adopt a grey gown and so conciliate both parties; but I do rejoice to find that the old resolute Saxon spirit still exists amongst us, which will not bend a hair's breadth towards that which (rightly or wrongly) it believes to be error. I like the people the better for it. It is curious to observe how patiently they submit to a new law, however odious to them, which affects only their temporal prospects—as Poor Law, Income Tax, &c.—but innovate in the slightest degree in their religious customs, or prescribe to them how they are to commune with their God, and every parish says they will go out of the Church rather than comply.

March 1845.—*To the same.*—Poor Sydney Smith's death is a great loss to London. His wit will not easily be replaced; in a certain set he will be missed daily, and nowhere will his remembrance come across one so often as at the great dinners, of which he used to make the charm by his brilliant conversation, and though perhaps a dinner-table is not the monument one should most covet, I doubt whether it is not a more enduring one than a stone with two trumpeting angels! What is to be done with Wit hereafter? If Sydney Smith had to leave his wit on this side the grave, his individuality is gone; and yet there are few qualities which seem less in accordance with the ordinary ideas of heaven.

Grafton Street, May 4, 1845.—All the family were dining out in different directions, and as I sat by the fire, after my solitary meal was over, just at that most indolent of hours when it is too light to ring for candles, and yet too dusk to see to do anything, I could not help longing for the carpet in the 'Arabian Nights' which would have brought us together, and we might have talked through the long evening, instead of passing it apart! What is the use of all those railroads? One is not a bit nearer one's friends when you must still pack up your trunks before you go! I reckon my journeys now always by the number of packages required; it is far more exact than troubling one's head with the number of miles you are to go over. Mary laughed when I talked of a place I was going to being about 'a carpet-bag' off, but it is very expressive.

The other day we had a conversation on doubts and self-questionings, and Mr. Brookfield's opinion is, that we do not turn our contemplations sufficiently to the wonderful love of God for us, that all other feelings should be subservient to this, that we want more entire trust and certainty of it. I happened to use the expression—I doubt whether such and such a thing does one good. 'That is a very wrong feeling,' he answered; 'it is just a miserable enquiry you have no business with; do your duty, and never mind the good you get from it.' I said no more, but I could have said that is no Christian doctrine though it sounds at first as if it were; you cannot obey the injunction to 'purify yourself,' unless you take cognisance of that which does or does not purify you.

In short, if you are to destroy all self-scrutiny (and what is self-scrutiny but tracing the internal effects of external actions), you may as well put aside all government of the heart.

I feel latterly that I am just like a tree grown up in a close plantation; after a certain time you may cut down the trees that seem to impede its spreading in vain, it will not throw out any new branches, and it has seemed to me the last year very much as if all the trees were cut down, and that I might expand, but I do not. People with perfectly new opinions all around me, believers and unbelievers!

I went to Cheyne Row on Monday to tea; Carlyle was very pleasant. It was very interesting to hear his account of his visit to the Bishop of St. David's, and his feelings upon morning prayers, &c., which he attended, he said, because he had no right to go to a bishop's house and not conform to his ways. He was particularly struck by no one saying good-morning to his neighbour when they met in chapel in the morning, before or after. 'It was all very well done. It was like so many souls pouring in through all the doors to offer up their orisons to the God who sent them on earth. We were no longer men, and had nothing to do with men's usages then; and after it was over, all these souls seemed to disperse again silently into space, and then, when we met in the drawing-room, came the human greetings and civilities.' You can hardly imagine the effect of his words, unless you can remember the singular diction which he uses, and the earnestness with which he speaks.

June 3, 1845.—*To Bn. V. von E.*—The novel of Madame Hahn-Hahn[1] has interested me exceedingly; whether the moral which she has attempted to work out be wrong or not, I only know that I agree with her entirely in it. In my opinion, she has taken the right course to the much-maligned end—emancipation of women. If she or her book can persuade them to depend more on their own consciences, and less on that of the world, the matter would be decided. The character of Cornelia I cannot endure. It seems to me perfectly unnatural with her foregoing feelings, unless the authoress wished to show how seldom a woman acts according to her principles. I was quite provoked when I found she was to marry a man she did not care for a pin, in order to pass through the world more easily, for it was nothing else. Still the book is a remarkable one, and I am very much obliged to you for sending it to me.

Llangedwin, August, 18, 1845.—*To the same.*—We have hardly had a cessation of rain for the last three weeks, and it is very cold. The word summer will, I expect, soon be expunged from our language, or at least confined to scientific dictionaries to take its place with other antiquated words!

Would you like a description of my room? I have nothing more interesting to give you. Picture to yourself, as the novelists say, a square room painted in blue panels, of which one whole side is covered by a piece of tapestry representing a smart be-plumed gentleman, making an enormous Buce-

[1] *Zwei Frauen.*

phalus-looking hollow-backed charger leap over a pole. In this room, a long time ago when I was quite young, I was very ill, all but dead from delirium, and I perfectly remember thinking if that horse would but put down his fore-legs, I should get quite well, but as he still persisted in holding them up in the air, they were obliged to cover it over with a curtain, so I owe him a grudge from that time! Opposite comes the high oak chimney-piece, surmounted by a picture of some old saint bending over a book, a skull and some cross bones, looking naturally rather doleful; then a large Indian screen, a bookcase, a sofa, from which I look out on the terrace and the fountains, complete the inventory, and you have the scene before you. Could we have sunny, warm days, I should get well, but the mists and vapours are constantly giving me cold again.

September 20, 1845.—*To the same.*—Since I last wrote I have been getting stronger, and the lovely weather of the last fortnight has helped it much, for I can now sit out all day, though walking is still beyond me.

Did I ever mention to you the delight with which I have read Fichte? The repetitions and explanations to which he was perhaps constrained in the 'Wissenschaftslehre' are a little wearying, but there is such thorough earnestness and singleness of purpose in all he says that it is very attractive, and the idea which he carries all through his philosophy, that truth must be in us and cannot come to us, is a very fine one. When he writes upon '*die Bestimmung der Gelehrten*,' one sees that it all comes from his inmost

heart, and when he says '*ich bin ein Priester der Wahrheit, ich bin in ihrem Solde*,' he speaks from a thorough conviction that is almost sublime. The considerations on the French Revolution pleased me least, but his definition of the position of the learned man is beautiful, and made me more enthusiastic than I fancied I had now the capability of being. I felt again an actual pride that such a mind had been sent on earth, and for some time since I have had pride neither in myself nor in others. Nothing is more dreary than that prostration of mind which comes from illness; I mean the want of power to appreciate or kindle to anything. You feel and act mechanically, and then comes the feeling that your existence is on sufferance as it were, no end seems to be answered by it, no purpose accomplished, you live on and on, you do not see why, and this darkening of the knowledge of the intention for which one was created is hard to bear: to me especially, I do not become resigned to it, although I know it is but occasional, and principally caused by bad health.

Your account of the prospects of your country is little cheering indeed. Your words upon the state of theological party in Prussia, might, I begin to believe, be said with nearly as much justice of theology everywhere. How perfectly you have characterised them, 'fanatical without faith, eager for the letter without knowledge.' '*Kirchlichen Dilettantismus ohne Prinzipien*' is the stumbling-block of all the young men here, and one that does infinite harm. They follow their imagination wherever it leads them, in or out of the Protestant Church, as the case may be.

In answer to your question about Lady Hester Stanhope, my father says that the idea she intends to convey, that Mr. Pitt talked much to her and took her advice, is utterly false. Some one said one day to Mr. Pitt, what will Lady Hester say to that? He answered very quietly, 'Lady Hester and I have made a bargain together. We are each to give advice, on condition that neither ever takes it.'

At present I am engaged in the Carlyle correspondence of Cromwell, which is very interesting to me. Carlyle's own prejudices in favour of a strong character, whether shown in good or evil, render it very partial, but I like seeing a new light thrown on a subject, even though it be in some degree an *Irrlicht.*

I have lately been engrossed by Locke, and in what you say of his metaphysical powers I entirely agree; but there are some parts of the second volume that are masterly. All that he says upon the abuse and imperfection of words, upon the constant habit of using words without clear or distinct ideas, or 'signs without anything signified,' is excellent, and I have not yet found it in any other author.

I trust this clearer weather will do you good, I think it must: I am so much better that I am quite astonished at myself, more morally than physically, but the difference is that nothing weighs upon me. I could fancy I had spread an indiarubber coating over my mind, which utterly prevented all cares from coming through! a very homely figure, but one that will give you an idea of my improvement.

I have lately seen more of the distress in the

streets than usual; having no carriage, I walk a great deal, and though you are entreated to give only to the numerous societies for relieving the poor and not in the street, one cannot resist. The great object now is to stop the numbers of almost naked children, who are sent out by their parents to beg: it is certain ruin to them, for they never take to anything else after being so brought up, so the police take any children away that are found. The principle is a good one, but it seems to me very harsh. If the parents are starving, they will send out these children, who attract pity and bring back money, and it is hard to imprison them for it, though of course it will prevent it more effectually than any other means. I found three shivering children on a doorstep the other day, with hardly anything to clothe them. The eldest, so nice a child, speaking so well, and telling me all sorts of particulars, which I could not doubt were true, she told me the street she lived in, and all. It was utterly false as we discovered afterwards, and she dragged the two little things about with her to attract more pity. However, as lying does not warm one more than telling the truth, it was just as well she got a petticoat, though the servants were much shocked at her getting anything. If the quantity of clothes we had depended upon the quantity of truth we told, how very bare some of us would be!

I am in the middle of the '*Mission der Deutsch-katholiken*,' and think it very good. It is the only work that seems to consider the movement in the right light, and points out the absurdity of depreciating it, because it has not raised up any leading

man to guide it. The day of heroes is past, and I think the heightened sense of independence which each individual has now gained more than compensates their loss.

1846.—*From MSS. book.*—How should I educate a daughter? What is my advice respecting it? If you wish her to be a popular member of society, to pass easily and pleasantly through the world, let her education be exactly contrary to mine. Let her go through the routine of a regular humdrum education. The living entirely with the best of mothers even is not wholesome; it is too exciting, and brings a child prematurely forward. She becomes thoughtful above her years; instead of the low childish fun of the schoolroom, she has her reasoning powers constantly in action; she sees much she cannot understand, and is treated as if she could understand it, and thence arises a puzzled state. If possible, keep your daughter's intellect back, keep her mind as much as possible upon active employments. Let her draw, sing, study botany, languages, &c., &c., but do not urge her to think. Accustom her to own authority everywhere, from which there is no appeal; she will be far happier in believing it unquestioned, than in investigating the truth of it. (Those minds are happiest that are content to dwell for ever in the presence of that monstrous undefined form called authority, without feeling tempted to raise with an irreverent hand her garment, in order to see for themselves upon what sort of feet she stands. The next in degree of happiness are those who will not remain in doubt, and have no trust but in their own percep

tions, who, if they find no feet at all, nothing but vapours from below that keep propping her up, throw her boldly on one side and tell all men of their discovery. The most miserable and the most common are those who, shrewdly suspecting that all is not steady under that long-hallowed, time-honoured robe, dare not examine further, but are perpetually trying, by throwing of stones, or a seemingly accidental push, to make some discovery, without taking the responsibility on themselves.) I would not forcibly prevent her reading, for you cannot, but it is only habit that makes it more amusing than Berlin work. If she is with those that work, she will work; it is a safer employment in every way.

By not reading, I do not mean that she is not to go through the usual routine of history, but I would not have her make her reading into the sun of her existence, while it throws the remainder of her daily employments into shade.

Towards the rendering her popular, cultivate in her a fund of curiosity. Nothing will conduce so powerfully to her producing a good impression in society as that interest in the minutest affairs of others, which can only be created by real curiosity. Many urge the necessity of assuming it, but it is rarely well done unless it is true. Bring her up, then, to be really anxious to know the affairs of every one, and she will listen with pleasure to the longest story, besides giving herself much harmless amusement in whatever situation she may be placed. Let her have female friends—that is, let her associate with other girls, and find she has the same thoughts and feelings as they have. Accustom her to

like and cling to society. A woman is to depend on others through life, do not therefore let her look upon herself as a unit! But the education of our daughters is based on a wrong foundation. Either the intellect is excited and nourished until it wears out the weak frame that has been given to woman, or if it does not produce physical infirmity, it is apt to urge its possessor out of her own station. She is then too much inclined as an unmarried woman, to desire to find a husband to whom, in strict justice, she can look up, instead of doing so as her duty, without troubling herself whether he deserves it or not; or as an old maid, to find all her interest and pleasure in the regions of the pure intellect which makes her a bore. At the same time, should she marry, her intellect, thought, and learning are sure to become for ever sheathed in her children, and are no longer dangerous. Many go into the other direction: they bring up the girl to be equally unfit for life in the world. She is accomplished and silly, sentimental, and shrinking from things as they are. Brought up to be 'the Beauty,' she desires nothing more sublunary than roses, and ends by finding the fairy tale reversed. Her Prince Prettyman turns Beast after marriage instead of before.

Luther's works delight me! The difference between his own belief and that of the Anglican Church is so small that it is difficult to seize; but certainly never did followers depart more widely from the path of their master than his have done. The leading tenet of Lutheranism, 'justification by faith

alone,' is guarded and defined so exactly by Luther, that the difference between our tenets and his becomes little more than a scholastic one. He expressly says, that good works are to faith what the signature is to the letter. It gives it an authority which it could not otherwise attain, and he quotes the passage, 'A good tree brings forth good fruit.' The tree is good first, and then must bring forth good fruit. Surely then, if good works are the necessary consequence of faith, if it cannot exist without them, it signifies little, except perhaps for definition in the schools, whether you ascribe the reward to ensue in consequence of the faith, or of the good works. But that which I most admire in him is his magnificent faith. His conviction that he is right, that that which God has caused him to believe is true, and that if the whole world stood up against it, the whole world would be standing up for that which was false! This, indeed, is the secret of his influence; no man has ever done anything great without this certainty in himself. And I admire it the more because I cannot attain to it. Yet Luther was not intolerant, he seems only to have been the more grateful to the God who had revealed to him the right path. No word is so much abused as that word tolerance, it often is mere indifference; the question by which I try myself is, 'Am I tolerant of my neighbour's intolerance?' Until I can feel that he has as good a right to be intolerant as I have to feel the contrary, I have not true toleration. No indifference will give you this feeling, it must come from a higher principle. Luther leaves the question

of ceremonies very much as he finds it in the Scriptures—to man's own needs. They are to my mind perfectly indifferent, and our Church has wisely left them so, but the religious fidget of the present time insists upon proving them to be essential to all, and would have everyone submit to them.

Sensitive people will find comfort in ceremonies; poetical, imaginative (?) minds, those who are open to nervous impressions, all these find a relief in something tangible,—the sign of the cross will produce the idea of it. They will pray more concentratedly when a fine altar-piece is before them. Artistic minds (by which I mean the German *Künstliche*) are generally only susceptible of the visible beautiful. The sensitive faculties are with them more highly developed than the abstract ones, and therefore the organ, the incense, the bowing to the altar, all that makes their devotion an objective one rather than a subjective one, will be a help. And to them I should recommend these outward props to prayer. But there are others to whom each one of these ceremonies is just a disturbance for the time, who feel that silence and space are the only accompaniments they require to their worship; theirs is a mental worship, and to propose to them these observances by way of help, is like offering a five-foot ladder to a man to enable him to see the view, when he lives on the top of Snowdon.

Not that I hold one of these minds to be better than the other, but merely that God has made them different, if man would but allow it. But no! with us all are to be stretched or cut to fit one Procrustes bed of divinity!

We were discussing the difference between sincerity and truth this evening. To me there seems much difference, but not so to the others. A sincere person may be an unamiable one, a true one cannot be. 'She is so very sincere,' gives me a sort of cold feeling of 'one virtue and a thousand faults,' for sincerity will live very quietly with all manner of failings, truth will not; she no sooner gets the smallest crack in which to insinuate herself, than she works and works until she gets rid of all, and becomes sole possessor of the place.

London, May 1, 1846.—*To Bn. V. v. E.*—The other day there was a great meeting to help the funds of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. We went at twelve, and did not get away till six. How I bore it I cannot imagine; perhaps the impossibility of moving an inch, from the dense crowd around, made one more patient. I must own I was a little disappointed at the oratory, but then I am not used to what they call 'religious meetings,' and therefore the frothiness of it struck me the more. Each speaker flattered the one that preceded him, and the Bishop of Winchester praised and lauded the poor Duke of Buccleuch, who was chairman, as if it had been some angel who had vouchsafed to sit in the chair—indeed I fear that an angel who had no Church Patronage might not have been flattered quite so much as a Duke who had! Both the Church and the State were on the platform, and, as usual, both pulled different ways. The Chancellor of the Exchequer assured us that a grant of money from

the State would do little good, that it is a very unsatisfactory manner of bestowing charity, and that the Society would be much better without it. He had no sooner finished his speech (which was little more than special pleading to excuse the State from opening its purse strings), than up gets a bishop, who declares that a grant from the State is by no means an unsatisfactory thing when money is wanted, and that its bounden duty was to give it. All this amused me much, but I will spare you a longer account of it.

May 19, 1847.—*From MSS. book.*—'You have often said to me, my friend, this and this would I do if I might live as I pleased; now, I wish you would show me what are your notions of a happy life!'—'If you have time to listen, I will gladly do so. To begin,—I would live in a large, low, stone house or college, which was shared by many others, whether it be a religious establishment, or, as it were, an almshouse for decayed students, signifieth not. It should have a round hall in the centre of the building, supported by pillars, and from it should branch off the passages that led to the rest of the rooms. In the middle, opposite each other, would be the two doors, opening, the one into the porch, the other into the garden behind. The porch would have a stone bench round it, from whence you looked on a wide green plot before you, while on the left hand stretched the long avenue that was the road to the building—mark! that I would not wish to have the avenue before me. On the other side the hall should be the garden, somewhat sloping down from the house till

you came to a fountain, set in grass, with large old trees looking down on it, and seats of moss under each. Leaving the fountain, and the bright flowers and herbs, I would pass on under the trees, which should be closer and thicker till the heavy shade, as I got farther in the thicket, would shut out all glare, and sun, and colours. Beyond this I would have an orchard, and long grass, and a river, or perhaps the distant sea. The garden should reach on the right hand to the churchyard, which should be round the church that adjoins the house on the avenue side. Thus much for the framework in which my days are to be set, and now I will at once tell you how the hours should pass. At six I would rise and go out into the morning air, without a book, to strengthen and collect and rouse my thoughts for the day. At eight we would be in the church, where there should be no music, no organ, no gallery, no clerk, no pews, no charity children to snuffle out the responses for us. The governors of the land should not be prayed for more than once, and the nobility not at all; seeing that we have prayed so many years in vain that they should "increase in wisdom and understanding," it is time to let that prayer alone!

'The service being over, coffee is taken up to each of the inhabitants of the house in their own rooms, and, by the way, I must mention that we should have no communication together before this time. In the hall there should be certain short rules written up, which would greatly ease quiet and reserved minds;—such as, "No one need do more than bow his head when he meets his neighbour in the gallery; it is not

requisite that he should stop and talk to him, having nothing to say," and a few more such time-saving provisions. With my coffee I would read some comfortable book, and, that done, should feel I was at liberty to study as long as I fancied it. Then perhaps I would wander under the shady trees, and so pass away the time till about three, when all would meet for dinner in a long gallery. At the upper end a man should stand upon a somewhat raised bench, and daily read aloud, in a low voice; those who, having nothing to say, or who, from other causes, were not disposed to talk that day, would place themselves near him, and so their unsocial turn would be concealed. The subject-matter should never be poetry, nor history, but rather essays and descriptions of nature, which soothe the mind, and enable the food to be digested in peace. Each having finished his meal, goes out into the garden, and, seated by the fountain, then I would enjoy that least common of blessings, true conversation with a suitable companion.'—'And that companion, is it to be a man or a woman?'—'Whichever happens to have the qualities I require. It must be one either with more learning or more genius than I have, but with the same love of truth as truth.'—'The wisdom from above is . . . without partiality.'—'One who talks not to conquer or convince, but, solely by the collision of two minds, to kindle sparks which may give light to each. One in whom I have perfect trust that I do not bore or weary by the conversation. Then, when the matter of discourse becomes more intricate, leaving the bright many-coloured flowers, we would wander into the

deep wood, and there, the outward light obscured, and scantily breaking in upon us, the mind's eye would turn more naturally inwardly on itself, and that divine light which dwells in all, and "lighteth every man that cometh into the world," would shine out more uninterruptedly and brightly.

'Perhaps, too, we would go on to the sea sands, and the murmuring of the waves could not fail to quiet the eager questionings of the intellect. Thus would the evening wear along, till again the bell would bring us together in the church, and that duty over, whether in the roomy, well-filled library we all sat together, or meditate separately, would depend on each taste. This is but a rough view of what I mean, but you will thereby see that what I wish is study, with the assurance that household cares shall not interrupt it; no remembrance of the tough beef of yesterday, no looking forward to the failure of the cutlets of to-day.'—'You have indeed given me the sketch of an entirely selfish life!!'

September 1846.—*From MSS. book.*—Women are born wives just as men are born artists, musicians, poets. This I see, and the non-perception of this truth is the cause of half the uncomfortable marriages you meet with. But men and women will not content themselves with doing that which they can do, that for which they came into the world. Everybody is to do the same thing, or to set up at least for doing it. All are to speak German, all are to sing, all are to be wives! and it is quite as much of an accomplishment to be a wife as to be an artist. If we could but

realise our individuality more distinctly, we should not commit these errors. I should like to have the capabilities of making a wife just as I should like to have the power of singing in church, but the talent for both has been denied me. My neighbour perhaps will possess both these talents, but have none for philosophy, and so it goes on ; and if we would satisfy ourselves with reverencing our neighbours, and not trying to imitate them, we should all be of much more use to each other. Now I really do reverence a wife, and never am with one without shivering for her. I wonder at their high spirits and their humility combined, at the way in which they can throw off their burden of dependence and pick it up again in an instant.

September 1846.—*From MSS. book.*—Of all melancholy things, a solitary evening autumn walk is certainly the most so. I do not think it produces melancholy in one's self, almost the contrary, for there is a spirit of contradiction in human nature that invariably makes a struggle against anything that intends to subdue it from without, but this park I have just returned from, how sad it looked! The heavens a dingy gray with black clouds flying over; the path so cleanly swept, except from the yellow leaves which the last shower had brought down. The trees, with that peculiar desolate look which trees have just before they lose their verdure. There is a sort of shivering, shrivelled look of the green leaves which lasts but for a day or two, and then they become beautiful again in their rich red and yellow colouring,

but to-night they said, as plain as trees can speak, 'We have shone our time, we have had our day, and here we are on the brink of decay, resigned to it, but sorrowing,' and they looked just as people do who say 'they are resigned,' a sort of frightened, disheartened look, with their leaves turned up wrong side out—no one was to be seen, so I had it all to myself. Mohr was gayer than usual. At last I saw one pleasing sight, an old gray misshapen horse licking over its little colt, who seemed thoroughly happy, and they both looked very cosy and comfortable. Then it got quite dark, and I came in.

December 1846.—*From MSS. book.*—Our English Church stands very much in the position I see a hen does. It has two legs, but keeps one generally in reserve. The reserved leg of the English Church is its Catholicity; it brings it forward as little as possible. That leg is in its way, and it stands as well without it. When attacked, however, down it goes, and then half the world cannot make out the difference between Romanism and Catholicism, and the other half will not; and so, as soon as possible, up goes the awkward leg again, to be cherished and kept warm in the bosom of the Church, but not to reappear till the whole body is again attacked. The High Church reaction is an example of this: no sooner does the poor Church advance her claim to be the Catholic Church, than two or three of her members slip over to Romanism, as the best way of proving her to be so; this alarms her, and for a time the doubtful term is allowed to fade away out of sight.

June 30, 1847.—*From MSS. book.*—There is, in the present day, a generally pervading want of faith, using that word to mean the power of believing things that are unseen. There is a want of power in men's minds to conceive a spiritual object unless there is a material object before them, which is to act, as it were, the part of a ladder. It seems to me this impossibility of abstraction from matter, in which all are sunk, is the key to all violent religious movements of the time. They are aware of their want, and try to supply it; but in vain. What is Puseyism, taken in its external shape, but this? the attempt by artificial and earthly means to raise the mind to that spiritual sight which she ought unassisted to attain. First, they presume a peculiar sanctity in a church. There we begin to get something tangible. It is an enclosure; the walls, as it were, limit the Divinity. It is not that infinite immensity which the Psalmist's mind could not reach when he said, 'If I go down into the deep, Thou art there also.' But the church is not sufficient; no! they choose the smallest space in it; and lest the poor mind should still weary itself in vain attempts to realise the presence of God up and down the aisles, they say, here, in this part, He dwells; and then lest, even now, this impotent and worm-like faculty, calling itself the thought of a man (that thought which was given us that it should soar upon the wings of God's own Holy Spirit up into heaven and there dwell) should be unable to struggle from the earth, why, they place flowers, and lights, and fine work, to try to make the Holiness visible, and then, when the organ peals, the worshipper feels he can pray;—and these means have helped many to

pray, and God forbid I should not see they may be good for those, but it is the necessity for them that I deplore,—the same feeling that prevents the woman from being satisfied with her religion until she has put on a peculiar dress that reminds her of it, the crucifix in the niche in the Romanist's house, the starving on a particular day as the only means of realising the meaning of that day. We are always trying, as it were, to see our own religion before we are sure of it —to produce an incarnation of it, if one may use that word without irreverence; we cannot rise to its spiritual nature. Those pictures of mediæval art which we are now imitating, what were they? The faith then was so intense, so diligently cultivated—for there is a good deal in that—that no representation was needed to bring their mind into the unseen world. The stiff-handed virgins did not require beauty of face or form to remind those who had the ideal in themselves that she was 'blessed among women;' but we fancy that by looking on the pictures, we shall bring back the old faith. Instead of feeling that the result of the greatness of the faith was the uncouthness of the picture, we flatter ourselves that the uncouthness will bring back the faith.

June 30, 1847.—*From MSS. book.*—Went to the meeting in aid of the sending clergy out with the four new bishops. The Bishop of Oxford spoke magnificently. There was truth, and new truth too, in what he said—'That we had long enough contented ourselves with giving mediocrity to God; that we were not willing to consecrate to Him the best we had; the worst

child, the stupidest, was fit for Him.' This I have always felt to be the blot on our Church; but it has been owing principally to the Church itself—the authorities in it, I mean. They have always treated genius and the service of God as incompatible; a man of genius would do for men, but not for God. They will never be, at least they have never been, able to say that the culminating point of genius is its close union to its Creator. The Church has generally said to the man of genius, 'You do not belong to us; keep away from us; it may be catching—' though certainly it has never proved so. Accordingly the man goes away with his mighty gift, and is obliged to make a theology for himself. If the Church says, as it has generally done, 'What you feel within you you must crush, or it will not do for us; you must become a different thinker before we will unite ourselves with you,' there is no choice left. The very power that has been given to him makes him feel this is impossible, and moreover, that if it were possible, he ought not to do it; so, away he goes and loses himself in the mists of any '*ism*' he can pick out, to try to satisfy his convictions of a God that has made him as he is. He draws solely upon himself, instead of on that eternal truth which should satisfy him; so he ends in error. And then the Church cries out—'There goes your man of genius; he never can keep straight.' Oh! if the quiet, good, but too often weak-minded, clergyman would say to the man of great power that enquires of him, 'This is the Truth; I see it thus, and thus; you very likely will see it under a different aspect; two people standing on different heights, or

different degrees of nearness, cannot see an object precisely alike; you must allow for the colouring of the atmosphere between—God intends it should be so; do not leave us for this.' I can understand that a man of genius will at times feel awe at his own self—a reverence for those high thoughts that come he knows not how, and fade away he knows not why. He goes to tell, and to ask what this means, and instead of returning and saying, 'God was in this place, and I knew it not,' he is bewildered by being told of the temptation of the devil, and the danger of self-complacency! Self-complacency! No one who knows what genius is will feel that there is much danger of self-complacency in it! Its temptations and its sins are fearful; but its sense of its own unworthiness, of the constant infusion of base materials which it gets from self, and cannot keep out,—this consciousness will never be obliterated.

Thornes, August 1847.—*From MSS. book.*—I know not any subject more interesting than the history of mysticism, rising, as it were, out of the ashes of the Crusades. It is curious to see the same craving which prompted the Crusade afterwards manifesting itself in mysticism. The Crusades were based on the longing of men to realise to themselves more distinctly their Redeemer. They hoped to produce a more distinct inward vision by means of an external reality. By visiting the tomb and treading on the ground marked out as connected with His earthly passage, they trusted to bring before themselves more vividly all that He had wrought for them. It was the old attempt, old as

the history of the world—the attempt to produce a spiritual action by means of material agents—to work upon the Spirit through the senses alone; and the result was, as it has generally been, a failure. To the Holy Land went all the religious, the earnestly-devout of the age. I am not considering the class who, living for the mere excitement of war, welcomed and followed any path that led to it, but those who went in an honest, though mistaken faith, who hoped in conquering the grave of the Saviour, to find Him still in it, and thereby to bring Him home to themselves, if one may so speak. To them once more might be applied the words of Scripture, 'Why seek ye the Living' (or Him that liveth) 'among the dead? He is not here; He is risen.'

To find in themselves Him whom they had vainly sought out of themselves, to trace in their own minds His constant presence, and His gracious promptings, to feel that He no longer belonged to the land of Judah, but had risen into each individual heart that would receive Him,—to come to the consciousness of this, was taught by mysticism; and wonderful it is to see that as the Crusades died away, as the spirit that produced them languished and faded, the mystic writers rose in numbers and were followed by crowds of Romanist, as well as heretic disciples. And they have kept their ground, and will do so, as long as there is such deep, though partial, truth in their doctrines. The fearful crimes into which the mystic may fall, through the contemplation of the Divine workings in himself, until he becomes a God to himself, how painfully interesting to trace them!

I wonder that the attempt has never been made to give a philosophical history of the religious development of man; to trace the same feeling, the same craving, embodying itself in different garbs, modified and fashioned by the age, and one by one thrown aside as soon as each was worn out, or found to be an inadequate representation of that which it was its intention to portray. What detail of mere facts could be so interesting as this? Beginning with the Grecian mind, its beautiful ideas, and its hideous embodying of them—the religious feeling pervading each domestic duty of the day—a portion of the Deity was ever present to them; it sat upon their hearth, watched over the meal, was to be propitiated or offended by every household work, by every flower injured, by every tree cut down, and therefore they never could lose the consciousness of Divinity around them. Then there was no serving God for half an hour morning and evening, and every seventh day; no breaking off, as it were, of their religious service. With them it was not an isolated moment when they worshipped their deities, but the common specific tendency of their existence; and therefore do I think theirs came nearer the idea of the 'perfect state' than we have ever attained since.

Bath, October 1847.—*From MSS. book.*—There is nothing so startling as hearing one's own opinions propounded in one's own words by another. Some people have been frightened by seeing the exact representation of themselves, seated there before them. It is quite as frightful to me to see my mind

as my body before me! Although it is perhaps wholly unsuspected, there is a sort of self-complacency, self-love, which softens, or casts a pleasing colouring on all one's thoughts in the utterance; but that sort of self-love hangs round self only, and never leaves her; therefore when these utterances come from another mouth, there is no softening of them, no veil to hide the partial truth or the flippant feeling! The Spartans were far advanced in the knowledge of man to have struck out that Helot teaching.

I would give a good deal to see a man who had taken his religion at once from the Scriptures, who had gone to them without a traditionary religion, without a preconceived system which is to be propped up by it. A man who knew nothing of the far-fetched interpretations, who had never heard of Catholic consent or of Vincentius, but who went to the Bible and by the Bible alone. There would be a wonderful raciness in that man's religion.

October 29th.—From MSS. book.—Some one says, 'Le style c'est l'homme.' If I were to be judged by my style, what a singular being I should be fancied. And yet my style is really part of myself and a genuine one, for, being unformed, it comes out the more naturally. It seems to me that reading one of my letters must be very like dromedary riding—you get along, get to your journey's end pretty quickly, but the way by which you get there is so rugged and broken that you are half worn out by the uneasy motion.

London, December 1847.—*From MSS. book.*—The

more I see and know of Mr. Brookfield, the more highly I rate him. Not for his striking eloquence, for that is an accident, but for his thorough trueness of mind; and it is this truth that makes him see everything in its proper position, and which prevents him from ever falling into what I call bad taste. He has faith enough not to *lie* for God, as many divines on the purest motives do—add to or heighten the colouring of a statement which they think He has left too meagre or too faint to conduce as much to His glory as would be the case when their well-meant help comes in. Their tinkering spoils the whole business.

My mind is very much like the basket of remnants presented to one at the end of the season. It is a sad thought, but it is a true one, my season is closing, and I have but *bits* in my mind, quantities of odd things, useless because of their shortcomings, good of their sort as far as they go; but there is ever a quarter of a yard wanting, before any use can be made of them.

London, December 16, 1847.—*To Bn. V. von. E.*—I have finished the two first vols. of Schiller, which have greatly interested me. There is much that is very curious, as depicting the manners and morality of the day. Körner shows to great advantage; I had no idea he was so clear-headed, kind-hearted a man. He is far more lovable than the poet, who is cold and hard—at least so he appears to me; cold in his friendship and cold in his love, ever calculating upon what will produce him the greatest quantity of happiness. There is a want of self-devotion in him which astonishes me. And even after his marriage, the

value he sets upon his wife arises evidently more from his sense of the attendance she gives him, the comfort she is to him, than from what she is in herself. In short, I do not call it love, but that which many men take for it—a lively sense of personal advantage. Körner's devotion to him is very touching; but is it not singular that in the intimate correspondence of two such men, there should be no reference, no apparent sense of a higher power, of a providence, or a God? You know I am not a pietist, and dislike the present fashion (in England) of making every book into a religious *sandwich*, *i.e.*, a sentence of religion between two of the world to carry it down; but I cannot help wondering that, among the outpourings of a poet's mind, there seems such an entire absence of gratitude for his great endowments. Goethe is a far more religious mind to me—at which I daresay you, like others, will be surprised. I have read a little of the letters from Humboldt, and admire much the tender and delicate feeling that pervades them. There is something, perhaps, not sufficiently manly in the letters, and you characterise it precisely when you say, it is not an entirely healthy mind. Every one is reading it here and admiring it, as far as I can learn.

January 23.—*From MSS. book.*—Began Newman's book, which interested me deeply. The English is beautiful, because it is so homely and so entirely unaffected. I can never discuss the arguments, shall never find anyone to enter into the subject without prejudging it, so I must indulge myself by writing as I

go on. In the first place, the Preface seems to me a failure. Who is the friend whose very poor criticisms on his (Newman's) writings he thinks it worth while to give us? There must be some reason for his thus confusing his subject by a number of extracts which have nothing to do with the matter. However, the defence he sets up for his former intolerant abuse of Rome is sadly weak, and goes far to prove that he never was a true man, and cared more for his Church than for the truth. He says (page 9):—'I said to myself I am not speaking my own words (with regard to the abuse of Rome). I am but following almost a consensus of the divines of my Church, they have ever used the strongest language against Rome. *I wish to throw myself into their system; while I say what they say, I am safe.*' What a melancholy exhibition of a churchman. Is this 'Prove all things, hold fast that which is good'? The foregoing words seem to me the key to his whole career.

We next come to the Introduction. He uses the word Protestantism in an arbitrary sense, and it is difficult to understand his definition of it. 'Whatever be Historical Christianity, it is not Protestantism.' The history of Christianity is to me the history of oppositions to the received idea, which is in truth the history of protests against it. Had there been no opposition, there could have been no history of Christianity. He proceeds (page 9) to show most satisfactorily what I have always felt to be the truth, the utter weakness of the far-famed rule of Vincentius: 'What has been held always, everywhere, and by all.' 'How many fathers, how many places, how many

instances constitute the fulfilment of the test proposed?' The next ten pages are most curious, proving far too much; that is, that all the tenets of the faith of the early Fathers are doubtful, unfixed and contradictory. Thence, with no little casuistry, bringing forward the absurdity of taking one or two of the doctrines and leaving others which are quite as clearly defined, though he first asserts that none of them are clearly defined. He says (page 20):—'In truth, scanty as the anti-Nicene notices may be of the Papal supremacy, they are more definite and numerous than the testimonies in favour of the Real Presence.' The idea of throwing away both notions never seems to occur to him. (Page 26):—'On various grounds, then, it is certain that portions of the Church system were held back in primitive times, and of course this fact goes some way to account for that apparent variation and growth of doctrine which embarrasses us.' What an opening for new reformers!

I have only yet reached the end of the first chapter, on the process of development in ideas. With this he has taken great pains, and works out most elaborately his notion of the idea. The radical fault of it seems to me that he makes all ideas external, objective not subjective. The idea is caused by something *out of ourselves*; we are worked upon by that which comes from without, instead of from within—and this is utterly false. The idea must be brought to life in yourself first, and then be thrown out upon the world, or you will have no life in you. He talks of the idea being admitted into the minds of men, and does not feel the necessity that every

idea should arise differently; does not seem to be aware that all ideas, all true ones, of which only he talks, must be originated in each individual by that light 'which lighteth every man that comes into the world.' If you cannot find the truth *within* you—you will never get at it at all, though you may fancy you do, by walking in the same path that another man does, who *has* got it. This defect in his perception explains the singular measure he adopted of trying by abuse to keep himself safe, and I should imagine that there will always be an uncertainty and confusion in his mind, and a liability to be turned in any direction.

Christmas Day, 1847.—*From MSS. book.*—Another of the many Christmases I have passed is nearly over. This time having been one of more than usual solitariness, I have thought over my life more than I ever did before as a whole, lying there external to me. I see there have been three distinct phases in it, or parts standing out quite separate and whole in themselves. The first, the early part, passed in turmoils, in agitations, in seekings, and in pleasures. By no means would I undervalue that time; but I now see that I then had powers and energies which were trying to spend themselves upon all that came near me. This was the cause of the necessity I seemed to be under to have excitement then; in the country, whenever I was quiet, I became ill. The very fatigues which I could undergo and seem the better for them, came from the same cause. Bodily exertion was in some degree a relief and a satisfaction. The next part was when my mind by degrees comprehended its own powers, and saw what was

within its grasp. Of this time I have but to say that it was the sunshine of my life, and I had more than my share of it. That happiness was undeserved wholly, and was too great for earth, when one wreath of mist after another was wafted away, revealing such a glorious landscape! Formerly I ascribed this sudden transition in my life to an accidental acquaintance, but now I see clearly that it would have taken place had there been no spark to light that tinder that was smouldering, and must in time have burnt. I had tried for satisfaction in outward spending of myself, and that having been exhausted, I must have fallen back upon an internal spending. The third and last phase has come upon me for the last three or four years: the clear perception of the thorough selfishness or rather self-seeking of the second part, and the consequent up-rooting by degrees of all those fibres and muscles that I should have said were entwined in my very being; but they are not so. This is the most working part of my whole life. It is a constant struggle and a constant weariness. (This is too strong—not a *constant* weariness, only a want of enjoyment.) Most people have pleasure in what they do, but it is no use trying to hoodwink my own conscience, even if I could do so. Perhaps I have too much cupidity for the *comforts of faith.* This phase must be gone through, and I perceive it is not yet nearly as complete as the other portions of my life, so I daresay it will last me to the end!

January 1848.—*To Mrs. M. G.*—You never mentioned the early New Year service at Leeds before.

It is very wise of Dr. Hook to give those harmless luxuries which our Church does allow. Certainly the Anglican Church does not bend to human weakness and sentimentality. I like her the better for it; and had far rather live under her stern, abstract, spiritual rule, than under the Roman one, which, without doubt, is more comforting and helping to one's weaknesses. It is the difference between one's nurse, who coaxes and cries over one, and soothes and puts one to sleep, and a wise mother, who, knowing she will but increase a weakness by observing and petting it, will not commiserate vague wretchedness and sentimental longings.

February 1848.—*To Baron V. von Ense.*—My dear friend,—We are all aghast at the state of France! What do you think will be the end? Fifth and sixth editions of *lies* are cried about the streets every half-hour, but the general opinion this morning is that Louis Philippe has arrived at Mivart's.

I went last night to a party at Mr. Hallam's (for the sake of hearing some news); he was very low as the personal friend of Guizot, but I was astonished to find such general admiration of the way in which the troops and people had acted. Nobody expressed any pity for the king, which I own I feel strongly, although his conduct may not have deserved it. I hear 60,000 English applied for their passports on Wednesday, and they say Paris looked just as Brussels did after Waterloo.

I cannot yet understand why no struggle was made before the abdication, for some of the troops seem to have been steady, and it would have been a

happier end to a life of 76 years to lose it at the head of his army, than to prolong a miserable remnant of it in exile, as the king will now do.

I wish I could see you, for I am very much interested in these affairs. It seems to me that deeper interests are at stake than merely those temporal ones about which we are now anxious. What sort of government can one be that takes in Lamartine and Louis Blanc?

London, April 1848.—*To Mrs. M. G.*—Such a state as we have been in for the last two days! Yesterday, alarming reports succeeded each other without intermission, and the Government was said to be in a state of real uneasiness. The last thing I heard from one who had been actually there was, that there were not only guns, troops, &c., in Somerset House, but provisions for a month, an hospital, the navy surgeon and assistants all ready. . . . All to-day has been very exciting; but they declare it is now over. I trust it may be so! The Duke was more afraid for to-night and to-morrow than even for to-day; he says there are one hundred thousand vagabonds to sleep somewhere in London, and that they will amuse themselves with doing all the harm they can. I got into an enormous crowd of special constables unexpectedly this morning when going to St. James's Church; the churchyard was crammed with the different detachments, marching off under their captains. Nothing could be more civil. They entreated they might make way for me; I said by all means. So I had two before and two behind to escort me to the church

door; and when in I might as well have been at home, for the bellowing outside and the drilling prevented anything from being heard.

You know Frank's corps of 'Green Volunteers,' as Punch calls them, and that R. P. joined them, thinking he should only have to pay his money and give his name; instead of which he was told yesterday that the corps had formed themselves into a Garde Mobile to act wherever there was danger, and he must therefore have the goodness to meet them this morning at eight for that purpose—very disagreeable for a lawyer with a family: and his wife was very nervous when he came back with two pistols in his belt, a staff, a blue tie, besides the constable's white band, and told her he was appointed to guard a part of Trafalgar Square. I went to comfort her a bit (indeed I never walked about so incessantly or more securely; the constables guarded one and one's dogs, and one felt well-protected for once—I went from one frightened woman to another), but did feel it rather hard upon her. However, he called just now, the corps having been dismissed by Colonel Rowan with high encomiums. They were very much jeered at by the mob, so R. took a prisoner, and then asked where he should take him.—'I'm sure, sir, I don't know; we have no place for them.' So he let him go again.

Think of all the rooms in the Home Office, &c., looking to the street, having the statute-books piled up in lines with narrow openings, behind which were stationed the men with their muskets; so that they fired under cover through the slits, and the clerks were walking about up and down-stairs with muskets

in their hands. The shops of the great gunsmiths have been entirely emptied of arms. When C. P. went to buy a pistol, the man said he might have sold all he had six times over; and while he was there some one came in and said, 'How many boarding-cutlasses have you left?' 'Only fifteen.' 'Well, you will send them to ——' (some name I forget). Then came an order for hand-grenades to go to Coutts's. In short, I suppose, it was the tremendous preparations that regularly frightened the Chartists; for the meeting was larger than even Ministers had expected: they came upon the common at the rate of four thousand per hour from seven o'clock; and they have literally done nothing but walk back again. They say the effect will be great in Ireland, and everywhere. There were eighty thousand special constables alone. I can hardly believe that there will be no disturbance. Guizot said, 'You have done step by step what we did—I hope the end will be happier—you have allowed the people to carry out their intention without a check till the last moment; we did the same, and then they would not be stopped.'

Schwalbach, July 30, 1851.—*To Mr. Rio.*—. . . . The state of Germany is most disheartening; the difference I find since six years ago I was last on the Rhine is astonishing. All seem discontented, and the apparent quiet is the gathering before the storm. There is a general feeling of hatred to the aristocracy and to royalty, and I may say they have well deserved the hatred, for the wanton acts of despotism

which one comes across at every turn make one only wonder that any nation can bear them so long. At Frankfort the people are completely soldier-ruled, and the grossest instances of oppression occur each day without possibility of redress. Of course this has its effect in brutalising the people, who become hardened and careless because they are not cared for. Even at these Brunnen all society is broken up, and I have been repeatedly assured by different Germans that the system of espionage is carried on to such a degree that no man likes to speak to a neighbour he does not know.

Munich, September 18, 1851.—*To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.*—We have not many spare moments now certainly, for it is almost ludicrous to see how hard we are worked (at sight-seeing); and yet it is a pity to have come all this way and not to see what there is. We have an excellent *laquais de place,* and the consequence is, we both dread the sight of him, coming as he does to say, 'Now the modern Gallery is open at ten to-day, and the Leuchtenberg at twelve; so we will go first to one and then to the other'—for all the sights here are at different hours and on different days, so as to fit one into the other. I shall spare you all disquisitions on the different things, excepting that the frescoes disappoint me greatly—beautifully drawn, but quite out of place, in this cold, gray climate, to have every building painted with them outside, long processions in the brightest colours on every arcade. The churches are more magnificent than anything I could have imagined—I mean the

new ones; and I cannot understand how any king can have found money to do it without ruining his people by taxes. To-day I went with Professor Döllinger all over the Library, which just suited me; he is very learned, and knew all about the books—a thoroughly Jesuitical man, but evidently very clever; and he does not mind a joke at all. The most tempting place is Cotta's lithography shop. Such beautiful ones of the pictures in the Gallery! and the cheapness is wonderful. Oh! what a tiresome letter I am writing, just what I should hate from some one else; but we are quite full of art just now, and I am astonished at the pleasure it gives me. Still it is nothing to Ulm and Augsburg; but there I pieced on all that was wanting to come up to the ideal in my own mind. The *laquais de place* has just been in for the last time, to ask us to go to the Schatz-kammer, which is open but once a week. He must think we live among treasures, for we have each told him separately that we are so used to those sort of sights, we don't care for them.

Munich, September 20, 1851.—*To the same.*—The pavement is worse than Coblentz or any other town; and Miss Ringseis shocked me by saying to-day, 'That must be a stranger, from her foot. All the feet of the Munich inhabitants are so hurt by the pavement, that you can know them at once.' I felt my feet were already splayed out, and they ache so that I can hardly walk.

Yesterday, after taking Moey a little walk, I was so tired I could only come home and lie down, and

see nothing more. The bad air in the Galleries gives me a headache. Moey is left alone almost all day, for it is useless taking him and leaving him outside; besides, he has forgotten his good-breeding about churches, and slips in after me as soon as he can. Harriot says it is the being taken into the Protestant Cathedral at Ulm that has quite bewildered him. The woman there certainly begged him to come in; and since then he has never understood why it should not go on so. I saw a painting on china which I rather longed to buy for you, but thought you would scold. And I think there is always a sort of glamour that comes over people's eyes when they set about buying presents abroad—they so generally get such hideous things, which their friends do not care a pin for; and therefore very likely what is so charming to us would not be liked.

Professor Döllinger walked in again yesterday evening and was pleasanter, though H. still thinks he sneers at our Church whenever he mentions it; but I do not see this. Of course, he represents the Catholic Church as perfect, and says, with an air of greatest simplicity, things which I know to be false. But the account he gives of his visit to Oxford is curious. . . . . We get on very well together; and he seems a little puzzled to find me so willing to acknowledge the faults and shortcomings and incongruities of the English Church, and yet that I am so little inclined to change her or take it to heart. This morning we took leave of our young ladies and embraced. The family rather reminds me of the one described in the 'Initials,' with all the silver spoons

and candlesticks in a glass-case in the drawing-room. We go on Monday, and I shall not be sorry; for I have had enough of Munich, and long for Nuremberg. We shall sleep again at Augsburg. I shall never see that place again, and wish to have a last look of its old houses and beautiful fountains.

I do not think (at least not in these *Catholic* days) that anyone can feel as I do about Luther and all the men of that time, and it was quite the feeling of a pilgrim getting to his shrine, when I found myself in the Platz at Augsburg, looking on the palace and balcony where the 'Confession' was read out to the people below. I had it all in my mind's eye; then the houses are left so much in the same state, that one is transported wholly back into those times.' I won't bore you with it though, only you will like to know that it has quite *answered* to me, and I am determined not to believe those who declare I shall find nothing in Nuremberg to keep me above a day.

September 22.—Augsburg.—To the same.—We arrived here early to-day; so had plenty of time to walk about, and found the principal street entirely taken up with the autumn fair, which, of course, looked very bright and pretty; but I am glad I saw the town in its usual, quiet, desolate state, which suits its character much better. We are both pleased at having left Munich, the atmosphere of which is, I am sure, unhealthy. Here, though bitter cold (we could not do without the stove lighted) there is a freshness and lightness, which is very much more pleasant. I cannot help peopling all the turreted windows with

Reformers' heads; and the magnificence of the houses just comes up to one's idea of the merchant princes who used to belong to the town.

To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.—November 2, 1851.—*Hôtel Victoria, Rue Chauveau Lagarde, Paris.*—The state of politics seems more lowering than ever. It seems that all fear the coming year; and they say parties of soldiers go about singing by night, just as they did before the outbreak of the last Revolution. The town is placarded from one end to another, and no one expects a sociable winter from the state all are in.

We went to Père la Chaise, an endless drive, and got there so late we could not see the view of Paris, but only the crowds of people who were come to put garlands on the graves. I never saw such a crowd, and it surprised one to find horse guards regularly drawn up before the gate. I thought the President was coming at least; but the man said it was only to keep the people in order—just the way to induce them to behave ill, I should say. It was very poor, after some of the German cemeteries—the affectation of sentiment without the reality; but what miserable taste the people themselves have, to do it so ill—the painted plaster figures, with artificial flowers, to represent the dear deceased!

I do long for this month in London; it was always the one to which I used to look forward—quiet, not bad weather; one saw more of one's friends than at any other time, and my father was always, somehow, better till January came. The

change in my life is, to be sure, a complete one. One feels, as it were, so much less *respectable*, to be wandering about from hotel to hotel without any object. However, I must say the actual travelling did answer.

To M. V. von E.—Paris, November 2, 1851.—We arrived here ten days ago. I have been unwell most of the time, and having fallen on a bad French hotel, we were very uncomfortable until we came here. At present, therefore, I cannot say much of the pleasure of being in Paris, having often wished ourselves back in Germany. The far-famed courtesy of French manners seems entirely to have vanished; they gave me the notion of trying to carry out the '*égalité*' with which their walls are covered; and only succeeded in being rude. And I suppose this is in some degree true, as all whom I have seen complain of the same thing, and say that, in this respect, Paris is greatly changed in the last three years. And then the system of asking for everything—rooms, food, clothes—the half more than they are prepared to take, is so odious. It is so entirely contrary to my habits, that I forget the necessity of bargaining; and our French servant is shocked that I should be thus cheated. I call him French, but he is German, and seems trustworthy.

I suppose, in the course of time, we must get into an apartment; but at first we preferred not being tied down to stay any particular time. Everyone dreads to engage rooms with the uncertainty of the coming winter, when all seem to expect disquiet, if nothing worse.

I have been reading Mademoiselle Lewald's book upon England, and have been very much pleased with it. Not because she speaks so favourably of England as quite to astonish me, but from the kindliness of heart which some of her observations show. She takes her personal inconvenience so lightly, and so differently from what many a woman would have done who thought she had a right to be considered. Then, her remarks upon art strike me as being original, and as displaying a fine judgment.

I agree entirely in her observations upon our pictures and statues. Perhaps you have not seen the book; so I shall say no more, but that I shut it with a feeling of sorrow that I have not seen more of her. There are some amusing mistakes that do not signify a bit, and would not be perceived but by those who were quite in the midst of London society, and belonged to a particular grade of it. I begin to think her remark, 'that women in England have more liberty than elsewhere,' is true, when I am told here that I cannot walk alone in the streets, or the Tuileries Gardens, late in the day. This seems to me ludicrous; but as far as I have seen, people do not appear surprised at it.

To M. V. von E.—Paris, November 25, 1851.—The cold is so intense that we cannot see sights at present. Once I went to the Louvre, and returned quite frozen. This applies equally to the theatres, to not one of which we have been. After dinner, instead of sitting by the fire with one's book, to set off, Harriot and I alone, by way of amusement, requires more

energy than we possess. If there was any one young, for whose pleasure we could go, it would be a different thing. The truth is, it makes all the difference whether one sees Paris in winter or summer; and, to my mind, there is no town where a woman requires a man to walk with her so much as here. This is not my opinion only, but that also of the English women I have seen. A French lady never walks in the streets in winter; so that, although I care little for it, one meets no woman like one's self in those crowded streets; the few there are are invariably accompanied by a man. It is entirely different in London, where looking like a gentlewoman is protection enough; at least I never wanted any other.

The panic as to the expected disturbances still continues. Yesterday, on going to the English upholsterer and desiring him to make out a lease for the apartment, I said I wished not to be obliged to stay in it the three months. 'Oh,' he answered, 'I put in all the leases now, that in case of a war with England, or of riots, you are at liberty to break your lease.' He looked much astonished when I told him he might leave that alone; what I wanted was to be able to go to England if any of my family were ill; and as to the chance of the other, it did not trouble me at all. Still the English have taken fright; trade entirely stagnates; and everyone expects they know not what. So little did the Government expect the last victory, that on the Quæstor's motion, after the Minister of War had made his speech, he went to General Magnan, the Commander of the Forces in Paris, and said, 'We shall be beat; I shall be *mis en*

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accusation to-night, and they will send to you to arrest me; do you refuse to do it;' to which the other agreed. And thus, they tell me, it will go on: the Assembly defeated, until some day unexpectedly (by some miscalculation of the party who are voting with the Government, or staying away merely in order to preserve the peace) it will find itself in a majority, when it will give orders to arrest those it fears; the officers will refuse to obey, and the executive power will support them in their refusal; and then will come the struggle. It sounds ticklish work!

To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell. — Paris, November 1851.—I believe you are right about the Champs Elysées. They tell us horrid stories of the impossibility of anyone walking late there; that every day crimes are committed; and that a walk home from church would be out of the question. This touches Harriot; as last Sunday night she went to a sort of expounding meeting, which she liked, but it did not end till nine.

I have been all day at Argenteuil to meet the Rio's; such a nice sunny village, about twenty minutes by rail from Paris. I quite envied them. A man came into the same carriage on returning; so we began to talk, and became such good friends in the half hour, that he is to send us tickets for the Chamber. It is very funny, after all our promises, that we should owe it to an entire stranger. He was the commander of a brigade; but I forget his name.

He talked so quietly of the *émeute* which must come, but would be the affair of a day, and then be

over—the army 'in the happiest disposition, as it is sure to crush the *canaille*.' The idea is, the President is so determined, that he will surround the Assembly with troops and dismiss it,—a second Cromwell; but I cannot believe it. A large part of the army are with him, and the rest with the National Assembly; but it is believed the troops won't fight against each other.

I hear Montalembert cannot accede to the repeal of the law, because it would open the way for the Mountain; but he is very anxious to do nothing to embarrass the President—he has seen him and been pleased with what he said; so I see that he will give no active opposition;—but there is a party of Legitimists in France, utterly selfish, who would rather have the Red Republic than Louis Napoleon. They have no hope for their own party, and therefore prefer the one that will wear itself out soonest by doing most evil. This, I am told, is the curse of France now;—the intense selfishness of each section, willing to plunge the country into a civil war rather than let those who differ from them triumph. No one knows what Changarnier wants. They say he is a man not to be depended upon; and therefore the President seems the only one who could manage all parties. The army, it is thought, would follow the President more implicitly than any other.

One of the papers says that 'the President was in high spirits at the Play, and showed no chagrin at his defeat; he applauded the piece repeatedly, in which a marquis of the old régime plays a very dishonourable part, and evidently took pleasure in this revenge

on the Legitimists for the victory they had gained over him in the Chamber.' Conceive Lord J. Russell being supposed to indemnify himself for a Protectionist majority by clapping at Covent Garden!

I cannot fancy it will run on to May. It is so much for the interest of both parties to forestall the preparations of the other, that, ignorant as I am, I believe more those who tell one it may come any day. The dressmakers cannot finish the things quickly enough for the English, who are taking fright and going next week; but still apartments keep up their price, from the number of persons who won't take a house this year. I rather wish I could see something of the Republican party; but know not how.

—— amused me (when I told him I should like to know the three great lay Catholics, Veuillot, Donoso Cortes, and Montalembert) by saying, 'Oh, you shall know them; but they are men entirely without vanity; and so one has no hold on them. If I were to say," a person *distinguée* for *esprit*, &c.," wished to see them, it would fall perfectly flat. It would not even be a temptation. But if I could say, "You might do good by seeing that person," in an instant they would be ready. Now, when Lady —— was here, she was with me for hours, talking on religious matters, and wished to ask these men questions. I asked Montalembert if he could come—"Certainly, I will come to-morrow;" and the same with Donoso. They would give up everything for a religious motive, and for no other.' I could not help answering that I hoped they would never find a woman mean enough to feign difficulties she did not feel in order to gain her wish, and

that I could not affect to say I either required or needed any of their time on the conditions on which alone they could give it. He continued, 'Now, if you like Lacordaire or Ventura, they would come at once, for they are vain, though they are monks.' I declined.

To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.—5 *Rue Chauveau Lagarde, Paris.—December* 2, 1851.—I suppose you will like to hear that it is not so frightful to be in a town in a state of siege as it sounds. But it is a wonderful '*coup*.' We went yesterday for the first time to the Assembly, and listened to a most stormy discussion. Had we known it was *the last sitting*, we should have stayed longer; but the heat was intense, and it was almost too like a bear-garden to be endurable—the shaking of fists at each other—and at one time I thought they would have come to blows. This morning we were waked by the news that Changarnier, &c., had *tried to arrest* the President in his own palace, and *therefore* had been sent to Vincennes. They have evidently been very anxious to spread the rumour of an actual breach of the peace by those arrested; the truth turning out to be that none took place, but that the President sent to arrest them. Changarnier defended himself like a lion; and his servant has been wounded. All this we only knew later; but at ten we set out, just to see what was to be seen; and certainly it was very curious. The Madeleine was one line of soldiers, and very few of any other sort to be seen, excepting groups reading Napoleon's proclamation to announce that the As-

sembly was dissolved. We went across the Boulevards, which were crowded, and when we had got across, rather thought we ought to get back again. We went along the Rue Duphot, when all of a sudden people passed us running. Those who were standing at the doors of their shops in one instant put up their shutters. I asked what it was. 'Oh, the soldiers are going into the houses to fire on the people.' In a short time we saw it was the picket of troops, which ran down each street to clear it; and that was all. I got Moey up in my arms and felt safe; so we went on till we got to the Place de la Concorde, which was like one enormous camp—artillery in the middle—no one allowed to pass. We thought we would see all we could, having no one to scold us and send us home, where we felt we ought to be; and could not help saying to ourselves, in England, some man, even if we had not a brother or a husband to shut us up, would have desired us to go home—'No place for ladies.' Here everybody spoke; and everyone seemed charmed that at last a stop was put to the incessant intrigues of the Assembly.

Then we went home. Meanwhile we had, as I say, signed the agreement for our house from to-morrow; and everybody who came evidently thought we were going to set off at once—all brought their bills to be paid; so we see that others are going. We went at two to the English upholsterer, who said he had not a minute's peace from the number of people who were setting off; that he believed if to-night passed quietly, it would go on smoothly for a time longer; in short, he evidently could do nothing for us.

If we don't move into our house we forfeit our money; and after all, we have no reason to think we *ought* not to do so, and as to fear, I have not the slightest. It is curious there is not one Englishman in Paris I know; otherwise, of course, one should ask his opinion, and the women know no more than we do ourselves. I saw a very clever woman about a cook to-day, who has lived here 37 years, and she distinctly advises against anyone setting up now. To return, in the afternoon we went in a carriage, and I insisted on showing Paris to Miles, in a state in which she will never see a town again. The crowd was greatly increased, and the cries of '*Vive la République*' far more decided, while the troops were hissed. Still all Paris was out, as if for a holiday; crowds of women among all the blouses, and such horrid-looking men. I had no idea of an army before; every single street and passage has its men at the top and bottom, besides the Elysée being girt with troops on horseback touching each other. I ended by being put down at the Duc de Rauzan's, whom the Duchesse had asked me to call upon. I found them both in the *entresol* very low, quite evidently too much so to enjoy seeing anyone. He said, 'This plot they talk of, no one knows what it was, or whether it ever existed.' I said something about its being a bold step of the President. 'I think so, indeed; it is the most audacious thing that was ever attempted; and it remains to be seen whether the people will say he had the right to do it.' Then in came a man, whose name told me nothing, a M. de Circourt, I think, who had been in the clubs all day. He said things had changed very much since

morning, when all was stupor; that now a pretty general feeling of displeasure had arisen among the people; that the President had been very ill received, and the electors did not choose to have their deputies sent to the right about; that, *in France*, as he termed it, this would be very ill received, where they are not personally fond of the President. He said he (the President) has been long trying to get the breach made by the Assembly, and, at last, not succeeding, was obliged to begin first. All the deputies of the eighteenth *arrondissement* are arrested, and I fancy from what he said, a regiment refused to act, and has been shut up in barracks. Five thousand men extra marched quietly into Paris in the night, without drums or any noise, provided with provisions and forage for two days. He says there never was anything so well managed—such a *mise en scène*. He described the hatred of the officers as very great; and he saw a man give a field-officer who was riding by a heavy blow with his cane. The soldier behind would have fallen upon him, but the general rode on and desired him to take no notice. The Rauzan's talked of 'et M. de Morny, quelle honte pour lui!' So I suppose he was a Legitimist, and has become an Elyséeist. They expect the barricades to-night, and the troops are too numerous not to put a stop to it at once.

I got home very well; and we have certainly contrived to see as much as we could of the people, which is far more interesting to me than all the pictures of the Louvre put together.

The striking thing to one is the general panic. To

me it appears there can be little to fear with such an army in the town; but I suppose it is one's ignorance that makes one treat it thus. All my sympathies go with the President just now; at least, he is playing a bold game, and it would seem that nothing but a military despotism can keep this people under The Mountain have, as he says truly in his proclamation, stopped all public business by crying down every speaker they did not choose to hear. There was a reception at the Elysée last night, and they say the President looked as quiet as possible; yet he must have known that the troops were on the road at that minute. There is a stormy three weeks before one; but if that is once surmounted, at least there will be no more cry of May 1852; and that will be an immense advantage to trade. But what ruin to a town! This M. de Circourt said every workman has left his business. Sixty belonging to the great mechanician (I forget the name he told me) this morning threw down their tools, and on being remonstrated with, said, 'No; we know our duty; when there is a *coup d'état* we shall go.' And off they set. The soldiers looked very cold and tired, having been so long on duty, and the horses covered with mire; so I suppose they came from some distance.

This will not go till to-morrow; so we shall know how the night passes. The house-agent said, 'If anything takes place to-night, you cannot get in; if not, the inventory is to be taken to-morrow;—' and we shall move in on Friday. Of course, one wishes one had not signed this lease; but it cannot be helped. We have our dinner now from your Café

Voisin; and the people say that instead of there being twenty Deputies who usually dine there, only two came to-day, and they declare there will be a great revolution in spite of the army; but I do not believe it. Good-night.

To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.—Rue Chauveau Lagarde, December 4, 1851.—After telling you in my letter yesterday that all was quiet, we little expected to be told that people were killing each other all the time. At our dinner we heard that a Deputy had gone to dine at your Café Voisin, and after telling his neighbours that another Deputy (a friend of his) had just been killed on the Boulevards, he quietly ate his dinner as usual! but that is what this people do. We hardly believed it. Miss Farquhar came to see us, taking the whole thing very quietly. She had seen Mr. Fraser, the correspondent of the *Chronicle*. He said that a quantity of brandy had been given to the troops on the Tuesday morning, which had kept them in a sort of stupor, and prevented their retaliating on the people who were abusing them.

The more one hears, the more clear it is that this was a thing long concerted, and the less truth there seems to be in the idea of a plot. At the reception at the Elysée on Monday night, the President retired earlier than usual, on the pretext of a headache; the officers took their leave, and each found on his return home sealed orders that he was to be in his saddle at three in the morning.

I told you I had a violent cold; so went to bed directly after dinner, trying not to believe the story

of the servants; when, as I was going there, I heard the distant roll of musketry—that dull, round noise of men firing one after the other, which one knows from a review, not the loud, simultaneous noise.

You can imagine how very disagreeable it was, not from fear, for I happen not to have it, but it is something so dreadful to feel, that men are actually putting an end to each other's lives, that one cannot forget it. And not even for bread to put in their mouths, nor for freedom, nor for any one great need which carries its excuse with it, but they are excited by their unprincipled leaders, who only want personal power. It seems the Deputies (not Socialists or blouses, but Legitimists, they tell me) got together a hundred or two of the worst mob, sallied out on a party of soldiers who did not expect it, took their arms, and they say, killed their officer; very shortly after, a large detachment came and dispersed them, shooting two of the Deputies. Afterwards they got possession of an ammunition waggon, and set about hanging the officer in charge. However, he was delivered, and of course they shot as many as could be got hold of. The newspapers are allowed to tell us nothing, and to say not a word of the numbers killed, so that one looks at them and can make nothing out. The firing I heard at half-past eight is not even mentioned. The troops were pouring down all the evening upon the Faubourg St. Antoine; and these streets were so empty, people were afraid to go out into them. The object of the Mountain is to persuade the National Guard not to act with the army. But they have a determined man at their

head, who, they say, will insist upon their behaving better than they have hitherto. The people themselves are satisfied if they are let alone; in short, they say, that this measure being in their favour, they are very difficult to excite in any way. If the Henri Cinq party have (as they say) much to do with the riots, they are most infamous, knowing, as they well do, they have no hope. Everyone who is found with arms in his hands to-day is to be shot at once.

The troops are withdrawn from the streets entirely this morning, and all appears as quiet as usual. It is evident that it must be a struggle, and that the country won't be content to take a dictator without being consulted; but whatever it is, I cannot fancy it will be until the troops are a little withdrawn from Paris, and not yet. They (the English agents) assure me we are much safer in the Champs Elysées than here, and that during the last revolution they heard nothing of it. If one knew some one here, it certainly would be an advantage—either English or French—any man who was sensible and able-bodied, who could come and see us, and tell us what was going on. However, there is really no need of him, as we go out and see for ourselves. Truth to say, it is more a moral effect than any physical one that it produces on me. The disgrace of the people altogether, for wherever one turns one finds the same thorough selfishness, and as long as their own heads are safe they care little. People are just as much out as usual, but the accounts tell of more fighting, and we have heard a little firing. A whole regiment has passed with its guns, &c. There is no fear whatever,

with such an enormous body of troops. I only wish, and so do many of the shopkeepers, he would at once take the name of Emperor and stand by it. As they say, it is only a question of time, and he means to do it. The proclamations of the different authorities all call him *Prince* President—a new designation.

To Lady Doyle.—Begun Thursday evening, Paris. Sent Sunday morning, December 8, 1851.—We have had a most disagreeable day, not from the slightest danger to ourselves, but from the consciousness of what was going on so near. In my last this morning, I told you they had had a stormy night. A woman killed going out to draw water;—there is some fatality that always makes a woman go out when soldiers are firing. At two o'clock we saw the orderly with his little flag canter past, and in half an hour came more troops, and, it seemed to me, numerous cannon; but they have sent twice for more since! Harriot had to go out to the new house; so she took the man and set off. Soon after she went, there was a running in the street which we look into, and which is usually so quiet; and in an instant I saw all the people putting up their shutters, and all rushing out, to stand at their doors, looking at something on the Place de la Madeleine; so Miles went out to look about her. She returned, saying that you could walk on the people's heads all down the Boulevards, as far as one could see; and she thought they had been arresting people, from the excitement among them all, but not a soldier to be seen. I waited another half-hour, and then went out myself;

and on asking the landlady in the hotel next to us she told me nothing could be worse; that her husband, the editor of 'Galignani,' had had a man up in the Faubourg all day, getting news for him; that the troops had taken four barricades, but with some loss of life; and that they had sent for more artillery. I went on the Place—not a creature to be seen, excepting the groups at every house door. In time, Harriot came back, and had seen nothing whatever; all there is quiet. No newspaper is allowed to appear to-night, which seems an odd measure of precaution. I hear that the insurgents took possession of an unfinished house looking down the Rue Richelieu, and from thence fired and did great damage to the troops, who afterwards riddled and destroyed the house. Another house was entered, and everything thrown down on the soldiers; chests, beds, stoves, &c. The troops forced an entry at last, and killed all they found there, women and children too. These are the stories one is told; but I don't believe them, although one cannot wonder that, after standing to be murdered, as some of the troops have done, they should give no quarter. They expect a very stormy night; but it seems to me that nothing but madness can induce them to attack the soldiers now; it would be different if they waited until they were worn out by duty, and off their guard. But the truth is, I suppose the French like fighting for its own sake. The servant has just brought half a sheet of a paper which is forbidden to be sold. It gives much the same account of the fighting going on all day; and there is a proclamation to beg that people will stay at home. I am sure it was not obeyed, for all Paris

seemed out; fine ladies walking about with their brothers, and looking as if they were going to see a *guinguette.* That heavy, dull firing is now to be heard again. As to danger, there is not the slightest, and I declined Henry's offer of sleeping in the dining-room, instead of at his house.

Friday.—Our night was not a very snug one; it was impossible to go to bed with that horrible firing, which was loud enough to keep one listening, and to give one that exertion as well.

The intense silence too of the town—for no carriages were allowed in the streets—was so great.

This morning M. Renouard, the hairdresser, who seems very much mixed up in it, told me quite a new thing. He says the cause of all the fighting and the barricades was the decree, that, when the population had to vote, they were to *write* their names, which, he said, made it no longer unbiassed. To-day I see Napoleon retracts this decree, and allows them to vote in secret by ballot. Renouard says the fighting will cease unless it has gone too far, which I believe. They found an *employé* of Montalembert's dead, with some proof in his pocket which they say shows that this man (a secretary of Montalembert's) shared his opinions, and that others of the *noblesse* are mixed up in it. I know not whether this will go, as they say the railroads are stopped, for fear of any descent on Paris; but I shall try. The number of curious people who have been shot is considerable. We are just going to the other house, and my cold is very bad.

Mr. Grenville Berkeley came this morning to ask if he could be of any use to us, which was good-natured and civil; but they stay quietly where they are, and don't think of moving. I hear there is fear of the people from Orleans coming down on Paris; but they will know better—the cowardice * * * .

4 *Rue du Colisée.—Saturday.*—This unfortunate beginning was sent with the things. here, and I did not reach the house until too late to finish; but I sent you a line from the Café Voisin; and we have had your letter to-day. I am very glad you enter into our reasons for remaining quiet. Of course, we should not if we were not bound to this house, but do as others who set off last night. Still it is all quite over now; the town is just as usual, and carriages allowed to go everywhere. It is singular how it has all sunk into the ground as it were.

Yesterday, when we arrived, and hoped to be out of the way of all the confusion, we found a regiment of horse bivouacking all down the Champs Elysées, and with enormous fires; nothing could be more picturesque than the scene; it was like the ideal of war while we had seen the reality.

Everyone seems convinced that the only chance for France is to keep the President; and I am told this will do him great good; he has shown such courage during the whole. The odd thing is, that it seems to have been a measure taken by himself alone without advice, for his most intimate friends did not, or pretend they did not, know of it two hours before.

M. Darbel, the French master, came to say good-

bye this morning; and for the first time he said what was worth listening to, for he lives in the worst quarter, and was three hours vainly trying to get home on the Thursday. He saw a man, who was walking quietly by, cut through the middle by a cannon ball. The severity was extreme—no wonder; but there was one of the generals who made his troops fire from time to time without warning, and therefore all who were not behind the troops had the narrowest escape. The horrible part was that one of these *Rouges* got into an upper storey of the house where you had apartments, and fired on the troops, who, after that, asked no questions, but put all they found to the sword. In these days! ! M. Darbel knows slightly two men (gentlemen) who lodged in one of these Hôtels Garnis, from which the soldiers were fired on, and they were among the others killed, not resisting; but the orders were to shoot them at once. Mrs. Mackenzie was telling Mr. Fraser that she had heard in the night the firing in another quarter of the town; but he said it was not fighting, but shooting the prisoners in the Champs de Mars. On Thursday night nearly three hundred were so disposed of. And all this fearful severity was absolutely necessary—such stories do they tell of the determination of the clubs, who were well supplied with money, and could have carried on the war for long, had not the set of men who will do anything for money seen that it was certain death to meddle in it at all.

Several private carriages were broken up to make barricades. I should like, I own, to have seen the

sort of thing, but certainly should not have gone merely to stare. The people, shopkeepers, &c., do not hide their indignation at the way in which sight-seers came impeding the way, and adding to the confusion of which the insurgents were so anxious to take advantage. The E.'s were here and wanted to go, but were not allowed to do so until to-day, when I fancy they are gone. Mrs. Mackenzie says heaps of people went to Lord Normanby—women. His advice to all was: 'If I thought this was to go on, you had better go; but as I believe it will soon be crushed effectually, you are safer here than out of Paris.'

Mr. Arthur did not put in any clause as to riots, and says, that for so short a lease as three months, it is not usual; but, I believe, a continuance would enable us to break it.

We are really as safe as in London; so Frank must not think twice about us.

I think I am wiser than many of the English who have been here, already. I had experience that morning how completely the affair of an instant the outbreak of a tumult in any street is, and shall take very different care, from what I should elsewhere, not to be in narrow streets staring. They assure us that the voting will go off quite peaceably; it has all been so arranged; and that they are very anxious to be at peace, and to enjoy themselves for the *jour de l'an;* so will, if possible, behave well ! ! !

It is all very well, but whatever society there might have been in Paris will never recover the shock.

To Mrs. M. G.—Paris, December 11, 1851.—

Thank you very much for all your kind proposals about a house. We should be most grateful and glad to accept them, under certain circumstances, which I know will not take place; but the difficulty of knowing what to depend on is greater than it would be anywhere else. I daresay Harriot told you, we found on Monday that Lady Farquhar had settled suddenly to go to-day. She had quite made up her mind before to stay. She spoke very mysteriously of having been advised by the best authority in Paris to go. This authority was Lady Normanby, to whom she had gone for advice. They were very good-naturedly anxious to take us over at once; and almost shook my determination. On Monday evening, they went to the Reception at the Elysée (which was very dreary, they said); met the Grenville Berkeley's, who laughed at the idea of stirring; and announced they should stay through January.

Yesterday Lady Dashwood called to tell us she thought they must go the end of this week; that she had never contemplated it; but that Mr. Grenville Berkeley had called to say that in consequence of what he heard they could not stay; that a friend of the President had come to him and advised him to go for next week, saying, 'You can return in January—advise your English friends to leave Paris for the Elections,' as if this came from the President himself. Well, all this shook us; and we went to the house-agent, desiring him to put the house on his books, and if anyone did take a fancy to it, to get rid of our lease for us. Lady Dashwood was as much at sea as we were, and, having house and all engaged to the

end of January, did not wish to stir; but felt she ought not to stay if there was real danger.

Last night we went to Mrs. Stuart Mackenzie's, where there were nine or ten people, and, among others, the wife of a *savant* here, a very clever woman, whom I had wished to meet—a violent republican, friend of Thiers, Cavaignac, and all of them. I said we were thinking of leaving Paris. She quite laughed at the idea of there being any reason for it; and spoke with so much good sense, and seeming knowledge of the matter, that I am inclined to believe her. She began by telling me that it is the policy of the Elysée to spread reports of danger, as a sort of excuse for the military despotism; that it has been for the last ten days the object of all the generals, and all the newspapers, to convince people that fearful riots are to be apprehended; and therefore these decrees against the liberty of the subject are necessary. She says the coercion is something unheard-of. I must own I thought the decree of yesterday, putting everyone who may be suspected under the *surveillance* of the police, a most unheard-of measure. Léon Faucher, after trying in vain to persuade M. de Morny to take his name off the council list, sent letters to all the newspapers; not one would put them in. He sent them to his constituents; not a letter passed Paris. Pleasant! I was told of people who leave their cards: '*M. ——pas membre du Conseil.*' Mr. Fraser was also there, and declared there was no reason for alarm; that the only unpleasant thing they did expect, was a rising at Lyons; which, however, is little likely to touch Paris. 'At the same time,' he said, 'I was a

false prophet before, and may be so again.' To tell you the truth, which I should not say to anyone who fidgets and might be nervous, I feel we are quite at single anchor. Any day we may set off, not knowing it the night before. It will be a relief to know we might go at once to Stratford Place. Still, we shall stand by it as long as we can. Oh, Mr. Hodgson arrived nearly as soon as your letter, was very good-natured, quite pooh-poohed all idea of going; says it is over, and many other things, which may or may not be true; for it is clear no one knows. The indignation is loud and long at the despotism; but of that I may as well not say much. This woman told me they open so many letters a day, hap-hazard. If they light upon one in which there is anything 'like *prog*' (her expression), that person is under the eye of the police; but it is just a chance whether they hit upon yours or not.

She asked me to come on Friday evening, which I shall be glad to do, as it is a new opening, and I am tired of the Elysée supporters.

Madame de Rauzan receives visits on Tuesday afternoon; so I went; it was very dull and formal. At first, there was a pleasant man, who told us it would be the most brilliant season Paris had seen for long, if the President were re-elected; that he must give *fêtes* to make up for the blow to commerce; and though the natives would not go, the strangers would make it very gay. Then, there came one or two princesses, as dull as ditch-water, full of a Prince somebody, who went out to see what was going on on Thursday morning, but never returned; and after his

wife had suffered agonies of terror, she got all the *fosses communes* opened, and he was found in one with a large wound on his head; but how he received it, or who put him there, no one will ever know.

It has been a beautiful day, like spring, and we have done a great deal. It is far from all shops; but the pleasure of being up here I can't describe, and I have a perfect horror of that Madeleine, and the streets by it. Mrs. Hodgson was at home with a beautiful white *spitz* that excited my envy.

They say the news from the Departments is bad; but when once one looks at it as intended to be made as serious as possible, it alters the whole view.

They tell me the beauty of the shops at the New Year is beyond what one can imagine; and the whole length of the Boulevards lined with temporary booths. If we ever get to that time, it will be very pretty.

What a change between now and this day week! and yet we are agreeing, we had not half the feeling of danger then we have now. They say, at the Elysée on Monday evening everyone went about as if they had something on their minds, and could not get it out; crowds of officers and about sixteen ladies. We have left our names at the Embassy, in order to have more right to go, if anything made one want their help.

As to Paris being pleasant, I have no idea it can be so now. We have been unlucky hitherto, as we might as well have enjoyed it; but now, with the great fear of being compromised which they all have, there can be no society.

Madame Mohl said, 'Mr. Mohl declares he will not let me stir out for the next fortnight; he is sure I shall get into a scrape; I talk so openly.' And indeed I should not wonder.

I am sorry to send you so dull a letter, but I am tired, and get worn with discussing probabilities over and over again. One loses one's self in conjectures as to the result for this country. It is impossible that the most democratic and restless nation in Europe should submit to a rule like that of the Czar; sooner or later they must rise, and throw it off with one accord; but I respect the President the more for having played so bold a game, although one which he must lose eventually. He passed the window yesterday in a close carriage surrounded closely by guards, instead of on his white horse, on which he used to be so fond of parading himself. They say he never sleeps twice in the same room. Mr. Stirling told me no one is allowed to walk on the side of the Elysée after dusk. He was desired to cross the street to the other side of the pavement, and all who passed the same! It is said the President would willingly show himself just as he used to do, but the generals all fall on their knees to entreat he will stay at home; that they having all hazarded their lives for his cause, it is due to them to preserve his life, which alone stands between them and impeachment.

Adieu, dearest. This week has been like six; but I am less poorly, and am sure that the morning walk in the avenues about here is the best thing for me.

To Lady Doyle.—Paris, December 20, 1851.—The

visit I paid with Madame de Rauzan to Madame La Croix was too dull. I was really ashamed of assisting at anything so absurd. Very like the *précieuses ridicules*. Madame La Croix, who is sentimental, and talks with *esprit*, gave us a monologue on the way the soul reveals itself before certain natures, as certain flowers to the sun—Madame de Rauzan, of course, being the sun. The compliments between the two were incessant; and the whole thing reminded one of two milliners trying to act fine ladies on the stage; so I went away after an hour, with no wish to return. Lady Elgin is very good-natured to me, and hopes to convert me to the *purified* Catholic faith; and so sends the preachers to me. I find it much more exciting to have one's soul looked after than one's body; but it is a funny contrast at the same time to have the Dsse. de Rauzan fidgeting about a bonnet and a cap to shorten the length of my face, and Lady Elgin that I should talk to the Abbé Massiot, and Mr. Carré who is so clever! But the bore of writing is, that I must condense all I have to tell you. I cannot meander on upon a subject. Then there is a Marquis de Montagu, who is far better than the common run, because he has a hobby; and as it happens to be the Bible, it is new. Yesterday he took us to the Sainte Chapelle and divers churches—bitter cold.

From all I hear, and the proofs they give of it, the first barricades were made by police-agents in order to give an excuse for the over-awing Paris at once. This I have heard on all sides and from all ranks. If you remember, there were many that were entirely undefended when the troops came; and a

clever man, whose name I don't know, assured me he knew it and saw men whom he recognised as the disguised agents, and at the time he told the inhabitants of that street not to be misled! What can one say of such a government? He says, that if (as there is no doubt) the President is re-elected, the Duc de Bordeaux will make a representation to the Powers who took part in the treaty (of Vienna, I suppose) that this is an infraction of it. It is the bringing in a new dynasty by usurpation, not by the will of the nation, which cannot be freely expressed during a state of siege. He is a Republican, but says Europe must interfere for Henri Cinq, or at least against the ten years' reign. Everyone looks to the President's assassination with a tranquillity which is quite horrible. Rio told me that he asked two Breton Deputies why they remained in Paris.—'Why, if this man is poisoned or got rid of, the Assembly must meet at once; and there is no use in taking that long journey to come back again.' The Bishop said just the same thing to him. However, he (the President) wears a cuirass up to his throat, and, they say, is quite ball-proof; but there seems to be an idea that there is an extensive body sworn to give their lives to take his. A young lady told me quietly: 'It is very well to talk of Elysée balls. There is certain to be a scene if he gives them, and we shall have a plot in the middle of the ball-room, and a scuffle.' At the same time I must not forget to say that even if anything should happen to him, there is not the fear there was of riots. All seemed to agree that nothing at all would happen; the cause of order would be main-

tained by the generals, and all would go smooth. So don't be nervous about this poor man's life; which, however, may very likely be spared. I hear Montalembert has lost himself by his adhesion; and yet he was a long time making up his mind to allow his name to be put in; but it is evident the President has bribed him by his anxieties for the Catholic Religion. All the measures of not letting the men work on a Sunday, and giving back the Panthéon, were so many sops to the Church party. They say he is surrounded by spendthrifts, men without character, who are playing for their lives. The other party call him now outlawed: he is, they say, in a position, where, if he can but be got hold of, he will be impeached, and executed at once. It is supposed he has had a loan from Russia; and they declare that the intention is to attack England, Switzerland, and Piedmont, with the help of Austria and Russia, and divide the two last between his allies. When I first heard it I could only laugh at the notion, and thought it the most ludicrous invention that any old woman ever propagated; but I heard last night that there really were people who believe that such are his intentions, if;—but all depends upon that 'if.' The students, or whatever they call them, of the Polytechnic, have, with one or two exceptions, voted against him; and the urgent letters of the bishops are a proof that they are somewhat afraid of his not being chosen triumphantly.

To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.—Paris—Begun December 17, 1851.—I am glad to give you any change from

the tone of my letters of the last fortnight; so this shall be entirely (at least, as much as I can make it) devoted to dress; yet what can one say of it, when nobody goes but in high gowns? I will begin, however, by telling you what we have been doing. On Friday last I went to Miss Stirling's; pleasant people there. I saw Lady E. She is odd, decidedly clever, and always with some scheme in her head to regenerate herself, or some one else. She was very civil; and as we happened to get upon theology, and I lamented the utter dryness of the liturgy of the Reformed Churches, she offered to take me 'to hear the finest liturgy extant, the real primitive Church, where you will find every catholic custom preserved, and nothing either puerile or novel.' So I settled to go with her on the Sunday at half-past nine.

On the Saturday I saw Madame de Rauzan, who told me at once I must get a new bonnet. The one I had, quite new, of green velvet, would not do at all for the visit I was to pay with her to a Madame J. Lacroix. She assured me it signified so much in Paris, the being well-dressed. Then she said my gown must be smarter; so I told her openly that she never would make anything of me as a smart, well-dressed woman; that if she took me quite in another line she would find I should do very well; but I could not now begin to devote myself only to my clothes. This seemed to make an impression on her; but I pleased her by asking her to go with me and choose a bonnet for me, which she was charmed to do. She said it must be *white* (in this weather!). We went to her milliner; and she took a great deal

of pains certainly; but it was ludicrous to hear her and the milliner lamenting over the '*Visage très-long de Madame;*' you see you must make the cap '*très fourni,*' &c., &c. Then they went to the *shape* of my head, which, they said, rose in such a singular way above the forehead, and so little behind, no bonnet will stick on it. I was a creature disgraced by nature—some deformity come out. The said bonnet is white satin and blonde—a transparent edge with white lilies inside, quite a wedding-bonnet! They then showed us two branches of pink and black velvet leaves, with jet hanging from them, which the dressmaker said would be perfect with a black velvet gown. All the flowers I see are long hanging things, trailing on the shoulders. When we had finished this business, I came home, and Madame de Rauzan begged us to come to her before Lady Elgin on Monday. On Sunday it was hard work, for I set off at nine, and did not get home till two; picked up Lady Elgin, and proceeded about a mile, when we stopped at a small house. It was fitted up like a chapel, very quietly, with a high sort of altar, or table of wood, and a large cross over it; two lamps burning on each side; three priests in different coloured dresses, and chairs for the congregation, which did not amount to more than twenty or thirty. The service was beautiful, consisting of much the same prayers as in our liturgy, only shorter; and I must say, wherever there was an alteration, I thought it an improvement. The Abbé Massiot, who is at the head of it, gave a sort of homily on the Epistle, but did not preach, which was a disappointment, until I heard the man who replaced

him. After the liturgy came the Sacrament; and it was rather uncomfortable staying and not communicating. Altogether, there was more reverence, both of gesture and voice, than we are accustomed to. After the Communion came the sermon, which was one of the best I ever heard, so very logical—an opening of the Scriptures, as it is called: and certainly it is not often one hears good reasoning on such topics; but here, every text seemed to clench his argument. It lasted nearly an hour. There was something very touching in the sort of brotherhood among them all—the poor people shaken hands with, and helped out after the service was over; it seemed as if they were all one family. I bought a prayer-book there. It is in connection with the Irvingites.

Sunday Evening, December 21.—To the same.—If ever I write by an opportunity again! After two or three days the letter is brought back, saying the gentleman is not going yet; so I might as well have finished it comfortably.

Since then I have written to Sidney almost a continuation of this; so you will not be able to make head or tail of it. No one seems to know anything of the votes; but it is quite true, in spite of the denials in the papers, that no papers with 'No' were printed. A friend of Madame de Rauzan went to vote; they gave him the 'Yes;' and when he said I want the *other* papers, the man told him he must take a pen and ink and write it, 'for we don't keep them.'

Yesterday I told Sidney (you must read that letter before this end) we went to the opera; and I

must own, when I had looked at the beautiful head-dresses before me in the *Loges du Balcon*, I got greatly bored. However, M. de Montagu told us there was nothing but '*finance*' there—no person with a name; and with all his Republicanism, he despises all that is not noble, just as comfortably as his grandfather would have done in Louis XV.'s time.

We have had, as you may fancy, quite enough of M. de Montagu, though he does amuse me; and the religious view which he takes of every subject is rather novel. He told me, that when he arrived at the solution of any of these great subjects, he sometimes fell flat on the ground in a state of '*transpiration*;' so violent was the effect produced on him by what he looks upon as inspiration! One thing he will do which I shall really be glad of, write to the Archbishop of Paris for a letter to see the Workmen's Associations. I don't quite understand how the note can help us, but am content to try.

This morning we went, for the last time, to this reformed Catholic Faith. The Abbé Massiot preached most eloquently. He was a Romanist priest, who had a large congregation, and was, he says, a Deist, like those by whom he was surrounded. His history is very curious, but too long for letters now. He now approaches more to Maurice than anyone else. It excited me very much; and altogether I have settled not to go out after to-morrow, for a week. I want rest of mind. It won't sound to you affected, though to others it certainly would, when I tell you that I can hardly describe the impression all this has made upon

me. The first month of my stay here was passed in *astonishment* at the people I had got amongst. Then came the horror at what took place, and now, by degrees, I am seeing the causes of it all; while I have fallen on a set of men, each of whom has a theory to explain and cure it! There is something very curious in the opinions of Montalembert and his party. First, that the thorough demoralisation comes from a want of authority, spiritual as well as temporal, and from not keeping the intellect of the people in subjugation. Secondly, this Marquis de Montagu argues, with the greatest earnestness, to prove that it is the introduction of the pagan ideas of *king* and *temporal power* in the Church which has destroyed all Christian love and brotherhood, &c., &c. Thirdly, the Abbé Massiot, after drawing a most fearful picture of the state of society here and elsewhere, of the miseries both of the rich and the poor, went on to say, 'What is the cause of all this, the cause that none of your good works prosper, that though charity enough is given in this great town, were it rightly distributed, to prevent all want—why does it all fail? Because of the Church, which has been a curse instead of a blessing to Christendom.'

These people all have books; they write, and like to find anyone interested in their thoughts; and as it does all interest me exceedingly, I think too much, and don't forget it when I go to bed. Oh! then there is the rather milk and water reformed French Church, which hopes to regenerate France by little books, with histories of 'Maria Jane's wonderful conversion.' And lastly, our forlorn high and dry preaching, which

never approaches nearer the question politic of the day, than 'as our 27th Article teaches.'

If I could write what I hear now, and the results to which it has led me, it would be an interesting book to many people. But to go back to myself. I mean to take Christmas week quite quietly, and digest all the crude stuff I have got. You would think with all this, that we are in society. Not at all—they are only chance people I fall upon ; but then, you know, I have luck in that way.

To C. W. Williams-Wynn.—December 23, 1851.—*Paris.*—I cannot say a great deal for myself. I suppose I expected too much in thinking I was to feel well so soon, but that old feeling of constant weariness and wishing to have some legitimate excuse for giving up entirely is more upon me than is pleasant, and yet the life amuses me. As to gaiety, there is literally none, but I have fallen upon a set of people who have at least the merit of being very much in earnest in all they think. The truth is no one can live in this country without being occupied by its miserable state and its hopeless future. One man has one theory, another has another, but all start from the same point—that France is in such a state as she has never been before. Old blind M. de Thierry (the author) receives, and they tell me it is touching to hear the poor old man mourning over his country. Some one talked of honour. 'Poor France,' he answered, 'that word must not be mentioned in connection with her now ; it is all gone.' It is very curious to me to find that, under different names, what I should call Chris-

tian Socialism seems to be the prevailing idea of the time on all sides — high Catholic, Republican, Reformed. If you see the *Morning Chronicle*, there is a Marquis de Montagu's book to be reviewed in it, which is certainly a remarkable one. Adieu, dearest Charles, a merry Christmas! I can't say what a curious old word that is of *merry*, and one well nigh obsolete; at least there is not one person to whom I could wish 'a merry Christmas,' without feeling that it was ironical.

To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell. — Paris, December 27, 1851.—This is not a letter to you; only Milnes may like to know (if he has not already learnt it) that the Assembly is to meet in three weeks. Three hundred Deputies only, and unpaid, which will entirely alter the representation; the Council, or *sénateurs*, as they call them, of eighty, seventeen of whom are generals already named. There will probably be many more of them. Montalembert is abused most violently, and they say that he has been shown the door in four houses of the Faubourg St. Germain.

He seems unaccountably eager for the President, were it not for the idea that the present order of things will give all power to the Church, to which everything seems to tend; the École Normale voting entirely against him, which the Catholics trust will dispose the President to put an end to it; and as, according to their doctrines, it is the seminary of irreligion in France, they rejoice greatly. Most of the Deputies cannot stand again.

I have seen no English papers, and suppose from

bits that get into *Galignani*, that they are more against the French Government than we are allowed to know; particularly your surprise at anyone's going to the Elysée shows me how much more English feeling is excited than I was aware of. Here all those who go out seem to put down their names as a thing of course. Lady Ernest Bruce was there, and told Mr. Hodgson it was a most brilliant reception, but added, what I have invariably heard, that there were very few ladies, and crowds of officers. Montalembert's friends are to dine with him on Sunday to hear him read his speech for his reception into the *Académie* on the 8th. In consequence of the late events, he must alter some passages in which he had abused *les assemblées délibérantes*, as such;—rather curious that they should have been found useless meanwhile, the speech having been written long ago. I should like a ticket to go; but I am told I might as well ask the President to pass the evening here, as hope for one so late. Guizot answers him (Montalembert).

I agree with you that the having a day for seeing people is the best way of keeping up society; but it is so dull when you really would like to talk a bit to the person you come to see. You go from one to another, and find eight or nine people there; you are popped down, and if you happen to light on a friend paying her visit, *well*; otherwise it is forlorn. And then one comes in and interrupts some clever man's talk, for which one knows the hostess must wish one far away; but then *here* they pay such long visits, that each stays not less than half an hour; so that

one has a chance of sitting the set out that you find.

The other day a woman came in whom I had never set eyes upon before, and no name announced; so she had to say she was Madame de Montalembert. I was quite astonished; for I fancied she was old and ugly, from the stories I had been told of its having been a Christian marriage; how M. de M. had heard of her piety, and wanting such a wife, sent to propose to Monsieur de Mérode for her; went to Belgium, and brought her back; and how happy she had been, and he also; and how much better it was than love &c. I thought, therefore, it was a sublime effort of self-denial to choose such a creature. So, when a young woman came in, prettier than most of the people I have seen here, with beautiful soft eyes, it never came into my head she was the subject of this story; and I had almost told her so.

To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.—Paris, December 31, 1851.—I went to hear Lacordaire on Sunday; and fancy our setting off at half-past twelve, and my getting home at a quarter to six—you can imagine *how* tired! It was in a beautiful little church, crowded in every part. Of course it was very fine, but I was disappointed, as I am sure I shall be in all those preachers. In spite of his picturesque monk's dress, his action, which was perfect, and his vehement language, the impression produced is of a man acting a part uncommonly well, not of one saying what he actually believes. He is now, they tell me, considered a dangerous preacher, from his democratic

turn. His sermon lasted till half-past four; and nothing could be more striking than the scene—we all fading into darkness, he in his white dress looking like a shadowy figure dimly reflected from the blaze of light, which was round the high altar behind the carved screen. The altar itself was an enormous canopy and throne of scarlet damask; and there being nothing upon it then (the Sacrament was placed there during the second service), it looked altogether so like the scene at the end of a Christmas fairy tale on the stage, that I could think of nothing else, profane as is the comparison. The chandeliers were precisely those of a ball-room; and the wreaths of flowers on the canopies above were just fitted to the appearance of the good fairy, and nothing else. There is no form of worship in which I find it so hard to take any part as that of the Roman Church.

Then, yesterday, Montalembert came to see me, which was very good-natured. I liked him as you do. I should not have said he was so entirely without vanity as was represented to me; but he talked far more openly than I ever heard any man do before to a stranger. The idea of one of our statesmen discussing people and measures in the way he did, would have been ludicrous; but I cannot help believing he was talking that it might be repeated in England; and this would be a reasonable explanation. He was very anxious to know why the English were entirely against the President; that they must be aware of the necessity of this step being taken by one side or another; that the Assembly, as then constituted, must be destroyed before it could

be of any avail to the country; that the simplest routine of business was at an end — no railroads finished; in short, all come to a stand-still. 'I did not advise the *coup d'état* though, at the time it was carried out. I wanted him to put it off about a month; about this time, when he would have had an opportunity of doing it; but he was so convinced (and I believe he was right) that, if the Assembly were ever to gain a majority for one day, it would be too late—that he decided not to run the risk. All was settled for it to have taken place the night of the 17th, if upon the Quæstor's report there had been a majority; and now what have we done? We have shown ourselves as usual a logical people; and that, I own, is the curse of France. Your salvation in England is your want of logic. We prove that our king or ruler, or whatever he is, is mean, despotic, avaricious; and then we get rid of him, and are very much surprised when any find fault, saying, "We showed you before that he was unworthy." Of course, therefore, this is the natural result. Now with you, you grumble and prove, in a manner not to be refuted, that you are under a tyrant; that a government is unjust, &c.; but there you end. It never comes into your heads that the consequence of that is to get rid of the evil.' He said, 'We were in an exhausted receiver in the Assembly; there was no possibility of life in it—a vacuum in which no man could draw a breath, or do anything. Look at those men, Thiers, Molé (and another, a name I did not know). The intense selfishness of those leaders made all representation hopeless; all fell flat. They had *one object*,

that of getting power for themselves; and nothing else did they care for.'

He talked of his own labours as having been very hard, and added, 'I had one object in life, and in that I have succeeded far beyond my most sanguine hopes—to separate the Church from the Royalists, that the Church and Legitimacy should be no longer synonymous, that she should feel she did not belong to a political party. And now all the bishops have sent in their adhesion to the President.' He was very eager to know the exact cause of Lord Palmerston going out, and I could not tell him. The President was very *triste* I heard before, and had said, '*Voilà un ami de moins!*'

We talked about England, and I was struck with the impossibility of making him understand the feelings of the working classes—the enormous increase, and the difficulty of providing for them. It applies equally to his own country, and is the first hidden cause of all these agitations and miseries; but he did not seem to take it in. 'I thought you were charitable in England?'—'Oh, yes, so we are; but this can hardly be touched by any charity. It is sympathy, and help to provide fitly for themselves they want, not charity.' And when I talked of the wickedness which was, as it were, produced by the state of our society, he did not comprehend it at all. Now, as it is quite as pressing an evil here as with us, a man who has never felt that it is a difficulty, but still thinks it can be met by a dole from the noble at stated times, is, at least, not a very far-seeing statesman. He says that religion and the President are at present

identified. What an identification! But I do hear that he sent away Mrs. Howard the night before the *coup* was struck, and confessed as if he meant to turn over a new leaf! They say some of the votes were curious, the reason for voting being written on them! 'Yes; because you have given back the Pantheon to the service of religion!' was one.

Montalembert was very merry, and, in that respect, not like a man hated and losing his friends every day. I was told yesterday he had his three rooms crowded with men; he is supposed to be all-powerful, and has everything to do, besides literally, as St. Paul says, 'the care of all the churches.' I asked him boldly for a ticket for his reception, but he did not promise.

The morning of the first there are to be cannon fired, according to the number of millions' majority the President has. Somebody declared he meant to have as many fired as he had suffrages! Then he goes to Nôtre Dame; then receives formally at the Tuileries, and is the Emperor. Some of the papers, I hear, actually say he means to be crowned.

M. de Montagu came yesterday evening, and certainly is a remarkable man, in spite of absurdities. He is quite out of his place in France, where, as he says, everyone will leave an argument for a joke, and that it is impossible to make any man serious about anything. Talking of Montalembert and his party, he said: 'Those men have no idea of *rights*—of *le droit Chrétien*, and so they make *decrees*, but not laws.' I thought it well and concisely stated, for it is exactly the truth. Instead of giving a popular measure as a

right, they yield it as a favour, which is a very different thing. His not understanding a word of English is a great drawback to me, for I get into a dreadful puzzle. However, he tells me each evening, what a pleasure it is to him to talk to those who have—I can't translate it,—'*des idées mères qui en engendrent d'autres.*' Yesterday afternoon, after we had become acquainted with clergy of every sect in Paris, at last our own English chaplain paid a visit. The account he gives of the decided falling off from the Roman Religion would be curious to those who believed (as I did) that it was increasing rapidly. He speaks of the number of priests who come to him, and say they cannot remain as they are, and yet they know not where to go! Many, he tells me, whom he has heard talking to strangers of the indestructibility of their faith, &c., &c., have, when alone with him, owned that they believed it was *all* crumbling to pieces. I wish he had not seemed quite so satisfied when he announced to us they would fall into infidelity, and then, in time, might get out of it.

I went for an hour to Madame de Rauzan first. She was by way of being alone; but six men came in, one after the other. There was among them a pleasant old Baron Eckstein; but I can get nothing of him there, where one takes one's place as Mademoiselle, and you are never addressed, but *censée* to be listening only. It saves one a great deal of trouble, but is a new position for me. However, I speak as little as Cecil would. The conversation is wearying from its heavy lightness. They evidently feel they must not dwell on any subject, and yet, being naturally

engrossed by the topics of the day, you almost see the struggle they are making to end with their little epigram, and fly off to something else. In short, it is a long *persiflage*, and I am not used to it and cannot endure it. One of them was at the coachmaker's and saw the President's carriages lining with ball-proof stuff, in order really to enjoy his drive to Nôtre Dame! There are also, they say, *cuirasses de Ministre*, which they all take to—nice, little 'comfortable things that don't hurt the figure; indeed, the coat sits better for it. The *cuirasse de Président* is a little more bulky, and you don't forget it so easily.' They are in a desperate fright, I suppose, for I see the police give orders that everyone shall take away from their window-sills all flower-pots, cages, &c., along the line which the President passes, for fear of their accidentally falling and hurting the crowd beneath. The *Te Deum* sounds as if it would attract a tremendous crowd, so I shall not go.

To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.—At last I have a ticket for Montalembert's reception on Thursday, and I shall go with Madame Mohl. Poor man! I can't help being very sorry for him; he is so unhappy.

M. de Tocqueville (who called one day) said that the President means to govern by means of the army and the working classes, and that if he keeps to this idea, he will go on. He says that it has been the desperate fear of '52 that has enabled him to accomplish it all; and I was glad to hear him corroborate what, I thought, I saw myself, the intensity of that fear—'insane fear' he calls it: 'but if you once get

a nation into that state, they are no longer capable of judgment, and must be led like children.'

I never saw anything like the crowds in Paris now, so that from three o'clock, in the Champs Elysées, you cannot pass on foot. It is supposed to be charming to see; but it seems to me merely a full Hyde Park, and utterly uninteresting.

We went to hear Monod last night. His sermons are good, but his prayer is the most beautiful thing I ever heard—I should say much more remarkable than his preaching; for an extempore prayer is a rock on which most in the present day would go to pieces.

We are told that the police regularly poison dogs here, and we are, in consequence, always in a fidget about Moey. It is too bad; and if anything *did* happen, nothing would induce me to stay here. Moey looks very odd to-night, which makes me think of it. . . . .

I went to Montalembert's again last night, and found not the Pope's Nuncio, but the Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims. I felt quite shy at always interrupting such great people, but Madame de M. is *very* nice, and seems to like to have me. He abused our Government violently; said that England was insane not to take the Peel party. 'But if they have no party at all, merely their seven selves?'—'Why have they not?' That was not my business to answer. He is every day more devoted to one side, and looks on every event only as it has reference to that side. The Archbishop was a witty old man, who seems tired out with the quantities of ladies, who, since he has become a senator, choose to ask him to direct

their consciences. 'There is nothing so wearying as those fine ladies who are always confessing; one might do nothing else all day.'

He was exactly like Macready dressed up for Wolsey.

To Lady Doyle.—Paris, January, 1852.—On Thursday was the *Académie,* and I was five hours in such heat as I never felt in my life. We had to be there at half-past eleven, to secure places—though the speaking did not begin till two. But it was not wearisome. All the great people of Paris, men and women, were there; and Madame Mohl could tell the names at least. I never saw such beautiful *bonnets;* in England one should say *faces,* but that never is the case here. But the bonnets were so fresh and so *white* (every one wears white), and the flowers creeping about them, as if they were alive.

I was disappointed rather with Montalembert; and yet it was touching, very well-expressed and neatly, but with an abuse of constitutional assemblies which was ludicrous, unsupported as it was by any argument more substantial than that they had not answered in '92 and '93. He fairly said, that to him it signified little what dynasty reigned. The one object of his life had been the re-establishment of the only rule that mattered, the Church! I can quite believe what they now tell me, that the President is glad to have broken with them, and that it is good for the Government, which would otherwise have been dragged into the crooked ways of the Jesuits. Guizot was much more difficult to hear, and spoke much

worse—a sea-sawing of his arms, and a sort of preaching, that was very different from the graceful, winning ways of the other; but there were fine bits in it, and his irony was so polished, that half the assembly could not find it out.

Did Harriot tell you I went to Madame de Circourt? The best *salon* I have seen—very small; but she does the honours beautifully, and takes care you are amused; more like Lady Westminster in her manners than anything else.

I went to dine with —— that day. She asked me where I should like to go in the evening before Madame de Circourt's. 'I have three places I ought to go to; but as they are none of them visited, I must give you your option.' And then she described the nature of the misdemeanour that had excluded them from society. Of course, they had all repented, and were better Christians than before—which might be—still I did not fancy visiting them for no reason; so, as she gave me the choice of half a dozen places, I said, *any* but those. So, first, we went to a magnificent hotel, and were shown up a state staircase, lit by one miserable candle, with the armorial bearings all hanging in bits on the walls, into the *entre-sol*—two very low dark rooms where the family lived now. It was full of people in deep black, and the only light was placed below a beautiful picture, by Giraud, of Charles X., a full length, which rested on the ground and reached to the ceiling. The possessor, M. Hyde de Neuville, was his minister; and his wife and sundry guests were in the room. It was very curious, for they had the old manners of excessive civility, which

I have never seen before. The old man was charming. I had said something about speaking French very ill, and soon after happened to use the word '*tyran*' as applied to the President. He seized both my hands, saying, '*Mais vous parlez parfaitement. Venez me revoir, je vous supplie.*' I suppose he had not been used, in the present restriction on speech, to hear an expression so satisfactory to him.

After an hour there, we proceeded to a dull affair —a clever man who had been in Canada, and married an Englishwoman. We found a well-lighted room, that almost dazzled us after the last, and beautiful pictures. Fortunately a very loud piano sent us away, and then we ended with Madame de Circourt.

Madame M. is very funny in her anxiety lest —— should get me acquainted with all the bad women of Paris. She said, truly enough, 'The people in Paris, God knows, are tolerant enough, and therefore it is absurd to take up the cudgels for those whom they exclude.' The next day after all this, my pet Moey was lost, and I could not bear to go out; so sent excuses to all. Thursday was Montalembert's reception. Yesterday I went to Lady Farquhar's, where there was a small collection of English—none of them what you would call good-looking; and yet I could not help thinking them lovely, compared to what I had been in the habit of seeing. Afterwards I was obliged to go to Madame La Croix's, where there was a heap of beautifully-dressed, hideous women—those Russians are so ugly. I was introduced to a M. Charles Blanc, brother of Louis Blanc, and we had some talk. He told me some curious

facts about his brother, and the way in which they had destroyed the associations of workmen, and then attributed the destruction to the result of his doctrines, when, in truth, it was done by the armed force of the Government.

Monday.—Moey is come back. At nine o'clock this morning we heard two barks at the street door, which we knew well. All tumbled down-stairs. The poor thing came back quite alone, and I think it is evident he has slipped away from his stealers—and found his way home.

Yesterday I was very poorly, quite knocked up. In the morning we went to the dog-market, an enormous way, where we were advised to go to enquire for Moey. It was full of the most beautiful puppies I ever saw; in baskets, six or seven little snow-balls, perfectly round, and very tempting to anyone who wanted to buy; mostly of that French breed, which are certainly very pretty, with their little black eyes and cotton-wool coats.

M. de Tocqueville was pleasant. They all seem to think things are going very ill, or rather not better, as I had fancied. There is no doubt there is a reaction with many. They are beginning to accept the present state of things, and to find some advantage in it. Lord John's abuse of the press is much blamed. They look upon the restrictions here on liberty of speech as the most destructive measure the President could have adopted to his own power. In answer to something I said about the change in the violence of the language used, and the apparent content, comparative at least, M. de Circourt made rather a strik-

ing reply: 'Yes, the cistern is filling again rapidly, but silently; when it is full, then comes the overflow for the time; and thus it is ever with us. After the waters are drawn off for a space, we hear nothing; and those who are ignorant believe all is quiet; it is but the necessary time for the cistern to fill afresh.' He entirely agrees in the necessity of England being prepared for war, but thinks for months all may go on as it is.

To M. V. von E.—Paris, January 1, 1852.—All Paris is at Nôtre Dame, listening to the Te Deum; but the cold is so intense I cannot go out, although I must this afternoon, to see Madame de Rauzan. Since I wrote, I have made acquaintance with many clever people, and, what is more rare, *earnest* people. They are all equally unhappy at the prospects of the country; and the indignation is loud. It is impossible one should imagine that France should content herself to be under a yoke that Russia could hardly bend to; but one does not see what help they have. All the moneyed interest is for the President; and that goes far. Rio said openly, 'It is a bad prospect, for the intellect and reputation are on the side of the minority;' but this Montalembert does not allow.

At Madame de R.'s I hear only jokes and sneers —a melancholy struggle to make the conversation light and epigrammatical; which, as they evidently feel strongly, does not answer. There is a Baron Eckstein, the best talker there, and I rather like the old man. He has been here very long, but says he knew you years ago, when you were aide-de-camp to

General Tetterborn. Then we go to a Madame Mohl's, a violent republican, the wife of a *savant*; so that one sees the other party represented there. Of course, all society is at an end, and will be; but, I suppose, we shall be spared any further outbreak just yet.

They will bear the present coercion till the weather is warmer, and it is pleasanter work to fight in the streets than now. Montalembert told me this was all prepared on the night of the 17th of November, should the Assembly have the majority on the Quæstor's report. Had it *then* taken place, we should not have engaged in a house, and should have left France at once. I am not sorry it has so turned out, for I am glad to see the people of Paris more thoroughly. You will think I cannot do this with so limited an acquaintance; but you have no idea how much I mix with all sorts of people and sects; and from not knowing the leading members of either party, one judges more freely from one's own observations.

One of the most curious men I have known is the Marquis de Montagu. He was a determined aristocrat when the Revolution of February took place, and so astonished him. It was so entirely incomprehensible to him that he shut himself up in his château, and after a six months' study, came out a determined republican, *from the Bible*. He has discovered that the Christian form of government is the republican one; and writes to answer Donoso Cortes's famous assertion, that the idea of God must be united to that of absolutism. With much that is absurd and tiresome in Monsieur de Montagu, there is an earnestness of purpose which I greatly admire. He comes

here most evenings, being charmed to find some one who takes interest in his theories; and he is, in spite of his pedantry, a great relief from the miserably low tone of other society here.

I am going to a Madame La Croix's, a woman of rank, who married an artist; and there I am to see some of the artists. Her sister is Balzac's widow, and, they say, is a charming person. This is to be to-morrow. I own I have no great turn for what I can see of the artist society, which seems to unite profound immorality of practice with as much frivolity as the higher classes.

They are firing the cannon in honour of—what? All the President's carriages are lined with ball-proof stuff for to-day; and, they say, the precautions taken show the reason they have to fear! There is a strong idea, though I know not upon what foundation, that he will be *forced* into accepting the Emperor's crown one of these days. He will be crazy if he does!

Paris, January 13, 1852.—I hear to-day that the issue of the new coin with the President's effigy is retarded for ten days, and by that time he is to be Emperor. There seems now to be some fatality hastening him to his ruin; and as I hear this (of his intending to be crowned forthwith), on very good authority, I daresay it may explain the lowness of the Montalembert party, which was certainly unaccountable last week. Mr. Fraser, the correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, whom I know, spoke on Friday as if he expected to be sent out of the country in two

or three days; and as a friend of his has seen nothing of him since, we suppose he must be gone.

Everyone is in astonishment at the daring way in which one step after another is taken; and the old statesmen (I must not mention names, I suppose) are in despair. I cannot help feeling doubtful whether some fine morning we may not find war against England declared, and no power of getting back. Under a usual Government, of course, this could not be the case, but *everybody* unites in saying that for the last three weeks the President takes no one's advice, and declines communicating his intentions to anyone; so that it is, in fact, the will of one man that settles all; and you cannot say as much even in Russia.

People say the preparations in France against Cuba are in reality intended against us; but he would hardly begin so soon, and will prefer a few months of *fêtes* first.

To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.—Paris, January 14, 1852. I have no chance of seeing the *Quarterly* in any way, and it is useless subscribing to *Galignani*, from whence you never get anything you wish for; but I can imagine what is said by what is felt here now. At last, I think, all are in a state of indignant astonishment at these deportations, of which there are to be three more, but no names given. So, as they say, you will only know a man is gone by missing him. I must not mention names; but you can hardly imagine the sort of despair people are in, at the same time feeling that nothing can be done now.

Now he has got to sign himself L. Napoleon simply. I saw yesterday the Rue Napoleon written up—the new name of the Rue de la Paix, I suppose—and they are dabbing out those three words wherever they can be found, *Liberté*, &c. Arthur is here, and told us a curious story yesterday. A Captain Campbell, a brother-officer, dined with the American Minister three days ago. There were other guests. At dinner some one said the President was going to take up his abode in the Tuileries. A Frenchman answered, 'Well, the cage may be too large for the bird.' Not a word more. Next morning a *préfet de police* called on him and said, 'We have heard of your language last evening, and I warn you, that if you do not control your tongue, you will have to leave Paris under surveillance.' Of course, the man went to the American with the English officer, and asked whether he could in any way account for the repetition of his words. No, the Minister answered; he knew not whom to suspect excepting a French officer who might have repeated it; who certainly was at table! This sort of espionage is now universal; and I only wonder that people speak as openly as they do. The other day at dinner, where De Tocqueville and Guizot were, one said, 'I wonder we are left quiet; we are much more guilty than many who are deported.'—'Ah!' answered the other, 'only wait; *our turn will come.*' One wonders they don't set off, if they really think it. They all, however, end by, 'Well! it will be over the sooner. It is better for France that the sword should pass quietly through the land, and then give place to something else.' I own I am disap-

pointed; for I had strong hopes that when once the President had committed his perjury, and broken his oath to the constitution (for which he certainly had more excuse, if one can use such a word, than any one ever had), he would show by his liberal, just, and wise government, that it was at least for the good of France that he did it; that the working classes would be the better for it: instead of which, he is nothing but a vulgar tyrant, strutting his little hour or so, utterly uninteresting to any creature but the people he oppresses. He has now dissolved all the associations of the workmen who were doing well, and who entirely abjured politics *of any sort*; by which hundreds are ruined who had put all their gains in the associations for the last three years—the models of ours. Of course, this is the result of the Jesuits, who could not endure their existence, as they contributed to the spread of knowledge and thought.

I had heard so much of his mystical tendency, and of his feeling that he was called to be the pattern ruler, the father of his people, &c.,—that I was fool enough to believe it; and from seeing the state of France before his *coup*, it was impossible to feel as indignant as those at a distance did. But now all those illusions are over, and I am where, I suppose, you have been from the beginning. It is a different thing for the French themselves, and for women alone; but that English husbands and fathers, who *talk* about liberty, and fancy they are proud of it and attached to it, should now be using all their endeavours to get invitations to the *fêtes*, does astonish me.

One should think they would forbid their wives and daughters to go; but not a bit. I said this to Madame Mohl last night, and she answered, 'I wish you would give that opinion wherever you go.'—'Thank you! as if I had any turn for being taken up.'

They were very full of a decree coming out, which alters the state of education, giving the Church more power—but as a privilege, not as a right; therefore it may be withdrawn any minute. And the measure which Montalembert carried with so much trouble was based on the principle of giving perfect liberty to the Church; which, he says, is all it wants; now instead of it, whenever this man chooses to alter his policy, he may at once forbid the bishops to have anything to do with the teaching, and throw it into the hands of infidels. M. Bouchet, the Orleans agent, spoke magnificently on his defence, but no paper dare publish it. He is, however, set at liberty, and is not to be put in prison.

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M. de Circourt's English is very irresistible, speaking it perfectly, but so pedantically, and using the unveiled language of the time of Beaumont and Fletcher, so that he makes one almost jump; and then, you see he is perfectly unaware of having used odd words.

I have been to a *magasin* of fans only, the prices were from 50f. to 300f.; those at 50f., the woman said, were usually put in the *corbeille* as the second fan, to save the one at 300f., which was most beautifully painted. Then she showed me one *pour les*

jeunes personnes, without any representations of Love on the paper—so French, and so horrible; and the woman was so pleased with the idea, 'Something so pure in it, is there not?'—the purity being a scroll of flowers, with heaps of nests with eggs in them. For young ladies of such susceptible imaginations, I thought this very dangerous; and it might be a nice question whether the sprawling Mercuries or the nests *leur donnent à penser*, which the woman seemed to say was what was to be avoided.

To M. V. von E.—Paris, January 30, 1852.—I cannot help, like you, wishing that we were safe in England; although I have no distinct cause for fear. In France a war is certainly expected by all, and the doubt seems *only* to be with whom. I am told the army would prefer attacking *you*, that is, the bank of the Rhine, which they feel still belongs to them. But I expect that, on the meeting of Parliament, there will be a burst of indignation and violent abuse of the present order of things, which will affront the vanity of this people; and the President will feel that the most popular thing he can do will be to make a descent on England if he can. You see every man has left him who has any name or character to keep up; and although they assure me that M. de Morny and the others are to come back as soon as the outcry about the Orleans family has a little subsided, their retirement has damaged him greatly.

The Legitimists take the tone of saying, 'He is doing our work for us, and we are much obliged for it.' One cannot imagine how things can go on so;

and yet it is more difficult to conceive whence will come the resistance that can overturn them so long as he lives. Now he has the *parti prêtre* against him, in consequence of having desired Lacordaire to leave Paris for three months. The striking part to a stranger is the *intense* selfishness of all; the very complaints against the *despotisme universel* are founded on the injury done to particular individuals, not on the outrage to the rights of the nation. Each party talks of its helping or ruining *them*, but no single person has used the words—or indeed thinks of—the welfare of *France*. I have sometimes watched for a whole evening to hear whether there was any recognition of the people as a mass, but in vain. And this, I believe, could take place nowhere else. We are faulty enough, God knows, in our political prejudices; but at least we *fancy* our own projects are for the good of the country. And the want of all this shocks me so among the French.

There seems a general expectation of war soon, and our newspapers are fanning the flame. Then the state of the Ministry at home is a most singular one; nothing can enable it to meet Parliament but the utter incapacity of any other party to take its place. It is, I hear, quite certain that the Queen was the cause of Lord Palmerston being dismissed so unexpectedly. She insisted upon it, the Liberal papers say, in order to please the foreign powers; but I can hardly fancy that. Altogether, Europe has no very bright future to look to in 1852, though, I suppose, the outbreak may be deferred a year or so.

Since I last wrote I have been out a good deal.

Not to balls and large parties, but in the small society that suits me better. On arriving here, I was rather unhappy to have no introductions to any of the remarkable people in Paris; but I have now come to the conclusion that it has been rather fortunate than otherwise, as I have thereby seen all sorts, which would not have been the case had I got into the circle which must surround a man who has a party.

The other day I went to the first of a set of lectures, that M. Philarète Chasles is to give on German and English Modern Literature, which, from knowing his writings, I expected would be good. I cannot tell you how wofully I was disappointed—superficial and flippant to a painful degree. I wondered how an audience of thinking men could sit and listen to praises of the French nation, ludicrous from their untruth. As to the authors he mentioned, no one could go home with any ideas about them. All was sacrificed to the epigram with which each remark was to be closed; four lines given to Hegel, 'who proved that everything was nothing and nothing everything' —this is literal; the same to Schelling; and of course, England, although not so absurd, was judged as superficially. A sentence upon Carlyle, who, he said, had just written the life of a mediocre man. 'Why? because he had dined with him so many times; *c'est du Carlylisme, messieurs.*' It may improve, and we shall continue to go.

I never saw professors like those I find here. Men of a vanity so open that it is painful, and it is almost impossible not to believe that the information of

which they are so proud, is very shallow. Then they overpower one with anecdotes, with which people are just as well acquainted as themselves. Of course, there are exceptions, but it is just those whom one does not see in the *salons*. There are rumours of great *fêtes*, but women are advised so decidedly to keep away from any great gathering of the people, that I daresay we shall not go.

The quantity of threatening letters sent to the Elysée, they say, is by basketfuls.

Last night I went to sit with M. Thierry the blind Historian. It was painfully interesting to me, for he reminded me so much of my dear father that it was almost a shock. He is not like him in features, but is suffering in the same manner, paralysed and able to move but one hand; and there was the same quiet smile of resignation which I was so used to.

He was very anxious to hear why we had taken such a panic in England; but in spite of his good-natured ridicule I cannot hold it to be an unfounded one.

All our military and naval men agree that we are not prepared for a war, while the French have been doing nothing but preparing themselves for many a year.

M. Thierry says this decree against the Orleans family will not be carried through quietly, and that there is a representation from the jurists of Paris to show that the President cannot execute it; that the question probably will be brought before a judicial tribunal; but if it is, in the present state of slavery, no one can resist his will. Lady Douglas and the

Princess Mathilde went on their knees to entreat him to pause before he issued it. His answer was always the same, 'Everyone who comes near me is against it; but nothing shall move me.' They say it is in revenge on L. Philippe, who refused his entreaty to be allowed to go to Italy on his parole for a fortnight, when his father was on his deathbed. He was at Ham at the time, and swore to return within the days fixed; but the king was inexorable. His father died without seeing him, and he vowed eternal enmity to the family of the man who had been so cruel. People believe this to be true, but it sounds more like the foundation of one of Sue's novels than anything else.

The President gave a great dinner to all the English last night, and I am sorry to say that he found fifty willing to go. He went round to almost each, complaining of the cruel reports of his intentions that had been spread in England; hoped *they* had no wish for war, *he* certainly had none; that the alliance with England was most precious to him; that the *Times* was 'too bad,' but it had evidently, by the tone of its articles the last few days, been bought (meaning by the Orleanists); that he hoped to make Paris as pleasant a *séjour* to the English as it had been, &c. Of course, being there, no one had a right to say 'No, sir; it is you who are too bad, not the *Times*.' It is extraordinary how little people seem to understand the simplest reasoning, when it is a question of a *fête*. The number both of French and English who say to me, 'But why don't you go? you are a stranger; what does his behaviour signify *to you?*' The answer is so concise. 'Because I think he merits abuse, therefore

I mean to abuse him; and so I shall not go to his house, and accept his hospitality.' It has nothing to do with my being a stranger; but the people who go eat his dinner, and yet don't stand up for him; which I think very miserable. I am very sure that until you see what the state of France is, and have heard the expressions of mortal fear to which all the merchant classes give utterance, you can hardly understand how many extenuating circumstances there are for the President's breach of the constitution. If there ever *was* an excuse, *he* had it.

To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.—Paris, February 13, 1852.—The debate in England has had a bad effect here; I don't mean to say as to war; but the tone of the speeches is much blamed by the anti-Élysée set. They remark upon the evident fear of speaking out, the guarded way in which allusion is made to the President. This, after the very decided opinions expressed out of the House, makes the French believe that the panic is very great. I hear them say:—'We looked to England, and above all, to their Chamber; where, generally, the members take up a popular cry, particularly when they must share the opinions that have caused it; and now, for the first time, we find you afraid of calling things by their right names, trimming and limiting accusations, instead of making them boldly.'

I went to Lamartine's last night, and was charmed with his beauty; he looks very pale, but such fine features I have seldom seen; and his two Italian greyhounds, who sat on his shoulder and coaxed him,

seemed to be quite in character with the look of high-breeding of the master. They were sitting in a large room, covered with pictures; and I was amused at seeing the large proportion of his own likeness—M. de Lamartine, *full length*—M. de Lamartine *profile*—M. de Lamartine, as a *school-boy*. Busts without end of him; and, I *think*, there was an attempt to work him on a footstool, but it was too dark to be sure. Two or three times he *poséd* and talked of the perfect harmony that formed the poet's nature, &c., &c. About ten minutes the monologue continued. It was very pretty to listen to, though there was absolutely nothing in it. M. d'Argout (or some such name) was there, who has written a history of Mary Queen of Scots; a very good one, Lamartine says. I should doubt it, for all the women talk of the poetical view he takes of his subject. But I must send this, and not dawdle over the company I keep.

Paris, February 16, 1852.—*To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.*—Yesterday was Madame de Rauzan's reception; and it shows how different our society is from that of the English usually; for Miss Farquhar was describing a party to me to-day, and said: 'But everyone was in black; I can't conceive for what reason, as Lent is not begun.' I could only say, I had never seen a creature out of it, and had never exceeded further than into a gray gown myself, from not liking to be so singular;—but, of course, the Elysée does not mourn for the Duchess of Angoulême.

Madame de Rauzan's was very crowded, and to my mind intensely dull, although there were many

good-natured women. The men were whispering politics, and have done nothing else since this unfortunate decree appeared of the Orleans property. I made the acquaintance of Mons. de Villemarque the Breton, whose visit to Wales I have heard so much of; he was agreeable, and we had a good deal of conversation. I am decidedly better than I have been for the last five weeks, but I am rather disappointed to find that I must either give up all society of an evening, or see nothing of a morning. I cannot manage both, and there is so much I long to see that I mean to decide on the former alternative when the weather improves; at present it is too damp to attempt it. Harriot goes out most days to see churches, &c., and I envy her, but then she dislikes and avoids the evening society, and I own when I can catch a clever person, it is a great pleasure to me—were I, however, reduced to Madame de Rauzan's society only, I think I should prefer sight-seeing. The other night she introduced me to a Princess Ghika, a Greek, and as we were put on a sofa together, the conversation was obliged to be spun out. At last I made some apology for the badness of my French, to which she civilly replied, 'On the contrary you speak well, and even make use of profound words. Now, you used a word just now that comes from the Greek, which perhaps you are not aware of.' The word was *phrenological ! !* What could one say—I thanked her, and then tried to get her on modern Greek, but it was hopeless.

On Sunday we went, for the first time, to hear old Coquerel. It was a thing to do and certainly it was utterly different from anything I have heard in

Paris before—so extraordinarily eloquent; more like an academical discourse than a sermon. There was nothing that could be taken hold of as Socinianism in it, excepting the whole tone, which was on the dignity of man, and his power and right of judging all things, proving it triumphantly—a very dangerous sermon, I own, to those who were not asleep, as were most of the women there.

Last night I went to M. Thierry; but ——, who went with me, is so violent about politics that it extinguished him. He evidently could not sympathise even in the abuse of the present Government. He believes it will end soon, though he cannot specify how.

To my mind, the decree of directions to the police in the departments is the worst, the most demoralising to the nation that has yet been issued. The others, attacking individuals, might be bad for their temporal condition, but in desiring the police to communicate with the inferior members of the official courts in the departments, who are to make their reports, independently of their superiors, straight to the police, he introduces a system that must destroy all honesty of dealing; and this in a people already so corrupt as the French, so entirely without any principle as principle. The result will last far beyond this man's life. M. de Circourt called yesterday, and told me that he thinks there will be hardly any opposition here. They are obliged to elect Montalembert, he says, because the clergy insist on it; but he looks on him as a misfortune to any cause; he is so violent and irritable.

I can hardly tell you how much I am struck by the coarseness of the conversation here. Gentlemen say things to you which make one open one's eyes; not *double-entendres*, but, which is perhaps more difficult to bear, grave stories of people, which they do not appear to be the least aware are horrible to English women; and, odd to say, it is decidedly the best sort that do it. The man of the *salon*—full of *persiflage*, and evidently caring and feeling for nothing—of course, does not offend one so; but, when you get a man in earnest, who really seems to have high principles, and to carry them out, he will tell you things you never heard of before.

Paris, February 22, 1852.—*To M. V. von E.*—Since I wrote, I have made the acquaintance of Lamartine; which, however, I am obliged not to tell, as he is so hated in a certain set, that they think ill of anyone who even sees him. I was most charmed by his devotion to two little dogs that sat on his knees, and by the way in which he entered into my sorrow for the loss of my dear old dog, who had just been stolen from me (I have got him again). He did not say much worth hearing. One long tirade he gave us on that which constituted the poet's mind. We listened with the most devout attention; but I must own I thought it utter trash. They say he is really quite ruined, poor man, and must leave Paris, owing to the stopping of his newspapers. By-the-by, what do you think of this law on the press? I can hardly believe, in the present day, that any man can expect to carry it out.

Madame de Montalembert, yesterday, was rejoicing at it, and saying that the bane of the French people had long been the demoralising papers they read; which may be true, but it is a superficial remedy for it. I am perfectly astonished at the struggle that is being made in this country now to prevent all *thought*, and this by good earnest men. They have said to me, 'Our object must be to bring the nation back to tradition, and to repress all feeling of individual inspiration, which has been the cause of all our misery.' Had I heard it asserted at Exeter Hall, I should have been disgusted at such calumnies against their fellow-Christians; and you can imagine my surprise when I find such is the result come to by men who have studied, and are, I really believe, anxious for, the good of their country. But what a prospect for the future! That which *is* demoralising is such a decree as the one by the Minister of Police, desiring that the police may be put into secret communication with the inferiors of the official courts in the departments, which, he says, will in no way interfere with the duties of the said inferiors to their superiors; merely, in fact, making them spies. To me this is worse far than any outrage against individuals. They die in misery, or are ruined, and may be the better for their sufferings; but the wickedness of destroying the moral sense of right and wrong, as the decree will, by thus, as it were, offering a premium for a lie, is far more infamous; and the result, in a country already so corrupt, will be fearful. One cannot believe that God will allow such a system to continue long; and yet what is to end it? They are somewhat shocked at

the extraordinary manners of the host at the Tuileries balls, not speaking to any man, whatever his rank or position, but devoted to women without either. Two pretty Poles, and any English girl he thinks attractive, he talks to, and dances with. They say he is trying to imitate Louis XIV. in this respect, to gain favour with the Legitimists.

Montalembert is to be returned for the Senate, in spite of his assurances, when he was received into the Academy, that he meant henceforth to devote himself to them, and abjure politics. That *séance* interested me very much. Both speeches were good; and there is something winning in Montalembert, that carries one along with him, even when one disagrees. I went with Madame Mohl, who has been most kind to me. Her husband's brothers are professors in your country, and, from what she says, must be very estimable. One was at Tübingen for long, and refused the object of his life's ambition, the chair or chancellorship, I really forget of what—but a dignity he had long wished for—because he would not give up his independence. They belong to Würtemberg. She is very witty, brought up in the *salon* of Madame Récamier; she is more like one's idea of the women before the Revolution, than any other I have seen, excepting Madame de Circourt, who is a Russian, and has perfect manners, and a great reputation for talent, which I daresay she deserves. I have been twice to her *salon*; and certainly it is the best I have seen. She is very particular, and you see all the notorieties of the country there. M. de Circourt I only see at times. Thierry thinks very highly of him, and

alludes to circumstances which entirely stopped his (Circourt's) public career, as resulting from his love of honesty and independence. I fancy Lamartine—whether intentionally or not, I know not—did a very prejudicial thing to him, in bringing all his private letters forward, as well as the public despatches which he wrote about Poland, when he was sent on a mission there; but I should imagine he had too much information on every subject, and talks too glibly, to have much depth on any. Our own Ministry has, as you may imagine, engaged much of one's interest. If, as I suppose is certain, Lord Derby is Premier, one cannot believe that his Government can stand six months, with the strong opposition that will be made to it. But then, again, I am assured that the country is so tired of a no-government—of one that is so weak that people are afraid of voting against it on any question, lest they should overturn it—that any Ministry, with a distinct line of policy, to which they would adhere, would meet with support.

The other day Guizot went to introduce the new member of the Academy to the President. He was very gracious, wondered why the Academy was without any distinguished ecclesiastical talent among its members; mentioned one or two, the Père Ravignan, for example, as a very fit man; then, turning to Guizot, said, 'You have occupied yourself a good deal with the history of England?'—'Yes, Monsieur.'—'Well, with respect to Cromwell, in what light do you consider him? as a great sovereign, or a great man?'—'As a great man, sir.' They say it took Guizot rather suddenly; but it was a curious question.

Nothing can have been more flat than the Carnival; although I heard that, in order to prove how happy and careless the people are, there was great anxiety, on the part of the Government, that it should be the gayest for years, and that half the police were to be masked for the occasion, if they found too few without them.

To-day we have a beautiful bright sun, which I hope reaches you. How I wish you were here! So much there is that I should like to talk over with you, and which cannot be written. There is certainly here an openness, with which people express themselves to strangers, which one could find nowhere else, and which keeps one in a constant state of astonishment, used as I am to the utter want of communicativeness in our public men.

To the same.—London, May 11, 1852.—People are rushing over to Paris to see the *fêtes* given to the President, and hope to come in for his nomination as Emperor; which is, I suppose, probable enough. I cannot say I envy them! I see, dear friend, that you think me a little unjust to the French lower classes; and I daresay it may appear so, as I could not speak out; indeed, the grounds on which my opinion is formed could hardly be stated in a letter, made up, as it must be, of so many small facts and observations, which in themselves seem trivial. I was allowed to see, the other day, a letter which expresses so precisely my own opinion, although far better than I could have expressed it, that I must ask you to have the patience to read some extracts, as I was permitted

to copy it. I was myself astonished at the dislike I felt for the people, which I was by no means prepared for, as all the intercourse I had ever had before with such French as I met gave me a different impression. But to this letter! It is from George Sand to a friend here. After saying that the President 'est plus victime que bourreau,' that he means well, and that she believes him to be ignorant of the frightful details accompanying the exercise of his authority, and that he is powerless to repress them,—after drawing his character in a most masterly manner, she continues: 'Mais cette question de savoir quel homme il est, est ici de peu d'importance. Ce qui ouvre l'ère des révolutions prétoriennes, ce qui me fait désespérer de l'humanité pour quelque temps, c'est la bassesse et la férocité de cette immense armée de fonctionnaires, cet aveuglement, cette rage du soldat dans la guerre civile, qui dépassa celle des officiers, c'est cette innombrable armée de dénonciateurs qui pullule sur tous les coins du territoire, c'est, enfin, l'oblitération complète du sens moral dans la population, spectatrice, égoïste, et non pas tant terrifiée qu'indifférente de tant d'horreurs. Ceci n'est donc que le commencement d'une décadence sociale épouvantable,' &c. Now, it was just this obliteration of all moral sense that so startled me—the judging everything merely with reference to its effect on their own miserable selves. They had no conception of anything as being right or wrong in itself; and this blindness of moral perception is very singular to find in the lower classes, for I think the untaught genuine feeling of the people, when they are not carried away by a momen-

tary passion, is always just. Certainly in England it is so.

To see them at the Long Champs promenade, and, indeed, on all *fête* days, evidently quite content in their fine clothes, while in an obscure corner of each paper one saw that a hundred *déportés* or prisoners had been taken out of Paris that day, was a sight that I believe you could see in no other country. The French now seem to have no power of indignation against injustice, as injustice.

Then, the character given of the servants in Paris is so much blacker than what could be said of them elsewhere, that *that* produced its impression on me. This character was not given by any class in particular; not by the fine ladies of Paris only, but by those also who do consider their servants, and who are benevolent, true people, such as Madame Mohl, and many others. They all said, to hope for an honest servant in Paris was impossible. 'They all sell whatever they can carry out of the house;' and the excuse, 'they don't think it wrong to add sous to all the bills they give you to pay,' was to me the worst of all. A very straightforward, quiet man, who does not exaggerate, said, 'The wickedness of the servants in Paris as a class is something of which I do not believe a foreigner can have the least idea; and the curse of our country is that we are content to live among such a set.' Now, this could not be said of London servants, and I suppose not of those of other great towns.

Here, in London, you can get respectable honest people to serve you just as well as in the country, if

you take precautions. Now my paper is filling up, and I am not half through my justification, but I must leave it for the present. Only do not think I have formed this deliberate opinion without trying to satisfy myself that it is well-founded.

To the same.—London, May 18, 1852.—We are settled in a tiny lodging which is between Mary and Sidney. The latter looks sadly delicate, and is constantly catching cold. I wish she could live out of London, but it is no use wishing; she gives all her strength to her children, and keeps none back for herself! Of course our time is spent there, and I have had little inclination for society, indeed, have been nowhere but to the M——'s, who give incessant dinners and parties containing the funniest mixture of opinions and classes which it is possible to conceive. People look rather astonished at the society they find themselves in, but he is so truly liked that he can do anything. The other evening I was sitting very comfortably at his house when he rushed up, 'Will you be introduced to the Bishop of Oxford?' 'No thank you, not now; I have nothing to say to him.' 'Well then, to Cobden?' and as it was to be one or the other, I chose the latter, and found him a poetical imaginative man, talking with the greatest delight of Egypt, where he has just been.

To the same.—August 1852.—I hear the elections are turning out better than was expected for the Ministry; but I cannot fancy it can make head against the opposition that will meet it in October. The

worst part is, that it will be a very bitter Parliament; there is great ill-will, and everyone is angry and keen. The religious question seems the only thing that really interests the people, who are gone back to the old 'No Popery' cry of eighty years ago. It is sad that, instead of going forward to more toleration and Christian fellowship, we are falling into the worst bigotry again! There is some excuse from the insolence and domineering way in which the Roman Catholics have of late years come forward, and put themselves in the place of the ruling Church. For a long time the middle classes took it easily, and did not think it signified; but, at last, the Archbishop of Westminster roused them up, and now I fear we shall have riots as frequent as in old times, and the grant to Maynooth will be repealed by force.

There is a book I think worth reading, 'Études Philosophiques sur le Christianisme, par A. Nicholas.' It is very well done; merely a defence of revealed religion—quite the old story; but I could not leave it off when I had once begun it. He answers the objections more fully than I have yet found. The curious part is, that the author is a lawyer in great practice, which perhaps accounts for the keenness of the reasoning. He makes the most triumphant defence for Moses' knowledge of geology, science, &c., that you can conceive.

To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.—Berlin, September 1852.—I was amused the other day at hearing it said that Thackeray was going to settle here, or at Dresden, because he can enjoy no religious freedom in

England! The *strenge kirchliche Meinung* was such, that he was under a constant restraint! It was too ludicrous, and I told them so; that no one cared one pin whether Thackeray went to church or not. There could not be a better subject for his own pencil in his next *Punch* than Thackeray searching for religious liberty! I daresay he will settle abroad, but it will be for a very different reason.

My dog has been made nearly as much of as his mistress; and when they found that whenever he goes out with Miles, he trots into every bookseller's shop, expecting to find me, the astonishment was great. It is funny. One has heard of dogs going into each tavern, in hopes of their master being there; but I should not have thought Moey had seen me go in much.

Eisenach.—Shocking weather, pouring all morning; but as it cleared up at three, we went to the Wartburg, in spite of my cold. This place is like another Stratford-on-Avon. The waiters, every one, talk to you of nothing but Luther. In this house he lived as a child; in that he went to school; and as they are all left as they originally were, it is very curious. At the Wartburg, we duly saw his room with the splashes of ink, and all his furniture. It has a magnificent view; and one can fancy a man, shut up with the Bible for his only book, in solitude, with such a prospect to look upon, becoming somewhat *schwärmerisch.* A set of wandering mechanics went over it all with us; and there was something touching in the piety with which, as soon as the guide said, 'This is Luther's room, where he translated the Bible,' they all took off their caps at once.

To M. V. von E.—London, December 4, 1852.—I caught a cold at the Duke's funeral, which has confined me to my bed for a week, with my old enemy the face-ache. However, now I am well again; but the weather has been most unfavourable to health. The whole country is under water; and the damage done by it is, I fear, incalculable.

We are now beginning to subside from the excitement of the last three weeks, first about the great show, and then as to the fate of the Ministry, which hung on the result of Friday night.

To begin with the first. You can hardly imagine how entirely people, high and low, were engrossed by the details of this funeral, by anxiety to see it, by anxiety that it should be done as well and as magnificently as possible.

Harriot and I went to see the lying-in-state on the first public day, instead of on the day when you went by tickets, which was to confine the admission to ladies and gentlemen. We excited the greatest surprise among our acquaintance by so doing; but I had not the least curiosity to see a crowd of the upper classes, who never show it if they feel. I wished to see the effect on the people, though certainly I little knew what I undertook in attempting it. We went so early that there was not the danger which there would have been at a later hour, but I never felt such pressure before; and after four hours standing in the crowd, we got in. I was disappointed in the scene. The room was too equally lit, and the whole thing looked too tawdry and theatrical; it reminded me strongly of the last scene in one of our grand spec-

tacles at Covent Garden. There was nothing for the eye to rest on, but different shades of scarlet, and gold, and white, and the incessant entreaties of the policemen to 'move on' prevented all the solemnity which the scene might have inspired.

The only thing that struck me was the behaviour of the crowd—their extreme good-humour, although suffering serious inconvenience, to say the least of it; and without any police (for they were only to be found within the building, where they were not wanted) or soldiers to keep order throughout that enormous crowd. The only object seemed to be to help each other, and to make light of the discomforts. Later in the day, when the women were carried out fainting, and many seriously injured, the dissatisfaction was loudly expressed. The stupidity of the authorities, in not providing better for the safety of the masses of people, was extreme. It was so like the reasoning of those sort of men, that because such and such a number came to view the lying-in-state of the Duke of Sussex, William IV., and such like, no more were likely to come on this occasion. They little thought that people walked on foot from the Highlands of Scotland to see the funeral! The night before, the streets were crowded with country-people, bivouacking in the pouring rain till the morning dawned. A dreary cold morning it was, and I had to get up at five o'clock, and without a scrap of breakfast go to the house of an aunt, from which we were to see the procession pass. Later, carriages could not go along the streets.

The curious silence and enthusiasm of the crowd

interested me most; for the sight itself gave me little satisfaction. I could not help regretting that the person to whom it would have given *most* pleasure, could not behold it—the poor old Duke himself! In the course of the next hundred years, if we still keep up a practice so irrational and pagan as a public funeral of the sort, we shall at least, I think, on the greatest possible amount of happiness principle, take care it shall take place in the lifetime of the man it is to honour. For after all, he is the only one who is flattered and pleased by such an exhibition.

Then came the debate on Mr. Villiers' motion, which was to decide the fate of the Ministry. Fortunately, Lord Palmerston, with wonderful tact and cleverness, drew up a resolution in which all parties could join, and brought them safe through the division; but I own I did not think it a creditable position for the Government. Lord Palmerston is expected to be in office directly, but, on account of Prince Albert, not in his old one; and yet Lord Malmesbury is so incapable, that it is a misfortune that Court influence should come in the way.

Meanwhile, our defences are advancing rapidly, and there seems but one opinion as to the necessity of an increase both of army and navy. And here is the Emperor in France! It is like the irony of Fate to see the Empire rising as it were out of the ashes of the man who did so much to destroy it!

To the same.—41 *Clarges Street, February* 15, 1853.—This morning, my dear friend, arrived your letter; and what excuse have I to make for my long

silence? None at all, but one which is never allowed to be an excuse—although, in my case, it has been a very genuine one—really the want of time to write. I have not been ill at all; but I have had work all day long. In Mary's last letter to Harriot, she says:—'You have not told me where Charlotte *is buried*; of course she has *died* long ago, or I should have heard something of her ere this.' So that even my sister has been equally neglected; and now you will naturally say, but what have you had to do? Why, the trouble of getting into a furnished house, never having done it before, was beyond what I could have imagined; and I have been settling and arranging the things for the last month. First, all the chimneys smoke, and I have to write endless notes to the landlord, to prove that such is the case. We have not half the necessary furniture, and I rush out to buy a table or some jugs in despair! With all this, poor Sidney has had one of her bad coughs for the last month, which confines her to her bed; and one of us must be with her to look after the children, write for her, and really nurse her; and unfortunately, we are now so far off, that it takes me an hour to go up to Cumberland Place. I must tell you my day, and then you can fancy me during each hour of it. At eight, I get up; at a quarter-past nine, we have prayers; then, breakfast; and at ten begins the most difficult moment of the day—that of ordering dinner. I go down to discuss with the cook, who, being quite a new one, knows nothing; and I must invent her dishes, and tell her how to dress them besides. This takes some time. Then I begin to write my necessary notes for nearly two hours; at twelve, I must walk for Moey's sake

and my own, as it is too cold afterwards. At one, we have luncheon; and then I go up to Sidney, where I stay till just before dinner, at half-past six; after which, if I do not go out to tea, we make a sort of fireside talk for Charles, till eleven, when, quite knocked up, I am glad to go to bed.

As to books, I have not had time to read anything, excepting for short minutes, during which I was amused by 'Niebuhr's Life,' translated from the German. He seems to have been a very kind-hearted, loveable man; but I was disappointed in his letters—less strength of intellect than I expected. 'Hippolytus,' by Bunsen, has interested me exceedingly. I believe it is published in German and English. I am not scholar enough to judge of his criticisms; but his disquisition upon the early Church and its practices pleased me greatly, as did also his defence of German theology. It is certainly very singular that a minister should find time for writing such a work during his mission.

I am going to do a strange thing this evening; attend a tea-drinking of the working-classes—the Associated Workmen they call themselves. They make speeches, detailing their grievances, and sing glees—a singular mixture! I have always been anxious to hear from themselves what they want; so I seized gladly the opportunity of being taken by one of the gentlemen who has exerted himself most in their behalf. We are all to have tea together, and I fancy I shall hear what would put the utterer into prison in any other country—radical socialism, or Christian socialism, as they now call it.

To the same.—November 1853.—Carlyle I saw the other evening, in great force, violently Russian in his feelings, assuring me our victories were in truth so many defeats. He was, however, very pleasant when he got off politics to history and the time of his Frederic. Nothing could be more interesting than his conversation became then. He is such a picturesque talker that he transports one back to the period of when he is speaking—I think his work is advancing and satisfying him better. He told me the more he studied Frederic the Great's character, the more he was struck by his thorough truth and earnestness of purpose, his sincerity and simplicity combined.

To Rev. F. D. Maurice.—1853.—I am greatly obliged to you for allowing me to read the correspondence, which I return. I own that the impression it has left on my mind is one of intense sadness. Dr. Jelf's first letters contain much that diverted me. The *naïve* astonishment with which he announces his discovery that the teaching of the theological Professor is not confined to his lecture room, 'it may influence the student's belief, nay, even his life,' the evident shock which this discovery has given him, his anxiety lest we should be allowed to fall into a *comfortable* belief, (God knows, there is little fear of it at present!) and the somewhat confused results which the worthy Principal anticipates from teaching any relaxation of torment, his despair at thinking it probable that you may continue to teach what you do believe, rather than what you do not believe—his pathetic allusion to his own love of quiet, which indeed

is visible throughout, and his peevishness at being disturbed from it—all this amused me, but the tone of his last letter excited considerable indignation, although I feel one ought to make much allowance for a man literally at his wits' end. But it is altogether most depressing to find that such is supposed to be the authoritative teaching of the Church, the best she can give us!

Your answers are to me entirely satisfactory, but I will not now enter into the question, for I have neither the right nor the wish to take up your time in reading my convictions. The strongest of them is that though your essays may be condemned, though many a Dr. Jelf will believe that they have proved the teaching in them to be dangerous and heretical, yet their truth will be felt in the conscience of the Christian; they will prove themselves true to the sick, the sorry, the heavy laden! In the watches of the night, sufferers, whether in mind or body, will bless you for the book, and thank the God 'from whom all good thoughts do come,' that He has inspired His servant so to vindicate His love! I should like to say more, but I am pressed for time, and must end at once.

To M. V. von E.—Rome, November 27, 1853.—At last we are arrived, after a very prosperous journey, but, with the exception of the road from Genoa to Pisa along the sea-coast, not a very interesting one. Having only been here since Wednesday, I hardly feel that I have yet seen anything of Rome, but from

the windows. However, St. Peter's, the Coliseum, and the Forum I have visited once, just enough to take in their general aspect, without any details; and the effect on one is almost overpowering! Ancient Rome comes out so much more vividly than I expected, as I had been repeatedly assured that all faded away before ecclesiastical Rome, and that one's interest would be entirely engrossed by the glories of the ruins and remains of the Middle Ages; instead of which, the effect on me is just the contrary. It seems to me that I do not care for seeing the churches with their magnificent pictures and marbles, while I could gaze for ever on the broken columns, the bits of temples, that peep out of every field around. But I must not yet begin to talk of that of which I have seen so little. Rome is full of English, and teas and parties go on every night; but my only object is to keep away from it all, and be out all day long. I own I am astonished at my own enthusiasm. I thought I was too old to feel so very freshly, and like a school-boy, as I do. The sad part is, that I am so much more ignorant than any school-boy. Next week I shall begin regularly to go out every day to see. But nothing can equal one's first *saisissement* at seeing the Coliseum and the mighty ruins. Christianity seems to me so poor by the side of Heathenism, when you look at the temples of both. There is a look of purity in those temples, broken and defaced as they are, which is wanting in the churches loaded with gorgeous decorations.

To the same.—Rome, 63 Via del Corso, De-

cember 24, 1853.—A happy Christmas to *you*, and to all my friends at Berlin! When I last wrote, we were just about to settle in this apartment, which is not as pleasant as we expected; for it is sunless, which is a serious fault at Rome. The cold has been intense. I do not think I ever suffered so much from it, either in Paris or England. No quantity of clothing was sufficient to keep one warm in the unaired rooms, full of draughts. So much for coming fifteen hundred miles in search of a warm climate! The sun is very powerful for three hours of the day, but accompanied by a cold cutting wind that makes one shiver if one turns a corner of the street. This has all changed during the last ten days into rain, which we are told we must expect for some time to come; and the temperature is warm and very relaxing. I cannot help giving you this long account of the weather; it is so unlike what I expected. Certainly, no spot I ever visited is so trying to my health as this far-famed Roman climate. The consequence has been, that the neuralgic pains have increased, and I have had to live upon quinine. Everybody is ill; so one is not singular. Mine has been a threatening of Roman fever (how much finer it sounds than ague or influenza—and it is nothing else); but, thanks to a clever doctor, he has prevented its coming to that; and I have no doubt, in the spring, we shall find the advantage of being out of the March winds. This illness, which has been gradually coming on for a fortnight, has greatly impeded my enjoyment and power of sight-seeing; but still, the very consciousness of being here is almost happiness enough.

Dr. Braun, whom I think I mentioned in my last letter, has given us two lectures in the Forum; and, although he is accused of being addicted to new theories, it was delightful to me. He seems a learned, very enthusiastic man, devoted to Niebuhr. He is, to me, the most interesting companion possible, as I have no classical teaching to come in the way. It is absolutely the same to me whether the *Via Sacra* went under one of the arches or round it. That he forms an opinion on somewhat slight grounds the following anecdote will show you. We were in what are supposed to be the Mamertine prisons. The lowest dungeon, far down below the surface, has a spring of water rising up into it, and he showed it us as the one where Jugurtha was thrown and starved to death, because, on being put into his prison, he said, 'What cold baths you Romans have for prisons.' 'Now, this proves there must have been water in the dungeon, or he would not have called it a cold bath.' In vain we hinted that it might be the temperature of the cell to which the poor wretch alluded. Dr. Braun was quite convinced that, unless there was water, no one would talk of a bath; and I was quite content to believe that it was the identical dungeon.

It is somewhat disappointing that we cannot take a lodging near the Forum, &c.; but when I spoke of my wish to do so, I was told it would be madness, from the unhealthiness of the situation; and I see that in Rome it is no joke to encounter bad air; but the result is that it takes three-quarters of an hour to reach the spot from whence I should like to set off; and one must have a carriage all the time, so that in

the short winter days one has hardly the power of seeing anything thoroughly, particularly as at three o'clock a chill, preparatory to the setting of the sun, comes on, and one ought to be at home. All this will, however, change as the winter passes away; and I ought to wait more patiently.

I went to M. Cornelius's one evening, and liked it, though it was not a little formal; a number of artists were there also, and the conversation was in Italian, excepting mine, for I could only speak German. He asked me to come again; and I mean to do so.

There is plenty of society here, but exceedingly dull. I think the truth is that people are worn out by the excitement of the day, and by evening time have no power left for exertion. Divers English receive every week, but it is impossible to be less genial than they are. I went two or three times, and then declared I was not come to Rome so to pass my time, and stayed away. Last week two Cardinals were made, and all went to pay their respects to them. It was a curious sight: Princess Doria received the guests, and introduced them to the heroes of the evening; the Italian ladies were covered with all their diamonds, and our great English ones, who, for fear of robbers, had left all their jewels in England, looked very *dowdy* by the side of the others. That which most struck my sisters was the expression of the different Cardinals. They say they never saw so many bad countenances together. The religious spectacles have greatly disappointed me, magnificent as are the accessories to them, the bands of priests, &c., &c.

There is an evident want of belief, even among the very people who compose them, which they cannot disguise. The other day, I saw a magnificent procession of a miraculous *bambino*, from the church on the Capitoline Hill, where the temple of Jupiter stood. It wound down the steps and across the Forum, the Pope's trumpeters coming first, and playing loudly, then a gigantic image of the Virgin in wood, so heavy that nine men could hardly bear the car on which it stood, gorgeous banners all round it. To see this enormous machine, swaying backwards and forwards from its weight, the people on their knees as it passed, and the scarlet draperies hung out from the houses along the line of procession, seemed to take one back centuries. Esthetically considered it was very beautiful, but I could not help feeling it altogether the saddest sight I ever saw; and I was more ready to cry than to be pleased with it! I cannot tell you, dear friend, how melancholy a *séjour* this is to any one who believes in *progress*. It is impossible to say more on the subject, as no letter is safe; but I cannot live amongst a people, and look upon them as puppets, who just give life to the scene, and are no more interesting. If one could do so, Rome would indeed be a place to live and die in; as it is, give me the sandy plains of Berlin, or the smokiest alley of London.

On my journey I read a little book called, '*Geistes-Worte aus Göethe's Briefen*,' by Lancizolle. What beautiful bits there are in it! Of course, much I have read elsewhere before; but the extracts are well chosen, and there are parts that come home to me here every day.

Rome, January 28, 1854.—*To the same.*—My last letter told you, I think, that in consequence of the air not agreeing with me, I have been very much of an invalid; so much so, that we have settled to go to Naples the end of this month, and return for March. I am so weak that I find it impossible to do as others do, and be out all day. If I go out in the morning, I have to be quiet in the afternoon; and this when one could employ thirty hours in the day if one had them. Everyone tells me it is the very peculiar climate which affects me. After five weeks' incessant rain, we have now a few beautiful days, with the bluest of skies, and the sun quite hot in the middle of the day. We shall return here when Lent is begun, and the strangers a little dispersed; and, absurd as it sounds, the incessant party-giving here is no small annoyance. Four or five ladies have taken different nights in the week. Of course, one does not wish to be uncivil; if one makes an excuse one week, the next you feel bound to go to them all, unless there is the excuse of illness; and when one is out in the morning, that is not a valid one. So that, in short, I am very much bored by it, and shall be relieved to break through it all; as it is essentially the society of a *petite ville*, ill-natured and gossiping, to a pitch I never saw before—half the people struggling to know the other half, and the other half determined not to make their acquaintance; and this in Rome! My nieces, however, enjoy it all, as they should do at their age. Perhaps it is the contrast with what one imagines society ought to be here, that makes one so impatient of it.

Overbeck's studio I have visited with intense interest. He was very civil, and seemed to take pleasure in showing us what he was about. In spite of the chalky colouring of his pictures, they are the only truly religious ones I have seen of modern times. It is quite wonderful to observe the depth of expression which he depicts in the faces of his saints. I stood before the sketch of a picture he is doing for the Pope—of Christ withdrawing Himself from the midst of the angry mob, who would thrust Him from the brow of the hill 'that they might cast Him down headlong;' and was lost in admiration of it. It is a thing one might gaze at for hours, without exhausting all the meanings which the power of the artist has thrown into the Saviour's face.

It is curious that the patrons of art now are in Manchester and Liverpool. All the fine works are ordered by—they tell one—'a gentleman in Manchester.' The truth is, I suppose, they, having no position to keep up hereditarily, spend the enormous fortunes they are making in the acquirement of these beautiful works. One is very glad to hear of mercantile wealth so spent, like the Genoa merchant princes of old. After these come the Americans, who are by degrees learning a taste for art. They say that, until now, they have been utterly devoid of it; but it is improving, and they are willing to give any sums to the sculptors. The higher classes of society, both in England and other countries, buy nothing. Most of their galleries are formed, and they have no longer the money for the enormous prices which the modern sculptors ask. Gibson, an Englishman, or

rather a *Welshman*, is, I believe, at the head of the sculptors here. He has just finished a Venus, which is the subject of much discussion. He has made the experiment of colouring the marble, or rather, I should say, of toning it; for you would scarcely perceive that it was not the natural hue but for the drapery that falls over her, and which, being left quite pure, looks blue compared to that of which the figure is composed. The head is the doubtful part, the eyes being blue, and the faintest tinge of colour in the lips and cheeks, while the hair is of the yellow tint which was given to Venus. No description can give an idea of the effect it produces. Many people dislike it, and certainly I expected to do so; but, greatly to my surprise, the more I gazed the more I admired. It is the loveliest thing I ever saw, and the wonderful art of the sculptor has thrown over the whole figure a purity and modesty which I never remember in any other Venus. There is a melancholy in the expression that produces the same feeling in one's self; in short, I think he has entirely succeeded in his experiment; but I do not believe anyone else would. Your young prince, who is here, comes sadly in my way, for he takes up the whole of Dr. Braun's time, who has to show him all that is most remarkable; and, of course, he can do nothing else. The other day, we went over the ruins that were formerly Caracalla's Baths, and I was astonished at the great extent of ground they cover. The beauty of the vegetation that surrounds them, even at this season of the year, is extreme; and they tell me, that by the time the Carnival sets in, the ground is covered with violets.

I was amused at the answer the *custode* gave to my inquiry, whether he lived there?—'By day, not by night; I should be afraid of the spirit of Caracalla, which walks, walks, all about, and *è molto cattivo*.' I quite agreed with him, that it was likely to be an unpleasant spirit to meet in the night. And when I saw the long range of underground passages, I did not much wonder at the man's not choosing to be shut up amongst them.

When I return on the 3rd of March, I trust really to be able to go about. Still, I never should have either the strength or the inclination to devote myself indiscriminately to all the objects of interest that this town can offer to a stranger. First, there are the antiquities, both Roman and Etruscan, which require a lifetime to understand; then, the remains of the middle ages; then, the natural beauties that surround Rome, most lovely! Then, the churches built over the temples; and lastly, the ceremonies in them, which, to many, are the most interesting part of Rome. How greatly I differ from them in this respect you can guess by my not having seen any, nor do I mean to do so. There is something essentially melancholy in them to me; and yet, there is much that is very beautiful in what they intend to symbolise; only, unfortunately, the meaning is entirely lost—the things typified are quite forgotten in the types. The other day, we went into an enormous crowd to see the blessing of the animals. All the horses and mules were brought up, our horses as well, and Moey duly received a benediction. Some dogs are regularly

blessed every year here; but I do not hear they are much the better for it.

Mary is in despair at quitting Rome; she has enjoyed herself thoroughly, and has not had a day's illness. She has announced she means to cry till she reaches Siena; which, as it is a few days' journey, will exhaust her tears! We are just returned from a long drive, and in passing through one of the piazzas, we saw a machine in the middle, which gave me quite a shock—a guillotine, by which three men had been decapitated this morning. There was something so revolting in leaving it thus exposed to public view, with a jar of saw-dust in one corner, and a brush and other things, which I did not choose to look at. It was for political offences committed in 1848; and one of the young men had been nearly five years in prison before he was condemned, in hopes, they said, of his becoming penitent! Then we went to see some most curious sepulchres, lately discovered in a vine-yard—columbariums they call them. You descend into a sepulchral chamber, of which the sides are composed of rows of niches, one above the other, very much like a baker's oven, each niche just large enough to admit of a small earthen dish with a cover, in which are the ashes of the deceased, whose name is written above. I never experienced anything more curious than to stand on the pavement below, and look up at these walls made into graves to the very ceiling. I took off the cover of some of the recep-tacles close by me, and found each full of bits of calcined bones. It is like putting one's dead 'on the

shelf,' as we say; but how infinitely better for the living, than our custom!

Nothing astonishes me more than the eminently practical nature of the Romans. Everything is thoroughly done of its kind. Each forum and temple has its drain, its gutters, for preventing the damp from touching the statues; and all these are discovered under the foundations, instead of, as we all do, merely trying to remedy the evil when it cannot be longer endured.

To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.—Naples, February 1854.—I have just had my Italian teacher, who rather diverted me by a proposal she made. I said that without any gentleman we did not like going into the Cafés and to the balls; that had we one it might be different; and she has begged to introduce me to a 'distinguished young man,' who would account it an honour to accompany us *everywhere*. 'I will answer for his family and his position, and then if anyone says, who is she? the answer is, "so and so accompanies her," and your position is fixed. I have never offered to do this before, but you are so superior, and have so few prejudices, that I should like to make your stay as *enjoyable* as possible.' I suppose I looked bewildered, and she thought I did not understand her, so in French she added, '*Un beau jeune homme gratis, gratis.*' I expressed my gratitude warmly, and said, if we did return, how glad I should be to profit by her offer. And she continued to expatiate on the charm of a custom which belonged mainly to Neapolitans. Think of a distinguished young man

obliged to tramp after bread with us, as we did half this morning. On re-reading this, it is so disjointed you can hardly understand it. Adieu, dearest. Tell the girls, if they had been here, I should have jumped at the offer of a *gratis* young man. I never will have a woman mistress again; they are such bores, and twaddle so.

To Bn. V. von E.—Rome, March 18, 1854.—Our month at Naples would have been very pleasant had it not been for the intense cold, which was beyond what I ever felt; with a bright sun overhead, a wind that seemed as if it were stripping off one's skin, so very cutting was it. Both my maid and I had an attack of the fever from crossing the Pontine marshes. Perhaps we did not take sufficient precautions; but it was a beautiful day, and I could not believe that walking about, while they refreshed the horses, in a scene that reminded me much of parts of England, could be dangerous. The road was bordered with a stream full of water-snakes; and we amused ourselves by watching their activity, little thinking we should have to pay dearly for this diversion. My maid fell ill directly. I had a much less severe attack, but still could not get rid of it as long as I remained in Naples; so the doctor sent us to Sorrento, and we passed a delightful fortnight there; out all day, with donkeys to take to when tired. I never was in so enjoyable a spot. The little inn, built close to the sea, on a piece of table-land that is entirely enclosed by hills, which offer the most beautiful and varied scenery. There is an azure tint over every object in

the environs of Naples, that is unlike what I have seen anywhere—sea, islands, and sky of a blue that one can compare only to turquoise, excepting towards evening, when it fades into pink. With Naples itself I was not charmed. The glare, the dust and noise, the denseness of the population, all of whom pass their days in the streets, make walking almost impossible; indeed, only Englishwomen ever think of doing so. The whole of the *trottoirs* are taken up by the people sitting out working, or far oftener doing nothing—the children on the ground eating, dogs picking up what they can, and, last of all, little black pigs, which were always running in one's way; add to this, that the carriages drive at a gallop, and you have a slight idea of the perils of walking in the streets of Naples. We returned here on the 11th; and were very happy to find ourselves once more in Rome, which seemed grander than ever by the side of what we had seen elsewhere. In spite of my illness, I went to Pompeii, and was exceedingly interested by it. I was very much struck by the small size of the houses there; they seem built for a race of pigmies; and I could hardly believe that the excavations were entirely down to the foundations, but they assured me it was so. I was equally surprised at the decline of art visible in all the decorations. They were beautifully finished, but there is a total absence of the grandeur and simplicity of the earlier time. The very architecture shows the same declension; the columns, a mixture of Greek and Roman orders, which has a poor effect. Everything appears frittered away into prettinesses; and, except-

ing the wonderful brightness and freshness of the colouring, I saw little cause for admiration. But imagine the marks of the glasses and of the spilt wine still to be traced on the counter of one of the taverns. The shops were certainly the most curious; the mortar that was in the act of being used to repair one of the houses in the corner, just as it would be now, and the jars of wine still full of the fine dust which submerged the town. But there was essentially nothing that could lead one to feel that this unburied town had been the abode of men of genius, or of high ideas.

I was grieved, dear friend, to hear of your suffering from increased rheumatism; and yet, if cold has anything to do with it, what can one expect in such a year, when the water was frozen in the room at Naples, a thing which has not been known for fifty years? It is still cold enough even here to keep me shivering all day, although a bright sun shines; but the vegetation is certainly more wintry-looking than when we left Rome the end of January. Everything seems gloomy together, both as relates to individual and political prospects for the coming year. The enthusiasm, as you will have heard, in England is excited to a pitch that it seems difficult to comprehend. The day the Guards marched out of London for embarkation at four o'clock in the morning, all the windows were open, the women waving their handkerchiefs, and the men cheering. The Duke of Cambridge has made his will, and, they say, taken leave of his friends, as though he were never to come back. I cannot believe yet that it will ever come to a real war; enough for the English and French to take part

in it. There is much that is amusing to me in our extreme devotion to the latter. All of a sudden we have discovered what worthy neighbours we have had these many years. I must own that the French have taken the most dignified attitude, who do not like us better than they have ever done before. Then there is something diverting in one of the haughtiest of your little princes having to come to the Tuileries. I heard, and indeed know, that none expressed such contempt for 'the usurper,' as the Coburgs. Our Queen will be obliged to have him at Windsor one of these days.

To the same.—Florence, April 28, 1854.—We passed three days at Siena, on our road here; and were greatly interested by the town and its school of painting, which is curious as being so different from those of its neighbours, Florence and Bologna. The depth of religious feeling in the Siena painters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is to be seen in all their works; and to that they sacrifice the individual grace and colouring of the picture. But the whole town takes one back into the Middle Ages, and there is nothing to break the illusion, unless one sees, as I did, a bare-footed monk, with his staff in one hand and a railway-ticket in the other!

I went through all the ceremonies of the Holy Week at Rome; and the want of devotion on the part of all engaged shocked me greatly. It is the fashion to say that the Protestant spectators look upon the whole as a show, and hurt the feelings of believers; but, certainly, the laughing and the talking

proceeded entirely from the Catholics themselves. The ceremonies did not produce on me the effect that I expected; the making the Pope the centre of the worship, although it may be but mystical, takes away from the essential character of Christian worship, as being paid to an invisible Being. Therefore, I preferred the services in those churches where he (the Pope) was not, and where, therefore, there was not the genuflexion to him at the end of every prayer. His blessing of the people was very fine, and his voice so good that one heard it to the extreme end of the piazza. The sight of a whole multitude actuated by one feeling, as this seemed to be, must be always overpowering, even though one may deem the feeling exaggerated. One evening there was a procession through St. Peter's late, and we were there till it was quite dark. The effect of that enormous building, lighted only by the moon—for the candles were extinguished—was very grand. One no longer saw Protestants standing, and Catholics kneeling—all were blended together; and for the first time since I was in Rome, I felt I was in the greatest Christian Temple of the world. Since beginning this letter, I have been stopped by a two days' cold, the consequence of too much sight-seeing. You know how rich the galleries of pictures are here; too much so, for gems of art are crowded so close together, that you have no space to examine them. The Venus de' Medici I am a heretic about—the statue does not give me the slightest satisfaction; I never wish to return to it—while before the Amazon in the Capitol of Rome, and the mutilated Psyche in the gallery at

Naples, I longed to stand the livelong day. There is here a wonderful picture of Perugino, a Deposition from the Cross. It has produced more effect upon me than any I ever saw, excepting the Dresden Madonna di San Sisto: the expression of intense sorrow, blended with more than resignation—with a willingness that it should be so—in the Virgin's face, is almost supernatural. We both found ourselves in tears after looking at it for a few minutes, and that is an effect not often produced on me, particularly as I am not a judge of pictures. Adieu, my dear friend; do not read and write so much; live for yourself more, and less for others,—which is real Christian counsel!

To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.—Bologna, May 28, 1854. I thought the whole journey from Florence more beautiful than that from Rome; but just now the green is so brilliant, that the flattest country would be lovely; so, perhaps, I am hardly a fair judge; also the act of travelling makes me feel so well, that I am quite astonished. I was far more tired and languid at Florence all day, than when I had got up at five in the morning, and travelled nine or ten hours. We went to a convent yesterday, to see the finest Francia supposed to be in the place; but I prefer the one in the gallery. There were two very good specimens of monks—thorough gentlemen and pleasant. If I did lead a religious life, I certainly should prefer being in a monkery to a nunnery. They seem much less children; though one I heard of would seem to prove the contrary. He wished to be a hermit, and intended

to live on milk, eggs, and bread all the year. To ensure a supply, he bought a cow and some hens (one hen, I believe), but to his horror found that neither hen nor cow gave eggs or milk *all* the year. A time came when it ended, and the poor man thought it was a trial sent him by God, and spoke of entire resignation, but of his hope that it would be withdrawn in time. He then went to Siena to live, and found the streets so up and down hill, that he fell ill from the fatigue. At last, some one told him that there were towns with level streets, which he had no idea of, and that Bologna was one; so he came here —and here he is now.

Padua.—We spent an afternoon at Ferrara, which is a most engaging-looking town; with the remains of its former magnificence in the wide streets and splendid palaces, with gardens in the middle and cloisters all round; but hardly any inhabitants left; and though there were but common roses and weeds run wild in these gardens, the effect was beautiful under a bright sun, throwing the colonnade into deep shade, while it brought out the green in a marvellous way. It is very seldom that a place is exactly what you expect, but this is so,—where one could live without seeing a creature for months in one of the houses, heavy, and ill-looking to the street, while behind they have the loveliest gardens, with almost forest trees in them, they are so old—I daresay very gloomy in winter. This afternoon I shall go to the Botanical Garden, the oldest in Europe, leaving H. to go on with the churches, of which I am quite tired. You

know at Rome I had a loathing of them, then at Florence they became very interesting to me, at Bologna the same, and now I have had enough. M. Rio is just the person for me to see sights with, for he only likes one to see *one* thing, which just suits me,—'Do not waste your time looking at *that*;' and when once he understood what did interest me, he never took me to anything else.

I have been taking a long walk, and quite lost my way, and therefore have seen more of the town than I should have done in three weeks' regular walking; for I have been up and down every little *vicolo*. I should like to take lodgings here for a month or two, looking on one of the gardens that are now a wilderness. One might sit out all day; but I suppose it is not a bracing atmosphere. The women are beautiful, with such lovely profiles, and a natural flower stuck on one side of their heads.

. . . I long to hear what Sidney does in London, whether she is able to go about, and what you think of her. The whooping cough is a blow. She never is to enjoy anything, poor thing, with all these legitimate—but not the less wearying—drags upon her. Certainly, children do owe considerable duty to their mother—I had nearly said parents, which would have been an absurdity—for her health goes in bringing them up! If children could but be planted like the lilies of the field, and one could trust to the rain and sun to rear them!—conceive the comfort to the mother. Plant the two legs in the ground, and the father might come and cultivate the head as much as he liked.

To Bn. V. von E.—Venice, June 4, 1854.—We arrived here a few days ago. And though it is with difficulty that I do anything but look out of the window, I long to write and tell you that what you say in your last letter, '*Nach Rom wäre mir in Italien Venedig der liebste Ort*,' is just what we find to be the case. I had no idea of so wondrous a town; I had so often been disappointed in the places about which travellers had raved, that I was wholly unprepared for the reality here. At Llangedwin, our schoolroom was hung round with views of Venice, engraved, I suppose, about 1650; and they being the only resource from the study of one's lesson, we knew them, of course, by heart; but I thought all had changed, with the passing away of the carriages and eight horses, and gentlemen with feathers and cloaks, who were to be seen in all the piazzas;—instead of which, these same views might have been done yesterday, as far as the buildings are concerned. The palaces, too, are just the same; half the windows shut up; but the magnificent sculptures and marbles outside seem to bid defiance to time. The gondolas, still gliding up and down, as dark and black-looking as ever; though there is an *omnibus*-gondola painted blue and gold that brings you from the Italian railroad, and is the only innovation that is to be perceived. We have a gondola by the day; and I am never tired of going through the narrow waterlanes, or rather alleys, where there is just room for the gondola to pass, and the old palaces rise up on each side, out of the water, with their marble steps, and the watergate now quite shut up and unused. The other

morning a whole family rowed up to beg. I suppose they had begged the loan of the boat; but there was something so quaint about them that, of course, they got more than by standing in the street, as they would do elsewhere. The only one of us who does not enjoy this place is poor Moey. I often take him to walk, but we are invariably stopped by a canal after a few steps, although, if one knew the different passages, I believe one could get to most parts of the town.

The old pictures at Bologna charmed me more than any I had seen. Such Francias one can see nowhere else; and he is my painter *par excellence.* He is to me the only one whose religious pictures *are* religious; or, rather, his are the most so; for Perugino often comes near him. The works of the Venetian school may be beautiful as pictures, but they produce no effect on me, and I would rather be without them.

To the same.—Meran, June 26, 1854.—We were tempted to prolong our stay in that wonderful Venice to nearly three weeks, nor did we suffer at all from heat. We were fortunate in finding Mr. Rawdon Brown, who had resided there for twenty-one years, and talks with dread of the misfortune of having to live on dry land. He is devoted to antiquarian researches, for which the archives of Venice offer an unbounded field; he passes his mornings among them, making extracts and translating, and lives wholly in the past. He said, 'I have not yet got further than the reign of James the First;' and it really is true, for he reads no newspaper of any sort, English or

Italian—which one can hardly understand. I know nothing of his history, but fancy he must be a disappointed man in some way, to give up so completely all interest in the present. Meanwhile, it gives his conversation a peculiar raciness, and he is so entirely transplanted into the Middle Ages, that he talks as if he had lived through it all himself, very much like the wandering Jew. For example, he began a story thus: 'When Lady Arundel was here, she got into such a scrape,' and proceeded to details that were very amusing; and I had not the slightest doubt the subject was the Lady Arundel who was a cousin of ours, and died some three or four years ago, till he mentioned that there was then in Venice a very foolish Signor Wotton, from which I saw at once that he was speaking of James the First's time. And he would tell us stories about some Venetian ambassador, 'a very good fellow,' as if he had known him intimately.

To Mr. Rio.—Heidelberg, July 31, 1854.—The weather has been delightful, and I enjoy myself thoroughly in this most beautiful of valleys. I never was in any air that suited me so well, and find I can walk all over the mountains without fatigue. The Bunsens have a large house the other side of the river, and seem very happy to be settled; he that he has leisure to finish his various works, and his family that they may pursue their own avocations. You would all like the daughters, who are very much my ideals of German women.

The having access to his library is an intense enjoyment to me, as he has all the books which I have been now so many years without; and I have much the feeling that a drunkard must have on finding a flask of brandy after having lived a while on milk and water.

To Bn. V. von Ense.—Heidelberg, July 1854.—This town is as beautiful as ever, and the evening walks over the hills, when the sun has set, offer more beauty than I have seen in all Italy; I cannot tell you how happy I feel to be here. In the first place, the being settled, though but for a month, is a pleasure, after so long a wandering—then, the getting rid of the Italian (which always worried me, I spoke it so ill) is a relief; secondly, to be out of towns where the inhabitants are constantly crushed by foreign troops. If those who cannot resist are oppressed and ill-used here, it is at least by their own people—which is a superiority, instead of feeling that they till their fields to support their foreign taskmasters—and one no longer sees the gloomy, desperate looks, and hears the half-muttered abuse which one found all through Italy.

The absence of the magnificent yet heathenish processions through the streets gives me also a feeling of lightness. There is a sensation of *malaise* in not being able to go along with the people in that which is nearest and dearest to all; and I used to spend my time in trying to get into the streets where the procession of relics did *not* come, instead of like other people, into the one where it *did*. I lived, too, among those Ultramontane Romanists and converts, who

believe themselves in the exclusive possession of truth —and that is wearisome at last—though I never forget what one of your writers said, 'A man is not tolerant till he is tolerant of the intolerance of others.' Who said it? Fichte? It is many years ago since I read this aphorism, but like many that I found at that time in German thinkers, it has become a living principle. To these intellectual causes for happiness here I must add the more material one of the pure mountain air, which I suspect goes farther than I am aware of in making me joyous and light-hearted. However it may be, the result is very pleasant. Yesterday was the first time we have been to the Castle since our arrival; I do so much prefer the wilder parts. It is very damp, the trees have grown into a shrubbery more than they ought; and the crowds of smokers and eaters turn it completely into a tea-garden. There is a lovely cottage high above it, where people go to drink whey, with such a view as I never saw anywhere—that is a constant object for a walk—and this place has a merit, which belongs to it alone, of having good roads rising gradually to the tops of the hills, and benches to rest on; so you need not be out of breath and worn out by the steepness.

To the same.—Heidelberg, August 21, 1854.—Since I wrote last, my life has been very tranquil, passed in reading and walking, and the evenings generally spent at M. de Bunsen's, where I always found agreeable society, and heard conversation that interested me. He lent me Rothe's 'Ethik;' which

I have read with great satisfaction, and divers other theological works. I thought it was wiser to take advantage of his having a library here of books that I could not hope to find elsewhere, unless I bought them. So I have devoted myself to deeper reading than I have been able to find for the last few years (in short, since my own precious books were all packed up in the Pantechnicon), and feel, as I always do, that it has strengthened and refreshed me.

I shall be very sorry to leave this place, which I enjoy intensely. My walks on the heather-covered hills far above the Castle will remain in my memory long after I have left them. Such walks are, in truth, to use biblical language, 'times of refreshing.' I have found that there is a deeper teaching in Nature than in any professor's book. The misfortune is, that one so seldom has the opportunity of coming into communion with her. How I wish that you were here, that we might talk over all the 'thick-coming fancies' that are the result of my long mornings on the hill tops!

To the same.—October 1854.—We went one morning to the Kirchentag at Frankfort, which I had been told was well worth attending, but it was not. It interested me to see the general aspect of the assembly; and from the gallery of the Paulskirche we looked down upon them all; but the speaking was wearisome, beyond what I ever heard. Wichern spoke for upwards of three hours on the subject of the 'inner mission'—a very good man, I believe, and one who works hard in all benevolent institutions; but

his speech was merely a string of common-place declamation; it would have been far more interesting had he kept himself to facts. I greatly admired the patience with which he was listened to; and I was also struck with the countenances of the clergy. There was far more character in them than there would have been among a similar assemblage in England. There was a look of determination and of thought, which seemed to tell that the men were in earnest. And whatever else might be predicated of them, no one could say they looked like gentlemen; and that, strange perhaps to say, gave me satisfaction; it seems to prove that there may be work done, instead of speeches made. Did I tell you that I read Goethe's 'Werther,' and was greatly struck by some of the letters? I think I admired most the generous and perfect confidence of Kestner in his friend, and in the woman he loved; his *must* have been a noble mind to be capable of it; but this opinion of mine was not shared by others, who saw nothing admirable but Goethe.

It is curious to be here just at this time, immediately after all that we have seen and heard in Italy, when one had almost been persuaded (though I never was) that there was little hope for the existence of our Church, Anglican, &c., and when even the members of it said the same, Dr. Braun, &c. We are now in the midst of the opposite religious faith, and we are astonished at the vitality that is to be found in it. There are great theologians here and at Bonn; and I have been reading their teaching-books, and declaration of their own belief Nothing can be more

Christian, and yet more free as to the criticism of the Scriptures; and their district-visiting, their deaconesses, all seem to be going on as if the congregations were working instead of talking. Unfortunately the books are excessively dear, or I should like to take over some to England, in order to prove that German theology is not necessarily Socinian, because a particular school at Tübingen is so. However, no one would believe it, if I did so; and I am sure they would not patiently read through a very deep book when they could decide upon the writer's belief without it.

To the same.—London, November 1, 1854.—We landed at Dover on the 13th, and since then have had so much business and anxiety that I have really lived only upon the newspapers. On our arrival we were met by the news of the death of my cousin, Arthur Williams-Wynn, in that fearful battle. For two others we are also in mourning, though they were not such near relations. My poor Uncle, Sir Henry, has been quite overwhelmed by his loss—his favourite son, and the one whom he trusted was coming home to marry and live with him! Every alleviation that the case admitted of they have. The poor (?) boy had a presentiment he should fall, and wrote the day before to take leave of his father and sister, expressing his last wishes. The next evening he was found surrounded by his brother-officers close to the Russian gun, lying sword in hand, the ball having passed through his forehead. He evidently had died instantaneously, and for this exemption from suffering we are most thank-

ful, for the thought of the long agony that the wounded went through is a horrible one. In truth, one never realised before what war is; *you* all know it well, and our fathers knew it! I do not think, if I had a dozen brothers there, that I could feel more anxiety. The mourning is sadly general, hardly a family that has not suffered remotely, and London looks very melancholy from the quantity of black worn in the streets, although this proceeds from the ravages which the cholera made rather than from those of the war. We are all busy sending out chaplains and nurses, and surgeons and comforts, to the sick and wounded—but to me it is just as bad to read, as I did to-day in the *Times*, that the air is tainted with the number of Russians who have fallen, as if they were our soldiers. It is the *fact* that such scenes are going on that burdens one's spirit!

To Chevalier Bunsen.—November 6, 1854.—They are very desirous of sending out chaplains to the army as soon as possible, and a fact mentioned by the Archbishop of Canterbury made a great impression on me. He said that the Duke of Wellington told him, thirty years ago, 'that he could have saved the lives of two thousand men a year had he had chaplains or any religious ministers. The uneasiness of their minds re-acted on the body, and kept up continual fever.' Such an opinion, coming from the most practical un-enthusiastic man that ever lived, has great weight, and I trust the object will be carried out.

I heard Mr. Maurice preach yesterday, and was amused at the ingenuity with which he contrived to

mix up the service for November 5 into a sermon upon *Charity*. I like the idea of a Lyra Germanica, and hope you will not abandon it, nor what you proposed with respect to the Bible reader; but I must set you right as to what you say, 'that nobody would understand what the Table of Lessons means in the Hymn-book, embodying thirty-six years of meditation and research.' It seems to me that it is impossible to read it without feeling that nothing but earnest thought and deep meditation could have enabled you to bring out such an harmonious whole. The manner in which the passages which you have placed in juxtaposition explain one another is very wonderful, and I have often been startled by finding light thrown on what before was dark. It is a great comfort to me to have your Hymn-book once more with me, it seems as if I were again in communion with you.

The other day I was pleased to hear from Williams and Norgate that they sold more copies of the 'Protestantische Monatsblätter' than of any other review, and that the sale was increasing daily. A clergyman who was there said, 'Madam, the Germans are the only nation who, if by criticism they lost their belief, have by criticism regained a living faith.'

I have been too busy to read much lately, but was pleased with a volume of Madame de Gasparin's 'Quelques défauts des Chrétiens d'aujourd'hui.' Did you ever see it? With an abrupt rugged style that at times amounts to coarseness, there is considerable boldness and truth in her thoughts.

I heard a curious thing the other day. —— was here one morning, and I asked him what the Palmer-

stons thought of their Paris visit. 'Oh, they were greatly pleased, and he was particularly well satisfied with the Emperor's views.' —— was silent for a minute; then added, 'What do you think? You have had some knowledge of that part of Germany, do you think, if the French Government should become strong and permanent, that the people on the Rhine would much dislike coming under French rule, and no longer being at the mercy of Berlin bureaucratie?' This showed clearly what these views of the Emperor were. I answered that I thought they would have the strongest objection. 'So I think; but I am assured it is not the case.' It is evident, therefore, that the intention is maturing by degrees, and the struggle will have to be made. I hear our Government are very low, and would be glad to resign; they are frightened at the prospects of the war, which just now look very black. The sickness increasing, and the recruiting put an end to by this unpopular Foreign Enlistment Bill, which, though carried, will not even bring the help for the sake of which it was forced upon the country. The ministers feel that the idea of foreign troops has been so sneered at that none will now take service with us.

To Madame de Bunsen.—December 26, 1854.—. . . . You are for the present better anywhere than here; for we have had a dreary Advent time, and even Christmas seems to hush his joyous carols, and to creep softly into one's house instead of bursting in with the reckless merriment of other years. Still, in the midst of general suffering and sorrow there is

much that is cheering, principally the increased sympathy which this common need has brought out. The war will indeed be a blessed one if it breaks down the wall of separation between classes in this town; and I and many others have been greatly struck by the feeling of brotherhood which has sprung up in hearts which had it not before. I dare believe that you will understand me when I say that the hearts of the poor are opened to the rich. This many will say is a transposition of the truth; but it is not so. I wish you could read Maurice's last work, 'The Doctrine of Sacrifice deduced from the Scriptures?' it is the deepest, and I think the best, book that he has written.

To Chevalier Bunsen.—Grove Cottage, Sidmouth, February 13, 1855.—My dear friend,—My last letter was to express my sympathy in your joy, this one my sympathy in your sorrow. I know well that out of your actual fireside circle none were nearer your heart than your dear friend Hare; and amidst the sorrow of all who knew him, I have felt much for you and yours, whom he so tenderly loved! It is, indeed, a loss never to be replaced to you; and yet I think you will feel thankful that, his work being done, he was taken at once to his rest without any of that waning of the faculties, of that struggle between the strong mind and the failing body which so often is permitted to close in seeming gloom the life of God's most faithful servants. That desolate lingering on the edge of the grave is terrible to witness! Even without personal acquaintance, it is very saddening

when one to whom one has looked up is taken away; when a light is quenched in the world, although one has the firmest conviction that it is still burning, and far, far brighter in a purer atmosphere! I have owed so much to Archdeacon Hare in past years that I feel I have lost a friend and a teacher; but that taking away of one's teachers is the hardest discipline one has to go through, and, therefore, perhaps the most necessary to one. The only time I ever saw him I felt disappointed in him, as was natural. The ideal you form from a man's works is generally unlike what he appears in conventional life; but I suspect it is nearer the truth.

Nearly a month ago we came down here to be with my sister, who had a violent cough, which made us uneasy; but it has now subsided, and I trust when spring comes—of which at present there is not the slightest appearance—she will get strong again. Meanwhile, H. and I have taken this little cottage for two months, and are not a little pleased at finding ourselves so far settled. We have never been able to look to staying anywhere for more than ten days since we left Heidelberg, and Madame Bunsen knows how wearisome both to mind and body that is. I only came in yesterday, and am quite charmed with our domain! Surrounded by tall trees, and looking upon fields and farmhouses, and all the cheeriness of farm life, to which I have never been accustomed, and therefore infinitely prefer it to a dreary walled-in park.

Our ministerial crisis I look upon as disgraceful to all concerned in it. What is England to do if it is

thus impossible to her to get out of the routine of half-a-dozen families from amongst whom her administrators are to be chosen? I wish they would set up schools for ministers, as there were schools of the prophets in Jewish times, where those who had the gifts could learn the technical routine.

Then we have Convocation meeting, and the only thing on which they seem agreed is to recommend that the lessons from Baruch should be omitted from the daily Service. I thought of you when I read it! There appears to be a strong feeling that the Services on Sundays should be shortened; but any attempt to do so will create a great outcry. However, I am convinced that each day is revealing more clearly in the hearts of men a longing that the religious form should fit religious belief more exactly than it does at present. That, if necessary, the form in which it is clothed should be taken in rather than that the faith should be bolstered out and added to, in order to fill out the form. This is better expressed in your own Hippolytus, 'In the development of religion, the superstructure often hides for ever the foundation, and is in its turn overlaid again by progressive structures.' Now I shall end. Every now and then write me a German letter: I *like* your English, but I *love* your German!

To Bn. V. von Ense.—Sidmouth, March 5, 1855.—What can one speak of but the event of last Friday? I hardly know any death more startling, or one that will be more generally moralised upon by every old woman over her tea, and every old man over his pipe,

in each of our English cottages! But what will be the result? You in Prussia know far more of what is likely to be the inclination of the young Emperor than we do here. Surely there is better hope for peace. And may it not have a beneficial effect on your Court policy when the relationship becomes more distant? Lord John might have spared himself his journey, they say. I trust he will make a little *giro*, and take Spain on his road home; and then he will know the opinions of every crowned head—he will have seen them all! England has certainly not exhibited herself to advantage of late, in her vain attempts to make a Government. I cannot believe the present one can stand, unless Lord Palmerston dissolves Parliament; and to do so just now, when the people are determined on a reform in the army and the official appointments, would be no joke. People croak loudly, and say they have never seen things look so black. The lower and middle classes are certainly in thorough earnest in their determination that the aristocracy shall have justice and not favour; but so long as they only clamour for the fittest men to be put into the different posts, I can see no cause for alarm. They will repudiate an idiot sailor in an office, as much as an idiot lord; and the nation is too sensible to join in an empty cry merely against a class!

I have felt during the last three years that the results of the general clamour for education among the lower classes would be in time an impatience of the mistakes and incapacity of their rulers. 'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,' Pope says; and they have as yet not got enough to know the difficulties

that impede any Government. It is a curious fact that colleges for working men are springing up in London, where the mechanics, bricklayers, tailors, &c., actually go straight from their work at eight o'clock in the evening. They are given a blouse at the door, so as to obviate the necessity of a change of dress, and then they set to work for three hours. The teachers are professors, all the most eminent in their line, who teach and lecture *gratis*; so that they are better instructed than they would be at the Universities, having nothing to unlearn. Latin, history, drawing, music, and grammar are among the subjects; and these gentlemen have told me that they are astonished at the progress the men make. From being in the habit of working, they appear to be able to concentrate their attention on the subject given them far more completely than a scholar in the upper classes can. There is now an idea of a woman's college; but that is fraught with difficulty; the whole subject interests me powerfully.

To Chevalier Bunsen.—April 23, 1855.—For the last week the Emperor's visit has absorbed all interests. We are heartily glad, I fancy, that he is safe out of the country. The most extraordinary precautions were taken to insure his safety, and, I believe, were required. The refugees were warned severally that they were watched, and that if any suspicion arose (well founded or not) of their putting themselves forward, the Alien Act would be read, and every one of them, indiscriminately, would be sent out of the country in twenty-four hours. It was a clever con-

trivance, to make each man thus answerable for his neighbour. So I suppose they all stayed in their garrets while the great tyrant passed.

To J. M. S.—Sidmouth, May 1855.—I am glad you are going to Mrs. Brookfield, I love her dearly. Mr. Brookfield is a remarkable man, he is thoroughly and entirely true, and this gives me a confidence in him that I feel for few. His faults are many, and as they come out most to the world, he will always be abused. To me, his conversation is delightful, from the union of strong common sense with keen wit, and a hatred of all pretence.

My solitary ramble was dreary after the cheery ones I have had of late. I miss you both greatly, and dare not pluck a primrose without fancying I hear K.'s indignant remonstrance, and entreaties to spare the young thing! Then I went to the library, and the excellent woman brought me a bright blue-clad volume with, 'You asked, ma'am, to see Mr. Kingsley's new novel; shall I send it?' 'By no means, I shall take it.' I bore off my prize with glee, and admire what I have read intensely. What glorious English he does write? There is a fullness of thought, that is very remarkable, in the half-dozen chapters I have yet read. . . .

Your dear little note is, I trust, a proof that you are not the worse for the journey; but you are very naughty not to give more particulars of yourself, and you so often fall into this fault, that I really must give you a scolding, and beg you will in future turn over a new leaf. Don't you understand that one wants

to know many things. I shall have to send you a form, as they do at the hospitals, which you will fill up, 'My headache is——.' 'My sleep is——.' 'My appetite is——.' 'Altogether I feel——.' This is the way you ought to write to your friends when poorly—or rather to *me*.

To Bn. V. von E.—Norwood, May 1855.—I am much better for the three weeks I have passed in this bracing air, which acts like a tonic on me. We are in a tiny lodging on the top of a hill, whence we command miles of country all round us, and close to the Crystal Palace, where, however, I seldom go, as that great glass lantern is a most melancholy place to me, with its gaudy flowers, and its bright colours, and its want of a morsel of blessed shade. That intolerable glare is so repugnant to one. There is something so unnatural in those hundreds of bright, white statues, casting no shadow whatever; and I never realised before how disagreeable it would be to live amidst a world of Peter Schlemihls! nor what a comfort one's shadow is to one.

Every one has been to see the Queen give the medals to the Crimean soldiers, sailors, and officers; and being the first time this had ever been done in England, it excited the more interest; and they tell me it was a beautiful sight. Mary was there, and says it was very touching to see one young man (it was Sir Thomas Troubridge) wheeled up to the canopy, under which the Queen stood—he having lost both his feet. The Queen came forward to meet him, instead of standing in her place, and the mob

cheered enthusiastically. Another officer was led up, having been blinded by the bursting of a shell, which killed his horse. Altogether, the pain would have greatly predominated over the pleasure which the scene could have afforded me, and I am glad I did not go.

To the same.—Heidelberg, July 9, 1855.—The Crimean tidings are not cheering. Lord Raglan's death I look upon as a mercy for him. It stops all inquiry that would have been very annoying. The Princess of Prussia wrote to beg that an expression of her sympathy might be sent to Lady Raglan; but she has been asked to reconsider the matter, as the letter might very probably be made public, and give offence to the ruling party. What a state of things, that a woman cannot follow the natural impulse of her sympathy with distress! I hear the Emperor's address has produced an unfavourable effect in Paris. They laughed at his bad French, and sneered at his allusion to Austria. The distress in Russia seems to be undoubted,—the fields left untilled for want of labourers, and the indifference and dislike to the war very much what it is in France. All this makes one not despair of peace, at least for a time. To raise the siege of Sebastopol is, I am told, impossible, in the face of such an army, who could destroy us before the regiments could be embarked; so that there that devoted army must remain, and literally conquer or die! I cannot believe that Louis Napoleon will play us false, simply because I do not see that it is his interest to do so. I am told that the Orleanist party

is more violent than ever, and that this winter they would not meet any that did not belong to their own side in Paris.

To F. M. S.—1855.—I think when one is very much in earnest, very much in need, that all feeling of shyness disappears. Self becomes forgotten in the thing that self wants. One feels then that one should be content to cry one's difficulties in the market-place, if one had a chance of finding there anybody who could solve them.

I suppose the difficulties, the doubts, and the faithlessness from which you suffer are good for us, for I have never met with anyone who has not writhed under them—some more, some less. That want of content of the heart with itself, that constant self-reproach is hard enough to bear; although I believe the impatience under it may be a subtle form of self-conceit, a longing to be satisfied with self, rather than to be delivered from the sins that cause the dissatisfaction.

However, here we get into metaphysical niceties, which are better left untouched.

I would most strongly urge upon you not to pass your time in studies of your own heart. I have no doubt it is not an agreeable subject of contemplation, and I am quite sure not a wholesome one.

Self-examination has been far too much and too exclusively preached, and the consequences have been fearful. We are such lovers of self that we cannot be trusted to dwell even upon our very short-comings, or they will interest and engross us to the exclusion

of all hope and of all trust. I think Mr. Erskine says, 'Whenever my own faith is the source of my comfort, I am sure that I have an empty cistern to draw from. It is not in the nature of things that I should be able to draw peace, or strength, or holiness, from knowing that I believe a fact, however true and important that fact may be.' Try and look out from self up to Christ, His tenderness, compassion, readiness to help, to suffer long, to forgive, to console! Those snake-bitten Israelites were to look, not at their bites—they felt them keenly enough—but to the serpent lifted up. I have a great dread of your falling into the habit of too minute an analysis of your own motives of belief, which, I am convinced, dwarfs the spiritual life more than anything short of actual cherished sin. May you never have occasion to say, 'Forgive me, Lord, my complete indifference to the spiritual welfare of my brethren, my intense anxiety for my own!' I should like you to try and persevere in the ordinary exercise of religious and secular activity, working at plain routine employments, encouraging happier contemplations, rejecting the more morbid, in their favour; and when you feel that bewildering 'cracking' of doubt in your heart, not dwelling upon it, but with an earnest, 'Lord, help Thou mine unbelief,' courageously going on with your work, guarding yourself against stopping short at that moment to examine how much harm is being done you, but deliberately determining that God can and will protect you against yourself and against the devil. You will not, I am sure, so misunderstand me as to infer that, in saying all this, I undervalue your

difficulties or your sufferings; I know them too well to do so. The hardest sorrows to bear are the illegitimate ones; by which I mean those which are not licensed to walk about in broad hems and crape, and take tithe of every passer-by in the way of sympathy.

I think we often bewilder and trouble ourselves by insisting upon God's helping us in the way we choose, not as He chooses. We have got (thanks to our detestable theological machinery) a sort of Procrustes' bed, by which a man's spiritual life is to be cut. Particularly the young are harassed and cramped by being desired to measure themselves by certain rules. 'You must feel, you must be conscious of such a state of mind, before you may believe that the Spirit of God is working with you.' This was my own case; and hard was the struggle before I was willing to give myself up, and trust that the Spirit knew what was best for me. With respect to joining in the Communion as often as God bestows the opportunity, it is so completely the centre of one's worship, that I am certain no one who has ever knelt at the altar habitually could abandon it, though one often feels, 'I dread to go, but *dare* not stay away.' Who should kneel there but the weary and heavy laden? If one had to be content with one's self before one went to that feast, if high aspirations or conscious faith were necessary to make one a fit partaker in it, when should one go? Do not, I entreat you, shrink from the Communion because of your own consciousness of want of belief; but come, that it may be strengthened, that you may be enabled to resist that trinity of

evil, the world, the flesh, and the devil. Do not look upon this as a theological formula, as I used to do, till I learned by experience that the most tender, refined, and intellectual woman has to wage this war just as truly as the man of the fiercest passions; only the attacks are made in a different shape.

Do not get into a puzzle as to whether you believe or merely opine that you believe! Such metaphysical subtleties may sometimes be necessary, but not to the childlike faith that feels a need, and therefore comes where it believes it will be satisfied. I know what terrible difficulties you will have; and would to God I could help you out of them; but we are not permitted to do that for one another. That which I have found to help me most, is just expressed in the words, 'If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine.' There is entire truth in this assertion. His will is that we should be holy. Any struggle with a wrong temper, a wrong thought, a wrong habit, any self-denial for the good of others, the faintest attempt to give up one's own will, to be long-suffering, and to be kind, accompanied by prayer, does clear one's perception of truth beyond all argument, and all logical proofs. God's Spirit works with your spirit in it all; and do not allow yourself to think that you are left alone in the struggle.

As to gratitude to God, and thanksgiving for your creation, I believe you would be apt to feel it more strongly for others than for yourself. The thought that the world will be helped, the misery ended, the confusion made into order, the injustice righted, will create more thankfulness, a greater glow of satisfac-

tion, when wholly unmixed with any harping back upon yourself. But I am a bad adviser on this matter, as 'to rejoice evermore,' I find the hardest of all Christian injunctions. And now I know this will be of no help to you—just so many kind words, and that is all! Still it *will* all come right at last —*all!*

A—— M—— writes me word that she heard a sermon at Lincoln's Inn from Mr. Maurice, which she will never forget, on the text 'My peace I give unto you.' How little do we realise that, or indeed any of God's promises! An old writer says, 'A great many believers walk upon the promises at God's call in the way to heaven, as a child upon weak ice, which it is afraid will crack under it and leave it in the depth.' How true this is! Remember that there is One on whom you may throw all your difficulties. He will help you; do not doubt it. Only cleave to Him, and do not distrust the love of a Father because you do not feel the love of a child.

If one's eyes were open to see the 'chances' of Providence that encompass one on every side, what a life of trust would be induced!—God bless you.

Ever your affectionate, C. W. W.

To Bn. V. von E.—Heidelberg, August 22, 1855.—I have lately made a very interesting acquaintance in Mademoiselle von Sternberg, who lives here. For six months she has suffered terribly from cramp in the heart, and is so sadly solitary that a visit is a comfort to her. I know not when I have been more struck and charmed with anyone. Poor thing! she still

suffers agonising pain, but her cheerfulness does not fail, and she certainly is a very superior person. I am convinced that change of air is the best chance for her recovery; the doctors are puzzled, and know not what to advise; and I wanted to take her with us into Switzerland, but she could not make up her mind to it. It is always a wonderful thing to me, to see how suffering purifies and elevates the character! There is a depth of thought in what this girl says occasionally, that perfectly astonishes me; she says it comes to her in the night, when she cannot sleep. I have felt this myself; and how literally true are the words of Scripture, 'Thou givest me thoughts when mine eyes are kept waking!' There is nothing more painful than to see such sufferings, and be wholly unable to relieve them in any way, excepting by one's sympathy and pity; besides, what a mystery is the law of suffering!

To the same.—Basle, August 1855.—Here we arrived this morning, my dear friend, after five days of beautiful weather—somewhat too hot, but everything looked so lovely under the glowing sun, that one felt disinclined to complain. We passed two whole days at Freiburg, and should like to have spent many more there; it is a charming town, and the Minster, in the morning and evening sun, looked like a rich jewel, so wonderful were its changing hues. How grotesque and spirited are the monsters that project as rain conduits from its walls! One of the days we made an excursion to a Pilgrimage Church, a few miles distant in the Black Forest. Whenever

there happens to be one within reach we never omit going, for those Pilgrimage Chapels are always distinguished for the beauty of their situation, particularly if the Saint, or the stream of water which is generally to be found there, is supposed to be good for complaints of the eyes. It is a curious remark, but it shows how true the natural feeling of the people is. The scene one looks at is certainly good for the eyes to rest on! Such a green nook as this Chapel of St. Ottilie was placed in I never saw—far above the Black Forest that stretched away below it.

To the same.—Park Street, September 1855.—I own I am almost astonished at seeing the manner in which we make common cause with the French; for the rejoicings could not have been more hearty, and more spontaneous, had it been the English attack that had succeeded, instead of the French one. It is singular proof of how entirely we look upon them as allies, and, I think, does us great credit; for there is not the slightest jealousy in even any of the country reports.

To Madame de Bunsen.—October 15, 1855.—You ask about books. I have been much interested by a biography of Goethe by Mr. Lewes. Certainly, it is the only life of Goethe that we English have that is worth anything. The author is rather a clever than a deep writer (your husband may remember a history of philosophy published by him nine or ten years ago), but I think he establishes his assertion that Goethe was as good as he was great. There seems to me

truth in his idea that the misunderstanding oethe has arisen mainly from our looking upon Autobiography as *Wahrheit* and not *Dichtung*. cs says that those volumes are considered in land to be a transcript of Goethe's feelings in his h, and in the scenes which he describes; instead of h, they are in fact the opinions of the Geheimrath Goethe, aged *sixty*, of the events that happened is youth. This view he says he can prove by rs unpublished letters written at the time that e events took place, which show Goethe in a very rent light from what we are accustomed to believe from his own account of himself. Carlyle lent the two volumes, so I had to read them hastily; I thought it a remarkable work. With this ex-tion I have seen nothing new; in truth, I hardly d it; for, now that my books are unpacked, I go k to my old favourites with renewed pleasure. e bookcases line two sides of the room; and I am te astonished to see what a large collection I naged to pick up with the small allowance that a ng lady has for her clothes! I believe, in those s, authors were more generous in bestowing their ks, but I ought not to say this when I look at the ichen der Zeit' the gift of a dearly-loved author!

Politics seem tranquil enough. All are delighted Sir Colin Campbell has consented to return to Crimea. I am told he thought himself ill-used, and sed both Lord Hardinge's entreaties and Prince ert's. However, he was sent for to Windsor, was e much of, the band played 'The Campbells are ing' at his entrance, the Princess Royal was desired

to sit by him, and the last morning the Queen used
entreaties that the chivalrous old man burst out
'I'll go back, and submit to carrying a musket a
if your Majesty wishes it.' So back he goes.

To Mrs. Rio.—November 1855.—The lette
Mrs. Craven is excellent, very clever, and giving
impression of its having been written from the h
and therefore it touches one far more than a
product of the intellect. I can entirely sympa
in and understand all that she says of the fee
produced by an early residence in one of these relig
houses. I am convinced of the effect it must
duce upon young minds, and she describes in a
touching manner. I am bound to say that there
one or two assertions in the latter part, about
contemplative life, which I should like omitted,
think them false, but of course, here come in
Protestant notions which must prevent my being a
to see the matter as she does. For the 'Manue
la Charité' you must accept our warmest thanks.
cannot tell you how I admire it, and I fancy I n
be the better for its perusal, (alas! experience sh
one too often this is but fancy). I have read it
and over again, always with fresh veneration fo
writer. It is at the same time practical and spiri
two qualities which are seldom to be met toge
Allowing for the difference between the French
English character, which is always more stri
among the poorer than among the richer classe
that he recommends would be of as much use he
in Paris, and what particularly delights me is his
for the poor, and his anxiety not to bore them.

are so apt to think we have a right to prose on, while they are bound to listen to us! Altogether the little book is a jewel, and very highly shall I value it for its giver's sake, as well as for its own. The enormous rise in the price of provisions makes one feel that it will be a terrible winter for the poor, and there is discontent enough to make it an unpleasant one, with rumours of strikes and disturbances in the manufacturing counties.

I thought the second volume of 'l'Art Chretien' most interesting, the Leonardo part particularly. It ha opened my mind wonderfully, and shown me completely ignorant I was, but I had always rd the Dukes and school of Ferrara so praised, t when I read the section devoted to them in Mr. 's volume, my astonishment was extreme. I hope ill be forthwith translated into English.

Our house is beginning to look very snug with all loved books unpacked. I am happy even to look hem after being so long debarred that pleasure.

The M——'s are in town; he is as gay as ever. other day he went down to Hawarden, where Gladstone had collected all the peace party round one evening. Mr. M—— said, 'Do you know I very much like Daniel in a den of *Lambs* here g you all.' The war is becoming very unpopu- mong the higher classes, and people talk much ace, but I fear there is little chance of it.

To J. M. S.—My dearest Julia.—I think I told that the marriage was to take place this week. little chapel looked very pretty and the quanti-

ties of lighted candles gave it a more festal appearance than what we are used to for marriages. It was bitter cold, and we waited three quarters of an hour for the Cardinal, who was to give the discourse. At last he appeared in purple and scarlet, and walked in a very regal manner up the aisle (between the kneeling poor) to the altar, where he was placed in an arm chair, and when there gave us a sermon singularly out of place, on the infallibility of the Church, which none of his congregation were inclined I imagine to dispute. A few words to the bride on her duties concluded it, and then the mass began. It is altogether less impressive than our marriage service, taking place in the middle of the common morning prayers, certainly gives it more of a devotional character than half a dozen people popping out of vestry and back again. By twelve it was over, and it must have been a great trial to the poor bride, who as she was to receive the Communion had not tasted anything that morning. We all drove home again and at two I went to the breakfast which did not end till five. I represented *Heresy*, and expected to have to return thanks for her, as they drank all sorts of healths and made speeches by the half-hour.

November 1855.—I hear that the Queen means to send out a sort of order, to be worn by all the nurses who went out to nurse the sick—a sort of diamond star with a motto. I am rather sorry, as it is an English custom; but I suppose we are to follow Sardinally in everything, and as our painters are to be decorated, so must our sick nurses.

Bn. V. von Ense.—January 1856.—I am so ou like Lewes's book, which seemed to me ably well done. It has, certainly, battered sundry prejudices of mine against Goethe; ch, though I knew they were prejudices, I could contrive to surmount myself. For his opinions the comparative merits of the works I cared little; Mr. Lewes's *Standpunkt* is so entirely different n mine, that I never find he can help me much; he is a keen observer of character.

To the same.—January 1856.—In my pleasure at ing my books once more about me, I have been ng back to my old favourites, and am re-reading gel with fresh wonder! There are some minor icles of his, criticisms that appeared in different iews, I suppose, which strike me exceedingly—one on Jacobi, and another on Hamann—particularly m the religious feeling he shows. Certainly they a much more satisfactory and convincing proof of Christianity, than the pretended composition of hymn on his deathbed, which gave his widow h comfort.

All our hopes of peace, which seemed very general days ago, appear to be fading away. Still, if nce gives way, we must do the same; but certainly feeling of the people is stronger than ever in ur of the war, in spite of their distress from added es, and increased duties; the working men, with accord, seem anxious for no compromise. The ular feeling against Germany is daily fomented by *Times*, and, I fear, will not be easily obliterated.

Now, my dear friend, adieu; many a goo
Year! That is to me pleasanter than the word
which is apt to border upon irony. A good
one in which *all*, whether fortunate or unfort
has helped one *on*, towards the goal we all hav
reach. My love, and wishes of all sorts of happin
to Miss Assing. She is of an age when one n
wish it.

To Bn. V. von E.—February 26, 1856.—How t
a part I take in your deep affliction you well kn
my dear friend! I can so entirely sympathise with a
enter into all you feel. Sad and trying as it is
watch the sufferings of one you love, when the
ferings are over, the blank is so terrible that on
tempted selfishly to long for their continuance. C
cannot believe or remember how acute they we
and above all, one goes back to the time when
sufferers were in health, and in enjoyment of exi
ence; one forgets the heavy, painful road they h
travelled since, along which we have tried in vain
support their faltering steps.

When I read your details during the past tw
three months of constant suffering and hopeless wat
ing, I cannot help thanking God that she has ente
into 'His rest'—that most comfortable of words!
you, dear friend, I know how dreary must be the v
she has left. The last link that united you to
happy days long passed by, *seems* broken—but o
seems; it is not broken, and never can be!

After the first bitterness of grief is over, it
always been a comfort to me to feel that those I lo

e safe garnered up where sorrow and pain could touch them more. They are gone home; and en we follow soon, it will not be to a strange, unown abode—but to be greeted by well-known, ng-loved spirits, purified, and therefore more loving, n in their struggling condition when they made e's happiness on earth. . . .

The Sunday debate as to the opening of the rystal Palace, Museum, National Gallery, &c., has ken up the thoughts of everyone. The feeling in e country was so strong, that many members whose mpathies would have led them to vote with e minority were forced to go with the majority. hardly know any question on which it would have en so difficult to make up one's mind. The only ject I really believe was to do what was best and ost satisfactory to the poorer classes; and no one ut those who have been much among them can dge of the difficulties and objections on both sides. he debate will be of use, for they are already talking opening more parks, and trying to enable the oor people to get a little fresh air during the wee[illegible].

To Madame Bunsen.—Green Street, April [illegible], 856.—The rejoicings for the peace are dragging eir dull preparations along, no one taking interest in em, no one feeling happier for them. It is one of the w unreal things we English have done, and therefore grudge it sorely. If upon the first knowledge of eace being concluded they had at once given us our lay of Thanksgiving, the thankfulness would have een genuine; but now the mandate that next

Sunday it is to take place, that churches are to
full and offerings large, causes merely unwillingne

To the same.—Green Street, June 7, 1856.—Londo
is fuller than was ever known, and the aspect of th
streets on the firework day was most joyous; th
quantity of flags gave them such a bright *Roman* loo
for it was only in Rome that I ever saw so muc
scarlet and crimson hanging from the windows. I wa
not well enough to leave my own home, and, not carin
for fireworks, was well content not to do so; but
was amused at the effect on my friends, who thoug
that I must be on the verge of the grave to sta
away—nothing less could keep a rational being fro
staring at the pillars of fire that brightened the sk
for two hours. The extreme good humour of th
crowd seemed to strike everyone, and it was the mo
remarked that it was unexpected; for the unfortunat
affair about the band in the parks had certainl
soured many.

To Mrs. Rio.—Shiplake, June 14, 1856.—I am s
poorly that I have little energy for making plans, an
do not yet know what we shall do. My illness sig
nifies little, as it is principally on the nerves, head
ache, languor, &c., &c., but it prevents one's wishin
to pay visits, or engage in a long absence fro
home (now that we have one). Still I have promise
to go to Llangedwin—my Llanarth! and see my
cousins there, and if possible should like to manag
it. Twelve years have elapsed since I have see
the place, and I should like once more to look or

those beautiful terraces, the scene of my happiest days. We have been in London till now, and it is, I hope, the last time that I shall spend 'the season' there, for it does not suit me at all. I was not well enough to go into society in the evening, but one has no excuse, unless in bed, for not paying visits, and they wear me out. Next year we shall, I trust, go abroad, but it was just as well to try to stay in London through the spring, and I now know that it does not answer to me.

—— has got permission to visit one of the London workhouses, and she finds it most interesting. There is great difficulty in persuading the guardians to let you in, but it is far more satisfactory than any other visiting of the poor, for it is unmixed pleasure to them to see anyone, and the being debarred from going out or receiving their neighbours makes any sympathy doubly welcome. There was a Catholic lady also visiting those of her faith from time to time. I trust that by degrees people will be allowed to visit the workhouse of their parish as they do the cottages of their parish, but at present it requires great prudence not to awaken the absurd fears of the authorities, who think that if they permit the entrance of ladies all rules will be transgressed, and insubordination be roused among the paupers. The difficulties of getting in are quite ludicrous; the guardians must fear that the ladies will carry the paupers away under their cloaks, for they are almost searched on going in and coming out, and —— is obliged to hang herself round with *pockets*. No basket is allowed to be carried in, yet tea and sugar may be given to the inmates.

How it was to be conveyed was the question, and at last she hit on the *bag* plan, which answers perfectly with a long cloak over all, but it is really too absurd. It being the asylum of our sick and poor, it certainly is the fittest place for our labours.

I have also been much interested of late in an undertaking set on foot by my dear friend, Mr. Maurice, who has been very anxious to have classes for women, so as to improve and teach those who have not much time to give, and no money to pay for it. The sort of college is already open, and the lessons go on from three to five every day. The difficulties are enormous, but I think it will come to something in time. The teachers are all ladies, and of course it is a most arduous business to attempt to teach poor women, of every degree of capacity—some can read, some very little, some not at all—although the scene is deeply interesting, it was at the same time somewhat ludicrous, from the utter despair of the ladies who met to teach. The novelty of their position seemed to have effectually overcome English shyness and reserve, for all spoke at once, and all became confidential to anyone who would listen and help them; but I do not attempt to teach, feeling that these women have a right to better teaching than I can give them. If it succeeds, it will be the foundation of an important work, and one that has scarcely ever been tried. The classes have only been open a short time, so one can hardly judge; but the poor women (principally daughters and sisters of very small tradesmen, and some servants) appear to be thoroughly in earnest.

To Bn. V. von E.—London, July 10, 1856.—London has been in one continued fit of martial enthusiasm for the last two months, and even I was attacked by it on the occasion of the entry of the Guards, which certainly was one of the most overpowering sights I ever beheld. There were few spectators who had not lost some one dear to them, and the boyish look of the men told sadly of the many that had passed away. The lines which I enclose[1] express, I think, the thoughts that every one felt that day, and express them well. The enthusiasm for the men who had gone through the whole campaign was unbounded; and when the dog appeared, who, besides the battles, had shared the work in the trenches, the plaudits were loud; all tried to pat him, which the wise animal acknowledged by biting right and left indiscriminately!

To the same.—August 18, 1856.—I can well understand your enjoyment of Nüremberg. After a fortnight's stay there, it has always been one of our 'castles in the air' to pass a summer there; by which means one could see the neighbouring country, which is so beautiful. The town itself, too, is singularly devoid of depressing influences, which, in these old cities, where every step tells one of the past, and of a glory never to return, is very unusual; but we were struck by the apparent comfort and content in which the inhabitants lived—not wishing for strangers, nor needing their gold, proud of their forefathers, and yet satisfied that they and their town had not

[1] 'The Return of the Guards,' by Sir F. H. Doyle.

degenerated, although their enormous riches had diminished.

How truly I can sympathise in your feelings on returning to your empty house, and no more finding there your old friend, you well know! It seems to me one cannot live through that sort of grief—one cannot feel 'I have cast it behind me'—one can but take it along with one as a fact, as a man with a cut-off leg does, and be condemned to lead a maimed life henceforward; then one gets along cheerily enough. The only unbearable position is, when one tries to practise deceit with one's self, to declare that one is whole and comfortable; that is utterly miserable to my mind!

There is a charming little book published, 'The Lyra Germanica'—a set of hymns translated by C. Winkworth, and uncommonly well done. She has chosen admirably among the rich treasures of German poetry in that line, and has rendered them into English with less loss of the original spirit and beauty than I could have thought possible.

To Chevalier Bunsen.—London, February 24.—You will think me ungrateful to have been all this time without thanking you for your book, but I was anxious to read it through first.

My dear friend, it is a very great book, and I cannot tell you how much it has approved itself to my heart. The critical part is very interesting to read, but I am not scholar enough to feel that I am capable of judging it. I believe you, and read it in faith; but the philosophy of the volume, the principles

you lay down as those by which the world's history must be deciphered,—these are what seem to me so true and so cheering; cheering, because true. There is a manliness and a courage in it for which I honour you. The advice and counsels you give to the readers of the Bible are most wise, and will be very helpful. Each day's experience shows me more clearly that we must come to that Book in a different spirit, whether as teachers, or as learners, or it will become a barren husk to us. The idolatry of 'the letter' cannot resist the increasing attacks made upon it by criticism and science. And the only refuge seems to me to be the acknowledgment, in thankfulness and humility, of the unwritten Gospel, which lies, as it were, beneath the written one, and enables the individual to judge and to know that it is the Word of God, uttered by the Spirit, and therefore to be spiritually understood.

And now I long for the 'Gottesbewusstseyn der Hellenen!' That will be more absorbingly interesting to me than anything else can be. The belief of the Greeks, taken merely in its poorest, baldest expression, as it is represented in the school-books given to children even, always seemed to me to bear a consciousness of God that was almost awful. Books that were given me by my teachers, to show, as they called it, the utter darkness of the world before and out of Christianity, produced on me so exactly contrary an effect, that I was utterly bewildered, until I understood that there *was* a Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and had done so since the beginning of it.

To the same.—Pantyochin, August 23, 1856.—I am staying here *tête-à-tête* with a dear aunt, while my sister is paying a visit in Ireland. We see no one, hear no news, so I have nothing to write about except the Welsh mountains, which I admire more than ever. The quiet lazy life is doing me good; for I was worn with the long stay in London, and just before I came away I had the sorrow of losing my poor dog. One evening he was brought home with his leg broken, and so injured by a horse having trodden on him, that, after watching him two days and two nights, I had to end his life of love to me by prussic acid. It seemed an ill return for the twelve years that he had cheered and comforted me; but they told me that he would suffer so terribly, that my selfish longings to keep him had to give way. How solitary I feel without him no one can guess, and most would laugh at the idea of so caring for what they call a brute animal. I learnt from him more practical lessons of trust, of love and obedience to *my* Master than I ever got from any pulpit! You will not despise me for all this; indeed, if you do, I can't help it! However, that phase of my life is over.

From MSS. Book.—1856.—I have been sorrowing sadly for Mohr; and one may sorrow, so long as it is 'after a godly sort.' It is very well for people to say 'only a dog;' but if that dog has been a comfort, and done you good, its loss is likely to be as keenly felt as if it were your 'great uncle.' Mohr has made me better. How often has his love to me

made me feel my own coldness and ingratitude to God! Such was the love I ought to give—that entire dependence, that complete content, if allowed simply to be in my presence. He was an abiding sermon—a living and a breathing one. As long as an effect is produced, it matters little by what means it takes place; and if from my dog I learned the real feeling of that passage, 'Though Thou smitest me, yet will I trust in Thee,' I am grateful for it.

However, Mohr has done his work, and is gone; but I am convinced I shall see him again, somehow. Arnold says the condition of the brute creation was a subject he could not contemplate without pain from its mystery. This I cannot feel. I cannot believe that all that love and faithfulness is to perish because it is instinctive; it is that which man would have felt, had he never fallen—what we are labouring painfully and wearily to regain. The conditions, the manner in which it will be carried out, I know not, and I ask not; but my belief is fixed. All that loving faculty, that devotedness, will in some way continue in existence!

West Molesey, April 2, 1857.—To F. M. S.—This place will be a very nice one; and the improvement in Sidney's looks and strength is so great that I cannot doubt how well a country life suits her. The garden is a constant employment, and she works in it by the hour, performing all sorts of curious evolutions in it, of which I can make nothing until explained. But that is merely my ignorance; I never had the least turn for fidgeting out weeds; and the more wild and crooked it is the better I love it.

Oh, if you had but seen Frank sowing his lawn with fresh grass seed! In a moment of enthusiasm, he would trust no one else to do it; so sallied forth, bare-headed, with his Homer (which he never puts down) in one hand, in the other the unfortunate seed, which he scattered everywhere but in the right spot, while spouting his sonorous lines. At the end of each, down came a little seed; but imagine what gaps there would be in a lawn sown according to Homeric metre! However, Sidney very wisely sent a labourer in the dusk to go over the ground again in a thoroughly prosaic spirit; so we hope for the best.

You know poor little Moey was buried here? On going out the other day I found a little pillar, with ivy wreathed round it, and these words—

> 'Not hopeless, round this calm, sepulchral spot
> A wreath presaging life we twine;
> If God be Love, what sleeps below was not
> Without a spark Divine.'

I liked them so much that I just write them for you; but it would shock many to know that I believe them to be the simple truth.

Calais, June 3, 1857.—*To Madame de Bunsen.*—We have just had every one of our books examined at the Custom House, down to the bottom of a large trunk, while the lighter boxes were not even opened, showing that at last France is wise enough to have discovered that English millinery will do her no harm while English writings may do her the greatest!

Heidelberg, June 14, 1857.—*To J. M. S.*—To be-

gin at the beginning of our journey. We travelled down to Dover with a missionary clergyman, who was very energetic in his work, and so open-hearted, and evidently in earnest, that, had we been less tired, I should have liked it; but I was quite knocked-up when I left London; and though at first I answered duly, and felt bound to tell him how completely I differed from him on most points, I longed to be alone to read my book in peace; and when in a short time he went souse over-head into the effects of baptism, and the necessity of conscious regeneration, I could not follow him, and was obliged to say I was poorly. We slept at Calais, and proceeded leisurely to Amiens next day, where we remained two nights, enjoying the cathedral to the utmost, and walking, as the inhabitants were doing, at half-past ten at night in streets where certainly the early-closing movement had not penetrated. The next day we accomplished the object of our ambition, which, you know, was not to sleep at Paris. With some trouble we got on as far as Meaux, half an hour off, and slept at a most primitive inn, where, I suspect, no one had ever reposed before. A very fine cathedral, remarkably well restored, with the tomb of the 'Eagle of Meaux' within, which was much more like the tomb of a barn-door fowl, so tame and spiritless was it! On the Saturday we reached Strasburg, and remained four days, as Harriot was sadly knocked-up, and, indeed, so was I. One never could be weary of that cathedral; otherwise, the town is uninteresting. The royalties travelling now are really beyond what one can bear. One evening, I was sitting in my room, when I saw

one of my pillows carried off by the housemaid. 'Have you many strangers in the house?'—'Pretty well; we expect a king at five o'clock.' She said it with such utter absence of excitement or interest, that I felt quite ashamed of my vulgar curiosity in asking 'What king?' It was Max of Bavaria; and certainly he is not worth more veneration than the chambermaid felt for him.

We arrived here on Thursday, and got into a lodging yesterday, which has the merit of being very quiet—the last house but one before you go through the gate of the town; and we look down on the beautiful river through the walnut trees. We chose it because it was cool; and the consequence was, that we shivered all night; but I daresay warmth will come back again when all these storms are past.

Heidelberg, Carl's Thor, July 1, 1857.—*To Bn. V. von E.*—There is less society than usual; at least, we have been disinclined to join it latterly, in consequence of our mourning. My poor aunt's death was a shock from its suddenness.[1] She had so often rallied, and seemed so well when we left London, that I did not doubt we should see her again. At her age, one could not sorrow for her going home, where all those she loved had so long preceded her; but she was the last link, with the exception of dear Lady Grenville, to a former generation. One after another was broken, until in her was centred all the care, and watching, and looking after, which used in happier times to be divided amongst many.

[1] Miss Williams-Wynn died 1857, in her 78th year.

Green Street.—Fast-Day, Indian Mutiny.—The streets had an odd appearance this morning—all the apple-stall women, nosegay sellers, match vendors, each armed with 'Form of Prayer, for a penny,' instead of their usual articles; and the streets so empty; you saw nothing else but fluttering sheets of paper, excepting policemen, who, having evidently no work on hand, had come out on speculation. But they were a few hundred yards apart from each other, as if they expected an outbreak against the Fast. Mr. Brookfield's was a beautiful sermon, quite one of his old ones. He began by, 'Five months ago, some of you may remember the fourth Sunday after Easter;' then he described his walk home, across the park from that Church between five and six, with the sun gilding the Abbey, and the huge trees, &c., &c. 'Everything so happy and quiet. Children playing, lowing-kine among the king cups,' that was out of London though, for he gave us a sabbath evening in the country also. Then came the contrast between five and six at *Meerut* on that day. A regiment was preparing for Church, officers and their families dressing for it, when the outbreak came. There were most eloquent bits in it, nevertheless he said nothing to shake my intention of giving, but giving the sum to another charity. They will have so much for this, that all else will come short. People give in proportion to their sympathy, not to what is to be done, or what is wanted with it. Then there seem to be cases which one shall have *in private* when one might do so much more good. At Queen's College, the superin-

tendent told me yesterday, that a lady brought up her child to place her there for her education. She got Indian news which made her uncertain whether she had a penny left, and so she had to go home with the child. Now that would be such a good opportunity if one was sure the child had *better* be educated at Queen's College than at home. There is the difficulty.

December 5, 1857, *Green Street.*—It is useless looking forward to evil, so I try to prevent myself from forebodings which, should it please God they prove true, He will give strength to bear. Day by day I feel more deeply the relief of being allowed to cast all my care upon Him, and to live on like a child, unquestioning, and feeling sure that what a Father does is right.

Clifton, February 27, 1858.—*To Baroness Bunsen.* At last I can write to you with a light heart, which for the last four months has been denied me. My darling sister, Sidney Doyle, was confined last Sunday, and both she and her boy are doing as well as possible. It has been a very anxious winter for us. The doctor seemed doubtful as to the result, and Sidney herself was so firmly convinced she should not get over her confinement, that it was hard work to be patient and trust. That dull, heavy pressure of long-continued forebodings of coming sorrow is the most difficult to bear (at least to me). If there is anything to do, the burden is taken away. But 'they also serve

who only stand and wait,' is a truth which has comforted many a weary soul since Milton first uttered it.

Bath, Ascension Day, 1858.—*To Rev. F. D. Maurice.* It was exceedingly kind in you to write to me at all, and the only drawback to my pleasure at receiving such a letter from you, is the feeling that you ought not to have written it now, when you should try and rest. I would not willingly leave it unanswered, but I am told not to write, and these waters seem quite to take away all power of doing so, therefore I can only thank you very heartily, and say that I think I understand you. You have given me much food for thought and prayer. A crisis I have long felt is approaching, and you have defined its nature, which I could not. The only comfort is the belief that even while here, amidst difficulties and cares on all sides, we may 'in heart and mind ascend, and with Him continually dwell,' Whose ascension we remember to-day. And, above all, the crowning mercy to me is that I need not struggle to contrive to do this myself; but that another, a Father! is to grant it, to enable me to dwell there. This is the only food I can live or get on upon. I get so weary of my own struggles and my own thoughts.

With Dr. Z. I have had very interesting talk. He has just the restless wish to communicate his thoughts, and to know what others think, which I have so often found in men who are not quite at ease in their own belief. Perhaps he is a little too much inclined to talk, almost to gossip on those matters, only that I am quite sure it arises in a great degree from not having

come to any firm resting place, and therefore wishing to try how that of others will suit him. It is curious to hear him while pointing out forcibly, and I dare say most truly, how little dependence can be placed upon what he calls religious ecstasies or the contrary, spiritual comfort or depression, which he says he can usually trace to medicine, or the want of it; yet at the same time to find him trusting implicitly to the conclusions of what he calls reason and intellect, at a time when both must be influenced just as much by the state of the patient on a death-bed. I wonder he does not find the need of something underlying the whole, something to dèpend upon which is not *us*, and which does not fluctuate with our ebbing breath and failing pulse; but I have seldom met with a person whose conversation is so interesting, and he is so cordially attached to you all that we did not feel like strangers.

April, 1858.—*To the same.*—I must tell you the result of your visit to ——. She writes, 'I can scarcely describe what I suffer from low spirits. It almost amounts to a malady, and I cannot fight against it. All the old wounds seem to be torn open again; but everything is easy to bear, now that through you I have been convinced that God is a God of love, and that He does not punish in anger. Dear Mr. Maurice! he little knows the comfort he gave me!' I have copied this exactly. Simple as are the words, they show how great was the weight of the burden she was bearing, and what a lightening of it has been the result of your words. Poor thing! those low spirits are a difficult matter to have to deal

with, but I think I am right in trying to persuade her to look upon it as a symptom of malady, just as much as a headache, and to treat it as such. It seems to me we so often puzzle ourselves by trying to draw a line between what are called bodily and mental maladies; if there *is* any line between them, for they are so marvellously interwoven, that one cannot say where one begins and the other ends. What religious teaching she had in her youth was of a so called evangelical nature. No sooner did affliction come upon her, than these teachers came about her, wrote, and in short, kept her in a state of high nervous excitement. This will not do for every day 'wear and tear,' and for the last three years she has been in a constant alternation of feeling, obliged from position and circumstances to be always in society, and all the time fearing that she is falling from God, because she can no longer find in herself the highly wrought emotions which existed when she was in stronger health. Loved by all who come near her in the country, from her unfeigned humility and kindliness of heart, devoted to her poor and to the comfort of her servants beyond anyone I ever met, she is thoroughly unhappy from the constant fear of the wrath of this inexorable Judge. My dear friend, each day, from experience of myself and of others, I become more convinced of the entirely erroneous religious teaching that is given to women (men may escape better), and the awful misery it produces. I trust and believe the next generation may escape it; to this one it has wrought suffering enough. Happy those who are helped by a kind hand out of it!

To Bn. V. von E.—Bath, May 10, 1858.—This spring I have suffered more than usual, and have had a good deal to try me—first, the anxiety about Sidney, and then, there was the terrible fire at Wynnstay, by which the house was almost wholly destroyed; pictures, furniture, every book, manuscripts, all burnt, besides the extreme danger in which my cousins and all their household were. Marie was waked by the news that the house was on fire, at four o'clock in the wintry morning of the 5th March. She had not time to save a single article of dress, but had to rush out as she was, with a cloak over her; and so she stood up to her ankles in snow, bare-headed, till half-past seven (when the whole roof fell in), looking on at the destruction of her loved home. She would not take shelter, as her husband was exposing himself so much in trying to save things from the burning pile, that the only way of restraining him was to be with him; and then he felt he exposed her life as well as his own. It was wonderful that not a single life was lost, for the rapidity of the flames, nourished by a storm of wind, was such, that nothing after the first half-hour could be saved. The plate and deeds of the estate were, fortunately, in an iron room, and therefore safe. But my cousin had literally not a gown or a pair of shoes to put on, and had to send to the next village for everything. Although there were engines in plenty, and abundance of water and men to work them, they produced not the slightest effect; and her description of the glare of this burning mass on the snow, which lay all round on the hills and ground, was very awful. The

devotion and sympathy they have met with is the bright side of the dark picture. It was a heavy penalty to pay for it; but it was almost worth while, to experience such kindness. I had believed that the progress of civilisation had put an end to that old loyalty which used to exist in Wales for the family; but this has brought it out as brightly as ever; and the affection the people have shown is quite overpowering—crowds of cottagers from the distant valleys, trooping over the mountains, with their little savings in their hands, coming to entreat they might be taken to help to build up the old house. Marie saw each separately; and on trying to show them how impossible it was, they did not seem to understand it, answering quite simply, 'Why, who should have them, if you don't?'—and these women had never seen her before, or known anything of her. The colliers—not a sentimental race—came up in a body to beg to be allowed to pay what Watkin would have received had the house been insured (it was not): 'Wages were good just then, and they could perfectly afford it.' Thus it went on: clothes sent her, such as the cottagers wear, made by themselves; and a clergyman told me that every one of the poorest cottages in his district was swept and prepared, because their owners were in hopes Sir Watkin might come and sleep there, when they heard his own house was burnt down.

They intend to rebuild their house as soon as possible; and it will rise afresh, and be, I have no doubt, far more comfortable than the old one; but how different to us all, that place where we all grew

up, which was home to us all! Its destruction was a pang one cannot easily get over. And I cannot bear to think of every book being gone—those volumes which my father loved so dearly, which had taught him, and his father, and his children; but I must not dwell longer on this topic.

To J. M. S.—Wiesbaden, June 13, 1858.—I can write but of the heat, which has steadily increased, and to-day is exceedingly oppressive. The place where the English service is read is the only cool one I have been in, which is just contrary to all one's experience of Sundays abroad; but the Duke has given up a large riding-house for the purpose, which is very lofty and dark; and the result is delicious.

This afternoon I took out Mr. Maurice's sermon for Whitsunday to read, and thought it most excellent. What he says about the missionary spirit and need seemed to me perfect; particularly, that we need more the gift of sympathy with those to whom we speak than the gift of tongues. It is the most precious gift, I think, of the Holy Spirit, and the one we are most apt greatly to undervalue, or to think it comes to us by chance.

To the same.—Salzburg, June 21, 1858.—At Nuremberg we stayed a day, but in those baked-through towns one could not walk. I know no place which would answer better for a three weeks' stay, however; its quaint streets and architecture one would never tire of, and there is a look of prosperity and independence about the inhabitants that is very

striking; besides which, the town is within a few hours of Saxon Switzerland, a beautiful little bit of country. However, on we went, and arrived at Munich at ten at night; as usual, all the hotels were full, and we were popped into one room with a grated window, rather forlorn. If other towns were hot, Munich was tenfold more so, standing in the midst of its barren plains, with its broad streets and snow-white houses, without a corner anywhere;—oh, yes! there was an enjoyable long colonnade, where you drank coffee and looked upon the walls, which were covered with frescoes, representing divers scenes from Bavarian history, with verses under each from the pen of the ex-king Lewis. The coffee, however, was decidedly better of its kind than were either the verses or the frescoes. Still, I own to a *tendresse* for that king; he may have been very absurd, but he was the only ruler who ever had the slightest respect for intellect. And though it might be somewhat German to travel all night in order to wake Goethe on his birthday, by embracing him, and hanging the order of the golden or silver something on his neck, he intended it well; and I believe the great man was highly flattered, though he pretended to sneer at it.

To return to ourselves. At three we set off by a new railroad to Rosenheim, where we took leave of steam for the next six weeks. There, for the first time, one felt in the country. It is a most striking change from the flat we had been passing through since Calais (with the exception of the day on the Rhine), to be put down suddenly in the midst of the Bavarian Highlands, which join the Tyrol, and are in

no way inferior to it. Since then we have been travelling slowly, only in the morning, through most beautiful country; and it has been so enjoyable, that I almost feel it is wrong to gobble it up alone, when there are so many who want relaxation more, and have a better right to it than I have. I am more struck than ever with the luxuriance and colours of the wild flowers. Last time that we were in the Tyrol, in the month of August, it seemed quite unlike what I had ever seen elsewhere; so different from the Swiss valleys, which I saw in the same month—flowers of every hue, to which I could put no name. I certainly have a turn for being a botanist, but, like my poor little bird, my instincts cannot develop themselves; so I can only gather the flowers, and know as little what to do with them as it does when it has filled its beak with *fluff* from the carpet for its ideal nest.

Bad Gastein, July 1858.—*To the same.*—When one is kept at home, it is rather difficult to find anything to do. You know how we tried to bring as few books as we possibly could; and this is just the place where an extra carpet-bag full of them would be invaluable. I feel much as if I were in a besieged city, and that it is prudent to put one's self early on half rations, for fear the food should not last till we are relieved; so I only read a little bit, but have got to the second volume of Gladstone's 'Homer,' which is most interesting, and to you would be far more so, as I know nothing definite of Homer at all. I am not sure that to me the most curious part is not the

light it throws on Gladstone's own mind, particularly in the second volume. Then I have Hare's 'Sermons,' which can be read and re-read, and fresh matter always got out of them. I must not forget to recommend a new book—Schiller's 'Leben und Werke,' by G. Pallesque. It has amused me much, and is supposed to be the truest and best that has yet been written about him. For Schiller himself I have never cared much; but this volume gives such a clear and curious picture of the times in which he lived, that it is very interesting. The baseness, and despotism, and good-for-nothingness of the little German Courts are almost incredible; and there are some proofs of the sort of homage they required from the poet, which make one's blood boil. I must say Schiller appears to have had very little notion as to right and wrong himself; but, altogether, I think it would amuse you. I do not pledge myself that it will do to read aloud. I add this because I have so often got into scrapes by recommending a German or other book, when I have been asked to do so, and afterwards been told there were 'some extraordinary things' in that book! I am very apt to read without being aware of them; and it seems so ungrateful only to pick out the queer passages—much like dwelling only on the muddy bits you have had to pass during a mountain walk.

Fribourg, July 1858.—*To Baroness Bunsen.*—Poor dear E! how much I pity her for the death of her little dog. That suffering of sinless animals is terrible to see; and how many seem sent into the

world merely to suffer! Will you read the 8th chapter of Romans, from the 19th to the 23rd verse? A good scholar told me that the word we translate 'creation' is never used but to designate all created beings, though we in our pride have chosen to limit it to the human race. My faith is in those verses; and I think they go very deep—laying down the only ground one can rest upon. I should shrink from the presumption of defining St. Paul's meaning, but I can take it to my heart, and meditate upon it as consistent with the goodness of that God without whom no sparrow falls.

I am indignant at the report in Convocation about 'Essays and Reviews.' I can conceive nothing more disastrous to morality than drawing a distinction between what they call 'natural conscience' and the grace of God.

If conscience does not proceed from the grace of God, it must proceed from the grace of the devil!

The best definition of conscience I have found, was by an old Puritan Divine—'the pressure of God upon the spirit.'

How they can assert that the mature intellect of man, guided and limited by conscience, is not competent to judge of the truth of the Bible, I cannot imagine, and can conceive nothing more overwhelming to the sense of honest, inquiring laymen, than to be told that such is the opinion of the clergy. It goes far deeper than any question about a book, and will increase scepticism fearfully.

To J. M. S.—Heidelberg, August 1858.—Here we

are in our old home again! We passed ten days at Munich, where the sight-seeing took up the whole day. It was very pleasant, and I wished for you often there: and should have liked to see whether you felt towards the Boisseret Gallery (of the early German and Flemish painters) as I did when I first saw it. Till I first beheld them, I believed that I had no power of admiring pictures at all; none had ever touched me. Those who are more artistically-minded could not be as much moved by them as I was, to whom it was the revelation of a new sense. Having seen all the pictures before, this time we enjoyed them doubly, though months would not exhaust the interest that Munich offers.

Dropmore, October 4, 1858.—We have been here this last week, and have enjoyed the visit not a little, though the place itself is sad enough, in spite of its extreme beauty. All my childhood was passed here, my father having been Lord Grenville's favourite nephew. During his (Lord G——'s) life, from its vicinity to London and other causes, it was the resort of all that was clever and distinguished. Now, no tomb could be more monumental of those who are passed away than are these rooms to me. My old aunt lives here alone, and being eighty-six the scene must soon close entirely; yet she is still a wonderful woman, and the most glorious specimen of old age that one can imagine.[1] Usually there are weaknesses, and symptoms of deterioration mentally, from bodily

[1] Lady Grenville, born September 10, 1772; died June 13, 1864.

wear and tear; but here the mind is as clear and powerful as in its best years; and when one can get her upon the early scenes of her youth, it is most curious. It is like listening to a new page of history, to hear of the aspect of Paris *before* the French Revolution broke out, where she passed a season, and describes the fears that had seized the higher classes, as though it was of yesterday. She saw Marie Antoinette, with her eyes red from having cried so much for her son, &c., &c. It is not because of this memory that I use the expression *glorious*; but the temper of her mind is so beautiful. There is a placidity, and a child-like enjoyment of nature, that I never saw equalled. Her affections are strong; but all her pleasures seem to be derived from her flowers, trees, birds, and out-of-door pursuits. Any distance she will go to see a sick cottager; and do so, not like a Lady Bountiful, who is kind, but merely as a thing of course. This is not usual with women of the last generation, or rather of the one before.

To Baron Bunsen.—Pantyochin, November 17, 1858. Most heartily do I congratulate you, my dear friend, upon your return to Heidelberg free from the trammels of office! That you have confidence in those who are now at the head of affairs is indeed satisfactory. . . . How charming it would be to join you at Nice I need not say, seeing I have not the slightest hope of being able to do so; but when one cannot enjoy a pleasure one's-self, the next best thing is to know that one's friends are doing so, and therefore I trust to have frequent letters telling of your cloudless skies and sunny seas. . . .

Now I must tell you how exceedingly I admire the Introduction and Preface to the Bibel-werk! Do you know I long to have it translated into English and published by itself; it seems to me it would do great good: it would show what you contemplated in the work itself, and I should like that students of the Bible should see the point from which you approach it, and that they should become convinced that, instead of taking away from the authority of the Scriptures, your object is to strengthen it by removing the undergrowth which is sapping its foundation by keeping out light and air. Will you think over the possibility of having this done? Many clergymen have said to me, 'What are we to expect? I hear it is an attack upon all received texts; a dangerous book, &c. &c.?'. Unless they can judge for themselves, it is hopeless to try to persuade men who have taken up a preconceived notion that they are wrong. The principles you lay down for the elucidation and study of the Bible seem to me so absolutely the right ones, that I grudge their not being known in England as soon as possible. Forgive me for thus pressing you on the subject; but I see no reason for your resting under the imputation of disparaging the Revelation contained in the Bible, when you have written such passages as those contained in the Preface.

To J. M. S.—I send you a little pamphlet which I think will interest you—'*Les Adieux d'Adolphe Monod.*' I knew enough of Monod to love him for his earnestness; and the details of his last days are

very touching. Perhaps the discourses owe their principal interest to the framework in which they are set, but some of them seemed to me excellent, particularly the 14th. The later ones I have not yet read.

The portrait is exactly the man I remember.

Is there not something very cheering and pleasant in seeing what an influence that good man exercised over all that came near him? Medical students, pastors, strangers, all seem to have struggled to help and lighten his sufferings. It would not have been natural to an Englishman, perhaps, so to die, but it is not the less admirable.

We have been deep in penny *objets* at the German Fair all morning for Sidney's Christmas-tree—most wonderfully cheap productions, if one knew what to do with them, when one had them. And such a crowd! But being composed almost wholly of children, when I looked straight before me, it looked empty enough, and then I found a dense wedge across my knees. I never felt so like a giant before —I literally waded through children!

To the same.—January 1859.—That longing for death is, I fancy, almost universal at some period of a young girl's life; and though it seems to arise in each from a different cause, I do not know whether the same ground (a psychological one) is not at the bottom equally of all. To some, it comes in the shape of a conviction of the poorness and weariness of life; to others, in the impatience of finding limits everywhere, nothing to be known, nothing to be

understood—the same feeling that makes the child break his toy to see the wheels inside, and how it goes; to another in the yearning for the one good, one fair! But, whatever may appear to be the cause, it never, as far as I can hear, lasts very long; and all by degrees are brought to see what a glorious gift life is at last, even when you only see its glory in others, and have the strongest and the justest feeling of having yourself wasted and thrown that gift away.

If I understand aright what is meant 'by the joy of faith,' I cannot wish for it for those I love, further than as a gift which is very delightful, but very dangerous, as leading almost imperceptibly to the most refined selfishness, and absolutely good for nothing as a gauge of progress in spiritual life and holiness.

Green Street.—To ——.—I am happy to say that there is great probability of our being still in town when you come, so all the knotty points of your letter may be talked—instead of written—upon. It interested me exceedingly, but I am quite certain that if such is your view of the orthodox belief, the sooner you throw it utterly away the better. An entire denial of God is better than such a devilish notion of Him, and I could stake my life that you are right in being determined to have a *good* God or none at all! The rest He will give you! I believe as nearly as possible the very reverse of what you state as the orthodox notion—which is that of Milton and the 17th century, rather than of the Bible, I think. However, no one, it seems to me, can doubt that we are on the verge of a great religious crisis, and all our

beliefs will be thoroughly sifted, which will do us infinite good.

Martineau's speech is excellent, and there is hardly any part of it with which I do not agree. His views of the position of our Church, and of the way in which theology grows into a dogmatic teaching, and the advice to the missionaries are so true, that they are very startling. It is too large a topic to be contained in a letter, otherwise I should be inclined to tell you that I deny that Darwin's theory (even when pushed to its extremest consequences) could prevent my accepting the fact of some fall. You may clothe it or not in Scriptural language, but I cannot imagine any metaphysical mind, or indeed any other that has been accustomed to enquiry into its own motives and actions, which will not find itself forced to acknowledge the *thing* from whatever cause it may spring.

I was going to send you a book, which I think would interest you as it did me three years ago; but I had better keep it till you come, though then you will not have time to read any of it. The author is a remarkable man, whom I asked to call upon me in order to tell him how precisely he had expressed the thoughts and difficulties of many hearts.

Perhaps you have seen it? 'Thoughts on Truth and Error,' by J. Hamilton of St. Ernans.—Ever yours affectionately, C. WILLIAMS-WYNN.

February 1859.—Mill on 'Liberty' I have finished, and am much disappointed with the latter part. The moment he comes to consider 'Individuality as one of the elements of well-being,' he seems to me to become

superficial and merely vituperative. He literally asserts that our idea of improvement in morals chiefly consists in persuading or forcing other people to be as good as ourselves !

To Baroness Bunsen.—March 16, 1859.— . . . . Latterly I have been exceedingly annoyed by the publication of the Duke of Buckingham's 'Court of George IV.' The two volumes are made up almost entirely of letters from my father to his father—confidential letters—so mutilated (in order to keep back any revelation of the late Duke's conduct) that they give an entirely false impression of my father's character and motives of action. You will feel for us, and understand how keenly we feel it ; and purporting to be his own letters, of course, those who read will not imagine anything is kept back. One's first impulse was to publish the real facts, which would have been easily done from the drafts of all the letters he wrote, which my brother has, as well as all those which he received. It would have made a great scandal ; for, if it was to be done at all, I was determined everything should be published, and there are most interesting revelations about Canning and all the Tory Government that succeeded his ; but, on finding among them a letter containing the most positive assurance from the duke (in answer to my father's anxiety as to the secrecy of his correspondence) that he had taken every precaution to prevent any of his papers ever being published, we felt that *we* could not be a party to doing what was so contrary to both their wishes. My brother, therefore, sent that letter

to the *Times*, as the simplest explanation of the silence of all the family, and probably you will see it in the paper of yesterday.

The present duke, who would do anything for the 500*l.* which he gets for the volumes, does not edit them himself, but gave them over to Mrs. Maberly to do so; and as she, of course, knows nothing whatever of the times or the people mentioned in the letters, the mistakes are numerous, and the colouring given always a false one. The correspondence is dull enough, full of petty intrigues of the different parties, with the exception of the few that are permitted to appear ungarbled of my father's and of his uncle, Lord Grenville's, showing their devotion to the cause of Catholic emancipation, and my father's determination to accept office only in so far as it enabled him the better to forward that measure.

I have dwelt upon this at great length; but I know you will forgive me. Oh! if you were but in Carlton Gardens, what a relief it would have been to have come and taken the advice of you both! After all, as to the opinion of the world, if fifty-six years of public life is not enough to judge a man by, it is little likely now to be influenced by anything that can be said.

I have been carefully reading through Mansell's 'Limits of Religious Thought,' which is the most awful book I ever read; and terrible will be its results. Perhaps others may not be as keenly affected by it as I was, but as I read, I felt as though the author was tearing my faith from me by strips, that if I could not disprove his arguments, I was left an

atheist. This is not an exaggeration of the effect produced on me by a work written in behalf of Christianity; and then good people say, 'But he has destroyed Hegel, and Schleiermacher, and all the Germanising theologists, and all the Fathers.' Yes; and what else besides? The very foundations of Christian belief are tottering under his attack. I am happy, however, to hear that a large party in Oxford has taken a decided line against him.

April 17, 1859.—So we are to have the turmoil of a general election! Wholly apart from the principles of the present Government, I rejoice that they will struggle on; as, if, in the present state of the House of Commons, a ministry follows the old tradition of resigning whenever it is beaten, we must have a new Government at least each year—in short, whenever the opposition are tired of being out of office. My own impression is, that Whigs and Peelites are extinct as separate classes, and that the result of this election will be much amalgamation, or rather absorption, of their outside men by both parties, so as to lead much more to a definite radical and conservative party than has yet been seen. How I dread the ill-will that is raised by it all!

To Baroness Bunsen.—June 11, 1859.—Our friends tell us we are very crazy to think of going to Germany, 'and without a man, too;' and I vainly try to convince them that, with this desideratum, we should be far less safe. Two women and their maid may go anywhere; and if they came in the way of

contending armies, both parties would only seek to help them; while a man has always some unfortunate opinion which he thinks it right to utter just at the time he ought to hold his tongue. An old German doctor who used to attend my father came over the other day, and strongly recommended me to try the baths of Töplitz; and on my expressing a distaste for being under Austrian rule in case any 'drifting into war' took place here, he answered, 'The frontier is close by.' However, I did not fancy the notion of taking one's baths with one leg over the frontier all the time,—and so compounded for Wiesbaden, which I know is the sort of water to suit me.

To J. M. S.—Ehrenbreitstein, July 13, 1859.—It is impossible to imagine how entirely this calling out of the Landwehr has destroyed commerce, agriculture, and the comfort of the whole country. One hears only of workmen thrown out of work, from the head manufacturer being forced into uniform. I spoke with silk-weavers, who said they had turned upwards of a hundred men away, and carried off the key of their factory, both themselves and their upper-clerks being drawn, and when they returned, their business for a time would be irremediably destroyed. The rich merchants of Cologne obliged to put on the private's coat, and those in England equally obliged to return! We were exceedingly struck by the patience with which they bore it, all adding that if it were for a war for the Fatherland, they would not complain, but that in this case no one had the slightest interest. I hear that it is likely to have one

good result—an alteration in the constitution, so far as that when it is not a struggle to defend the country, such modifications will be brought in as to permit substitutes to be got; for at this moment they do not know how to get in the harvest. I am told this substitution is often a boon to the very poor, as they are better cared for than at home. Altogether the journey has been a more interesting one than usual. The *tables d'hôte* are crowded by men who can talk, and do so loudly, on the state of affairs; and I have heard much that is curious, particularly of the feeling at Vienna. A remarkably intelligent man, who had just returned thence, told me that the people were rather satisfied than otherwise at the defeat of their armies. They are so thoroughly discontented, that they hail any means likely to open the eyes of their Emperor to the misgovernment that goes on. They say this has done so; he is perfectly bewildered at finding complete indifference to him wherever he turns. His *entourage* permitted him to know nothing but what they chose, and now he has found his bitterest enemies in those he felt most sure of. He said, the religious oppression worried them far more than the other restraints upon their freedom, and they believe nothing less than this entire disorganisation of the whole kingdom would suffice to open the miserable young man's eyes. He passes his days in church in tears, and the Empress too. My informant told me it was a curious proof of this feeling to see the care and luxuries which they gave to the wounded Zouaves and the prisoners in the towns, while to their own wounded they paid no attention whatever, and

left them to the care of the authorities or not, as it might be. The enemy, they felt, was the surgeon who had been burning away what was poisoning their system. I own I hardly believe this: however, the *fact* was so in Vienna as to the difference in the reception of the prisoners, and the wounded from their own armies. All seem to suspect that this peace has some underhand conditions as to the Rhine. Napoleon would do anything to have Austria's share in Mayence delivered over to him, as it was to his uncle at the treaty of Campo Formio; and I hear this fear is not considered ungrounded. If so, there are no hopes of the Landwehr being disbanded; but they hope for a general furlough, holding themselves ready at twenty-four hours' notice. The towns are nothing but vast barracks. We were rather startled at going down to the *table d'hôte* in this hotel to find ourselves the only women at a table of soldiers reaching through two long rooms. You can imagine what the noise and heat was—all screaming at the top of their voices. When I reproached the waiter for not telling us what we were to expect, he assured me it was so different from soldiers of the line, whom he never would have thought of putting us with, but these rich merchants, and the general and his four aides-de-camp, were of the first society. I quite agreed, but excused myself from trying it again on account of my health. So we go to one of the little villages and dine in the garden.

To Mr. G. de Bunsen.—July 1859.— . . . I want much to know what you think of this wonderful

peace. As days draw on, it appears that all are equally startled and nervous about it. I hear from England—'It is the worst possible thing for this country—the Emperor triumphant and bosom friends with Austria: he is to attack the Rhenish provinces next, and England in 1863. Changarnier announced all these attacks in a letter six months ago, which has been seen by several people; and, as the first part has turned out correct, there is every fear the rest may be equally so.' My comfort is that the Emperor never does that which the world expects him to do. . .

We went over to see a friend at Ems, who is funnily anti-English and anti-Prussian. Very right, I daresay, as she has married a Nassauer; but I could hardly look grave when she told me that 'England would want help one of these days, but certainly would get none from the Nassau troops—her conduct and Prussia's has so disgusted them.' It would be such a capital subject for *Punch*: Burly John Bull going to war, and the few Nassau troops peeping through their barrack gratings and declaring that they would not come out.

September 22, 1859.—*To F. M. S.*—There has been nothing very pleasant to tell in our outing this year, though I have been very happy; but that comes with the lightness of the air, I believe; and I require very little else. *Why* I feel such a keen sense of enjoyment when I find myself on a wooden stool, with a wooden table before me and a tree behind me, and a cup of singularly bad coffee upon the table, is always a mystery to me; but so it is—and I think of

covering the leads in Green Street with a tarpaulin, and trying whether it will not do as well when I have imported my wooden furniture, and paid a man so much an hour to smoke a cigar behind me, which would be necessary to produce the right atmosphere.

The library at Bamberg is one I should be glad to pass my days in. I never saw such a library, and could hardly make up my mind to come out of it: the books all in such good condition; the MSS. so beautifully written, that ignoramuses like me could read them; some well illuminated—all the patient work of different monks. And one can hardly believe the sentence you find at the end of one of these enormous white-covered folios, 'This day I, poor brother, finished this book,' till one remembers, that probably he never left his cell; and I believe they were exempted even from attending the devotions of the cloister. Such curious volumes of commentaries upon commentaries! I should have liked to stay longer in that town; and the guardian of the library seemed to be quite ready to trust me without any looking after; he was evidently ignorant that he ought to watch his treasures closely.

To the same.—September 1859.—I have lately been told more of the Kaiserswerth system than I ever knew before; and with much that is excellent there is much that is otherwise—far more than I was aware of. It is as completely a spiritual despotism as was ever Romish convent. The ladies have to deliver a report of the state of their 'inner life,' as it is called; and to many this is so insupportable, that they make

a proviso before they enter that it shall not be required—those, that is to say, that know it. —— has at last obtained her father's permission to go there. To bystanders it seems almost impossible that she can be spared from her home, where she is the ministering spirit to all. But with the singular blindness with which it pleases God to visit some of his servants, she sees none of this, she cannot endure to lead longer what she calls a life of no use to any. For hours she will lament her utter uselessness in the world, while I feel that she is working far harder now than when as at Fliedner's all responsibility is removed from her, and that she is put under the most exact direction.

However, she must try it. I do not think she will bear the mental subjection, the absence of any spontaneousness in all she is to say or do. Here, being much struck by the inanity of the young girls (ladies), she has contrived to assemble them every Saturday, to read together Shakespeare, &c., &c., and by dint of making it as amusing as she can, she says they are beginning to take interest in something more than the coffee machine and the Sunday band. All this from her rank and position she can do, as no one else can; and I grudge its being all given up. But because this work is done in a drawing-room, that it is helped on by ices instead of by poultices, that she is dressed like a lady while she does it, instead of like a housemaid, she will not, cannot see that it is a duty she is performing, and one that she is peculiarly called to.

Of late, that passage in the Catechism has come upon me with a force it never had before, 'To do my

duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.' It expresses so strongly, and so entirely, the purport of existence, and relieves so many questionings and delusions, that I find it a sort of talisman. Many will say, You only remove the difficulty farther off by it; 'What is the state of life to which you are called?' That must be settled, certainly; but I apprehend little difficulty will be found in coming to a conclusion upon it, when one resolutely excludes one's own self-will for a time. Yet bodily and spiritual health have some analogy; both must be strengthened by exercise; and we all know how much more interesting it is to say, 'I shall take a walk and go to that distant point under the hill,' rather than to perambulate one's own garden, however fresh and airy it may be; and therefore, although there is perhaps more wilfulness, more excitement, and therefore more danger in the distant object, increased happiness may be the result.

To the same.—Thornes, February 15, 1860.—I like exceedingly Mr. Maurice's 'Sequel to What is Revelation.' I know not when I have read a book that seems to me so valuable for us all. I am particularly thankful for what he says of Butler, Magee, and German philosophy. The letter on Unitarianism (with the exception of the question of the Athanasian Creed, of which I never could make anything satisfactory), and indeed every one of the letters, have been, and will be, so useful to me, that I cannot go on specifying them. The whole volume is a model for a controversial one; the spirit of it so beautiful, so

Christian, that I often could not get on for the tears in my eyes. The first volume, satisfactory as it was to those who best could judge, I felt to be incomplete to me. The thing I wanted I did not find; *here* it is, entire. I can rest in it; and Mr. Mansell fades away into the distance. Others will rejoice as I do to find their most solemn convictions so upheld, and so justified.

Out of five novels that are come down here in Hookham's last box, four have young clergymen for the second hero of the books; and the first discusses theology and the craving of mankind for something better than dry husks, till it is wearisome, or at least by no means light reading.

Fryston Hall, January 22, 1860.—Little Amy has just been repeating some lines of Miss Procter's so clearly and well! There is something very characteristic of the age in finding a child assuring us that *work* is the only happiness for all; instead of hearing it mumbling out 'Let dogs and cats delight to fight, for 'tis their nature *to*,' &c., &c., which I should have said on a similar provocation. Then a Chartist orator came over from Bradford yesterday, and was charmed by this infant's glib delivery of twenty to thirty lines of violent denunciation of all who did not own the power of the working man. Whose they were I know not, but it made me rather unhappy. However, one may trust she may forget as quickly as she learns.

March, 1860.—I am amused at hearing that the Prince of Wales is publicly prayed for three times a week in Evangelical districts. A petition in the Litany

is introduced that 'H.R.H. may be preserved from the dangers of heresy, popery, and idolatry now that he is dwelling in their stronghold!'

To Mrs. Rio.—February 1860.—I am delighted to hear of you at home, and like to picture to myself your abode. The chapel in the court seems to me a great luxury, particularly as you have the good custom of keeping them always open. It must be a great freshening to be able to go there at any moment of the day and be safe from little notes, little visits, and the hundred other little things which in a small *ménage* prevent any possibility of solitude. On returning home just now I found a fresh relay of *épines du jour*, in the shape of some cards. I think it is a good name for them. I have now no pain to speak of, merely restlessness and want of sleep, and foreign air has such a powerful effect on me that until I have tried it I will not give up the hopes of being mended thereby.

To Baroness Bunsen.—Green Street, April 23, 1860.— . . . Now let me try to write of something more interesting than this long detail of matters that belong to the outward life. That is the worst part of letters 'few and far between,' that one has so much leeway to make up!

The 'Mill on the Floss' I have read, and do not think it at all worthy of the first novel. It is lengthy, and altogether leaves a disagreeable impression on one's mind. There is much beautiful writing scattered through it, and wonderful painting of character; but it decidedly wearied me, which was very likely my fault, and not the author's.

The Essays I am treasuring up until I go abroad, and need a book that will last above a day. I hear on all sides they are most remarkable. But what the *Spectator* calls 'open teaching' seems now to be the rule rather than the exception in the Church and out of it. It is impossible not to be aware of the bewildering change of late in this respect. There appears to be a general craving for the breaking down of the outworks which have so long been supposed necessary to the safety of the citadel. Only yesterday I heard that in a private meeting of High, Low, and Broad Church clergy of London the proposition that they should try for the repeal of the Act of Uniformity rather than for the revision of the Prayer Book, was carried by a large majority. It will be an enormous step gained if that Act is repealed. The Low Church party want the Prayer Book altered, which I do not believe they will ever carry. Yesterday's *Saturday Review* has a good article on sermons: very caustic, as usual, but concluding by saying that the average of sermons will never be raised to what it is in other countries until the congregation have the power of going away from them if they choose. 'Free Trade in Sermons' is its name. I wholly agree with them that the burden of sermon hearing has become an intolerable one to men—women still bear it, as they do so many other weights, patiently.

Darwin is intensely interesting, and very painful, just because one is at his mercy, ignorant as most of his readers must be on the subject. All that I feel I can appreciate of it is the admirable tone in which

he writes. His modesty as to his own researches, and his full appreciation of what others have done, his freedom from dogmatism, and his thorough earnestness, make it even to unlearned readers a most remarkable work.

As to the Humboldt correspondence I am very much grieved at it. Humboldt's character is fallen in the dust; but I own I was convinced before his death that he was not playing fair. Miss Assing sent it me, begging to know what the English journals said. Every one has spoken in extreme reprobation of the publication, so the answer would soon be given.

What has annoyed me most is the publication of Varnhagen's Diary, for that his niece knows the writer would have forbidden. Whatever might be his faults and merits, he was essentially most cautious, and she must have well known how particular he was in expunging every allusion to living people in his memoirs. Do you remember Lavater's words, '*Wer einen Brief einmal abgesendet der hat an die Welt geschrieben.*' It is becoming the literal truth. I have received back the correspondence of 22 years, and a dreamy work it is to look through it. How many hurried false judgments are there which time altered, and yet which, if given to the world, would be supposed to be one's deliberate opinion! I dare not burn them, which I long to do, but with this proof of her inclination to publish, I feel I ought to know what I did write.

I am bound to say that I do honestly believe that Humboldt really meant his letters to be published *at once*, just in order to annoy and worry the world. In his

lifetime I understood this, and he knew, as all others did, that that collection of Varnhagen's was to be published. It was to be given to the king or to some public library, I forget which, and I remember well the care my father took in sending him notes of Peel's and other public men of all opinions, to choose those that were perfectly harmless, so that there was no doubt as to the ultimate destination of the letters.

To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.—Wiesbaden, July 1860.—My solitude was a little broken by Lord Hatherton, who was exceedingly anxious to be civil, and do something pleasant. There was something touching in his regrets at having to go back to England directly; and I was much amused at his saying, 'Wiesbaden is my notion of Paradise,' when one remembers what a large space the gambling table occupies in it. The only real dissipation I have had, has been the play. The great actress of Germany, the only one they have now, has come to give six representations. All the people said, 'If you can see her, do; for she is quite by herself.' It was Faust, she the Gretchen, and I came away quite oppressed with what I had gone through, and had a bad night in consequence. She looks very lovely on the stage, has a silver voice, and is perfectly graceful; but it is the most intellectual acting I ever saw. You know Faust well enough to remember the scene in the church, where she goes to pray after her fall. Whenever I had seen it before —and usually, I believe—you heard the voices of the evil spirit reminding her of her lost happiness, of her guilt, and tempting her to despair, instead of which

this great actress caught what is evidently the intention of the author, and represented these suggestions as arising in her own mind, against her will. You see her kneeling before the altar with her prayer-book, struggling, by repeating earnestly the prayers, to keep her mind from wandering, and keep down these terrible thoughts. By degrees, you perceive that they are getting the mastery; and at last she almost writhes as she lets the book drop, and bursts out into the passionate regret for what is past; then clutches the prayer-book again, and again begins to mutter the prayers, evidently only with her lips, while she hardly knows what she is saying, but is rather listening to the prompting of the fiend within her. Anything so awful, and so true, I cannot imagine; and it was very painful, though one could not help glorying in the power of the actress. She is a Mademoiselle Niemann-Seebach, from Hanover, still young, and I should think with a great career before her. Faust ought not, I think, to be brought on the stage; it is too monotonously painful; and when, as the other evening, you have a vulgar conventional Mephistopheles, who merely gives you Retsch's attitudes, and curls up his mouth, it is odious. I went again to see her in a comedy; and in its way it was equally good. I never before saw an actress turn her back quite naturally to the audience, and speak so; her voice is clear enough to be heard; and it gives a reality that nothing else does.

To J. M. S.—Weymouth, September 12, 1860.—My dearest, I want just to tell you that at last we are

all arrived here, and are all together again. I came a week ago, but my sisters only followed yesterday. We must hope that both our invalids will gain strength from these fresh sea breezes, which however I can hardly help fearing must be too keen for Sidney. This place is delicious, with the glittering sea tumbling in fifty yards from our window. It is such a relief to me to have no cliffs to go up and down before one reaches the sands. Here I sit on the beach all the mornings, as one used to do in childish days; since then, I really do not think I have ever had the opportunity of doing it. Altogether, I am charmed with Weymouth, and only trust that we may find it answers to Sidney, and to be able to stay on, and I mean to be out all day, and try and learn to sleep at nights. It is no little pleasure to be again with Harriot, for since last May I have never passed more than a week with her at a time.

Just now I was in a confectioner's shop, when a very well-dressed child of about 14 came in, and after buying a bun, turned to me, 'May I offer you one of our little books? We distribute them during our walk, and I hope you'll read it.' 'I am very much obliged to you; I certainly shall, for I read everything I can catch,' was my answer. A little pink penny tract was given me. 'Have you got it?' The *it* was not a flea, but of course a doctrine. Nothing could be better, for it was a bit of the Catechism well diluted, but it amused me; there was something so cool in the little thing's assurance! Besides my tract, I have been reading Mr. Drummond's speeches, collected by his son-in-law, Lord Lovaine, which have

interested me exceedingly. They are uncommonly witty, and in spite of his fanaticism upon Christian authority, &c., very good.

To the same.—Green Street, Friday night, December 1, 1860.—My dearest child,—Perhaps I ought not to write to you, but it would be unbearable to me to feel that you are suffering such crushing sorrow and not at least tell you I am suffering with you. God knows this is little enough, but it is all that is permitted to us. We can but suffer *with* those we love the best; we may not suffer instead. . . .

It is a comfort to think of you all together, trying to bear up for each other, and so doing as she would have had you do. In the midst of your bitter anguish, you will even now be glad that she is spared what you are all suffering, that you bear it and not her; and in future years, amid the cares and sorrows that must come, often will you feel thankful that she is garnered up not to be touched by it all. And of all those I ever knew, she was least fitted to go through the weariness and dirtiness of earth, and she has been mercifully taken before she had been depressed by too long contact with it. There was a constant aspiring, a spiritual longing, of which that last picture tells most forcibly, and which makes it so awfully touching. I was looking at it last night, and making this remark to Harriot, little thinking that at that very time she had *attained it all.* It is too soon, dearest, to ask how you are yourself, only do not exert, and above all, *trust God* for your feelings, and be very sure that whatever they be, He sends them, and takes care they are the very best for you.

One is so apt to be discontented with one's self, to try to produce active feelings of resignation, or of conscious devotion, but there are moments when all one can do is to *live on;* no exertion is possible or necessary.

Oh! if we could but realise, in moments of danger and distress, those loving words, 'It is I; be not afraid,' what quiet we should have.

May God keep and comfort you.—Ever your truly loving friend, C. W. W.

To Rev. F. D. Maurice.—43 *Green Street, Christmas* 1860.—My dear Friend,—I hope you will (in time) publish this sermon on the collect for the fourth Sunday in Advent, for the sake of others to whom it may be the relief it has been to me. I felt so very strongly the necessity of believing that the satisfaction of the Son of Man was indeed a satisfaction to us as well as to God. It seemed to me so impossible to pray the Advent collect unless in that sense, that I asked you to tell us what you thought those words meant, though doubting greatly whether anyone had ever felt the difficulty but myself (none to whom I have spoken seemed to have done so). You will understand, therefore, the comfort it was to hear that whole sermon, to hear that 'He who is the satisfaction of those who are conscious of sin and wickedness, is at the same time the satisfaction of Him who hates all sin and wickedness.' It must be so. He must be the universal satisfier—so alone can our cravings be stilled, and that wearying restlessness quieted! I hope to talk to you a bit about this and other matters some

day, when you are more happy about your dear invalid, and I can speak without coughing.—Ever your grateful and affectionate C. W. W.

To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.—Dover, June 1861.—Before I begin on any of our little petty interests, one cannot help dwelling on the woeful news from Italy.[1] I have only just seen it; and it really overwhelms one! One must hope that his mission *was* completed, and that his work will not fall to pieces now; but this requires some faith! I should imagine no statesman had ever held such a position—except, perhaps, Cardinal Richelieu?—and then the joy of the Ultramontanes will be so great and repulsive; yet hardly so disgusting as to read of thousands of *souls* going to stare at a mountebank making an omelette on a rope, while the whole state of Europe may be changed by this man's death.

However, there is nothing so voracious as the real sight-loving disposition; if half London were to be swallowed up by an earthquake, the other half would dine early in order to get good places to see it!

To the same.—Dijon, July 1861.—I must tell you that the knapsack for Gyp answers completely; he lies in it quite contentedly. I have a large, black silk cloak over all, and he will remain *perdu* all day quite happy. I hope to train him by degrees to sleep through church in the same way; but must try first by taking him to mass, lest he should howl at the

[1] Death of Cavour.

hymns. He will not be left alone without howling; and at hotels it is impossible to leave him downstairs; so, if I could carry him with me, without shocking people, it would be a great object.

To J. M. S.—Lausanne, July 1861.—My dearest child,—It feels to me long since I have written, and since I received yours, which was pleasant to my very heart! Each day of the fortnight since I have had it I have wanted to answer, but could not contrive a quiet moment, and now I shall begin by instalments, thus. I think one's *local* and the weather have much influence on one's letters, so you must imagine me sitting in a narrow strip of a room, of which the shutters are shut in order to exclude as much as possible of the glaring sun; my bed is in one corner, and in the other just room enough for a table. A sitting room is much too grand a luxury to indulge in, as you pay not only for it, but also for the food of the two people who would naturally occupy it if it was used as a bedroom—which seems to me a very ludicrous arrangement; but both here and at Heidelberg I remember it was the fashion. We left Geneva with much regret; the walks are so beautiful and varied that one could find a new one every day. You know I have rather a gift for hitting out a pretty path, and the wandering round the villas which surround the town was very delightful, only that one longed to go into the parks that looked so tempting. The tone of the Genevans themselves interested me more than I expected, and we were sorry we had no letters to any of them, for I should have liked to see something of

the more educated classes. Underlying the French manners and jewellery, brought out by the crowds of strangers who pass through, there is a curious puritanical element, a sort of primness that might have belonged to a settlement of Pilgrim Fathers, which is very quaint when they enter upon any question of morality. Profuse quotations from Scripture everywhere in their houses; I went into a dining-room, and saw a portrait of the owner with half a page from the Revelations in gold letters under it. Then a man civilly took us to his tower to see a view; the walls were entirely panelled with texts up to the top. At the cathedral, the verger threw himself so heartily into the relative merits of Calvin and some of the Swiss reformers, that we could not get away. But all those with whom I came into contact (the class of booksellers) gave me the impression of feeling they had something to preserve, that there was something in which they all had a common interest. But poor Geneva seems to be in no little fear of being annexed to France forthwith. I was startled by reading in one of the local papers of a speech made by the Geneva deputies, at a national shooting match, that though they 'might not much longer be under the Federal banner, their hearts would be with it in all cases.'

The crowds at the hotel were great, principally of tall English boys, all going about with *alpen Stocks*, in an excited state, trying to find some one to whom they could confide where they had been, or were going. 'Oh! you could go there perfectly,' was the general conclusion, and very infectious it was to find every one going up some hill! Then there were

many husbands and wives, who had finished their month's outing, were just going home, and were very anxious to give one the pleasure they had had themselves, and to persuade one to do the same. We were in consequence very nearly engaged in a guide and two horses for a month. It sounded so delicious, and our unknown friends gave us the direction of the man they had, and assured us we should enjoy it (of which there was no doubt), but on reflection we felt that to have a guide and horses, pledging one to do something every day for a month, would probably put an end to both of us before the time was up. It is amusing to hear the different accounts of the families just returned from Chamounix, &c., the men telling one 'it has been no fatigue at all—quite easy work,' and their women smiling assent till you get them alone, and then they own they 'thought they should die of it! could not get off their mules after a ten hours' ride, cramps, colds, &c.'; in short, one sees the fatigue to them has been far beyond the pleasure, till they think it over afterwards, and then they are pleased at having performed it. Saturday we went to Chillon, and I was woefully disappointed. When I remembered my youthful dreams connected with this place, it seemed to me really a gigantic humbug. The delight in Lord Byron was over before your time, but I can now call to mind the hour and the place when the 'Prisoner of Chillon' was read by my mother to us, and the day and night dreams that followed it, so that I felt injured when I saw the reality! Now I have given you a dose of our travels much in the same way M. de Chaillu might, but I

own we have not yet seen Gorillas — that is to come!

. . . . . .

You know, dearest, how intensely and closely I have felt all your trials, and honour your bravery in fighting through them. Stick to that Rock you have now got upon! I am convinced that one ought to string together one's moments of faith, of certain belief, to have recourse to when days of wavering and impossibility of finding certainty come on, as come they will; then it is no time for parley, or for examination. I find I must treat myself as a child who has a bad headache, and settle not to think about it, but be patient, and hope one shall be better soon, and so one is! Now, good-bye!—it is all very well, and infinitely refreshing, to look upon glorious Alps and purple sunsets, but I would far rather at this very moment be close to you, listening to all you would tell me, and discussing difficulties and struggles together.—Ever, dearest, yours very affectionately,

C. W. W.

To the same.—Hotel des Diablerets, begun August 7, 1861.—My dearest Julia,—I flatter myself you will be rather startled at my somewhat infernal date! We have taken a prodigious spring *upwards*, not *downwards*, since I last wrote, so I must tell you how it came about. Lausanne was charming, but Harriot did not get better, so we thought we would try the most bracing air we could find. Accordingly, with much regret, we left Lausanne, passed two nights at that hottest of places, Vevay, and then set off along

the valley of the Rhone, meaning to turn to the left and go up to a small Pension Chalet in the mountains, where the Swiss go to drink whey. We got a carriage at Aigle, and wound up for two hours along a mountain road. When we had got as high as we thought possible, we came to a small town, where they said we must take horses and ride for an hour longer, with our bags behind us. This we were neither of us much inclined to do, and they strongly recommended our coming here instead, which, though much higher, could be reached by a car in two hours; as height was our object, we agreed, and were jolted along a stony path to this place. It is a large wooden house, standing in a small green plain just at the foot of the Diablerets—a snowy mountain, and one of the ridge of Swiss Alps. I never was in so charming a place for a large family party to come to for two or three weeks. It is surrounded by the finest passes, and in half an hour you are in the midst of the most rugged scenery. Mules abound, and you see all the inhabitants streaming out in different directions of a morning, with their alpen-stocks, butterfly-nets, or botany-boxes. But everything has a drawback, and to me that of this beauteous spot is the society. Instead of being an Hotel it is a Pension, the first we were ever in, and, I must say, it is intolerable. You are supposed to constitute one 'happy family,' and most of us are as antagonistic as cat and dog, so one ought to be caught young to be trained to live together. Your place is fixed, and you never change it during your stay. You are popped down in the middle of people knowing each other well, and unless

one means to be cross one must be intimate, while you have no notion of the sort of English you meet in these places. Many of them add the flippancy of foreign manners to their natural vulgarity, and the result is not a happy one. We are fifty at dinner, including thirteen or fourteen children.

The country is delicious, but I do not think we can bear our meals much longer. I have lived so much abroad, that I really do not think I am particular, and I like seeing new people, so that I am sure this society must be different to most to produce such a weariness to both of us. Among others, Lord and Lady —— are here, with heaps of children. On Sunday morning, I found sitting in the porch a man so ecclesiastically got up that he looked like the 'Sign of the English Church.' How he could contrive to carry such beautifully stiffened bands in his carpet-bag I cannot guess! I ventured to enquire whether there was any chance of service; he was very gracious, said there would be service at eleven: 'Lord —— has been used to conduct the service, but I shall take the prayers'—which I thought he might as well do. On entering the room we found Lord —— and him standing side by side, the latter 'conducting' by reading thirteen or fourteen verses of a hymn upon the Christian religion in general, and all were to sing it afterwards, but the result was rather forlorn, as no two seemed to agree as to the time. However, the prayers were read without any vagaries, and then the clergyman said: 'The Earl of —— has been accustomed to read a discourse, and I beg I may be no interruption to it;' upon which he sat himself down,

and we had to listen to a rambling unconnected (of course Dissenting) sermon. You can imagine what this was, hammered out by a very bad reader; and one felt it was hard, with a clergyman sitting by, to have (as I heard a maid describe a similar case) 'Religion expounded by a Peer of the Realm.' You must not think me very ill-natured in this description, but it was altogether painfully absurd.

Among the people here are some Americans, who are interesting to me, from having been with Mrs. Browning to the last at Florence. They tell me Cavour's death really killed her—that she was weakly before, but the shock was so great that for a fortnight after she never left her bed. She was not even acquainted with him, but had the most entire faith in his wisdom, and looked upon his death as the destruction of the new Italy![1] I am told that among her papers were beautiful letters upon Italy to the different

[1] The following extract from a note of Mr. Browning's, is, with his kind permission, inserted here, to correct and supplement the above account:—'The news of the death of Cavour was announced abruptly and foolishly by a perfect stranger,—who called at the house in my absence, immediately on our arrival from Rome,—to a servant, as "a matter that might interest Mrs. Browning"—who had hardly reached her room after a fatiguing journey and in a state of exhaustion: and this communicated at once with Italian passion and its accompaniments of cry and gesture, had undoubtedly much such an effect as is attributed to it by your sister's informants. But the death of Cavour was never apprehended by my wife as "the destruction of the new Italy"—simply as the "great calamity" which her own words declare: on the contrary, she was made happy by the assurance of a friend that Ricasoli had said —to himself, I think—"my object is precisely the same as Cavour's; we have only differed a little as to certain not very important points of policy in the attaining it." "As I knew,—as I knew!" she replied joyously.'

statesmen, showing how closely her whole heart and mind were entwined in the country. Her last note had these words: 'I am broken and bruised in the presence of this great calamity, and keep my bed though the whole of Florence is rejoicing at the all but official recognition of the kingdom of Italy. But there is a crape around the flag. May God save Italy without His angels.' Such a singular expression, as applied to Cavour.

Yesterday evening I went to a 'Réunion pour l'édification,' in one of the huts near. The pasteurs take it by turns to come and read and preach in the cottages, and very pleasant and (to use a somewhat cant word) refreshing it was. There was great simplicity and earnestness, and the prayers were excellent, touching upon all local circumstances—the fine weather, the enjoyment and health many of us were deriving from the dwelling among the mountains for a short time, the warning that we must return to the valleys, strengthened and ready to work—in short, just what an extempore prayer ought to be. I made acquaintance with the minister, and promise myself to scramble to his chapel on Sunday. One of the poor women was speaking to me of this man's goodness to them—going from one chalet to another, scattered far distant among the hills, to pray with them and console them; and she used a pretty phrase, 'Il a tant de charité pour les âmes.'

Friday.—After what I said in my second page, you will be amused to hear there is not now one of the people in the hotel with whom I am not well

acquainted. How it came about I don't know, but, as usual, they are better than I chose to fancy, and I am glad I was not *gruff* to them. They have all their little miseries and heartburnings, principally because these people won't associate with them, and certainly are rather offensively exclusive. To-day I took a very long walk, musing upon many things; one was the unconscious influence which each exercises over his neighbour. It is one of the many mercies for which one has clearly cause to be thankful. It cuts so completely to the root of all feelings of disheartenment. 'If I am to go here, to do this, to live so, I can be of no use to any one; *they* are going their own way, and they don't need *me*.' And yet the influence must not be sought, or a competing element gets into it. If these people, who, I hear, have entirely given up their own country and live abroad, would but feel they have duties besides those they owe to their children, they might be of such use—for I have no doubt, though narrow, their religion is sincere; instead of which, they are a constant source of irritation, living entirely in public, and showing that they do not choose to associate with anyone.

To return to my walk: the beauty of all around was intense, and yet it did not oppress me as Tyrol scenes did. I sat pondering over the tremendous mystery that lies beneath what we call Nature. One felt so overwhelmingly how completely one was in the dark in the presence of these mountains, which we choose to call *dead matter*, because they carry out the laws under which they exist. The revelation

seemed close to me, and yet the veil was there, and was worn out.

. . . . . .

I am just returned from a delightful service in the chapel of the Eglise Libre, at the village. The sermon was excellent, and the men certainly have a great gift of prayer. It was different from any of the Reformed services I had been at. Silent meditation and devotion formed part of it, which I much wish we were more in the habit of borrowing from your 'Friends.' The prayer for the sick person in the valley had an individuality about it that showed they were varied according to the circumstances of the case. Supplications, not only that she might bear her sufferings patiently, as she tried to do, but that her nurses might be strengthened to be patient with her, and inspired to utter a word of comfort to the suffering one. Altogether it was very much one's *ideal* of Congregational worship.

To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.—Hotel des Diablerets, July 12, 1861.—There are arrived fresh people, a nice-ish Mr. and Mrs. W——. I must tell you the cause of our first acquaintance. I had spoken to him at dinner a word or two only. One evening there was what they call a 'réunion d'édification,' in a chalet near. The pasteur comes, and reads and prays in different parts of the valley three or four times in the week, so I went, and very pleasant it was—remarkably good. At nine we came out: all the peasants trotted away, and when I got out I found it was pitch dark, down a stony path to the hotel

However, I set about it, when I heard a voice: 'Miss Wynn!' 'Yes,' said I. 'I have been taking my wife home, and it struck me, as you were alone, I might be of use; and perhaps you will take my arm down this path?' It was this Mr. W——; and was not it unusually Christian? They are both decidedly nice—Dissenters, but very devout; and we did very well, and I jolted her very teeth out by taking her in my car to church to-day.

Green Street, December 30, 1861.—*To Baroness Bunsen.*—I must thank you for a German criticism on Varnhagen's 'Diary.' Although I agree with the reviewer, that in many respects the work is a valuable one, I must own to me the volumes are very painful, showing the mind of the editor far more than of the author. It is a curious proof how little one can make out the character of a man from partial extracts, even of his own writings. I can hardly recognise the friend I knew so well, in the sneering, malignant Berlin Voltaire-ianism which Miss Assing has chosen to extract. She leaves out all the matter (of which there is much) that would make against the character she wishes her uncle to bear—that of the violent Democrat!

To the same.—January 3, 1862.—From many considerations, I think I had better postpone my visit to you till the week after next, when I trust all will look brighter, and I shall be able to enjoy to the utmost the happiness of finding myself within 'talking distance' of you again. How I long for it you can

hardly imagine, my dear friend! When I think over, as I often do, that bit of my life which contains my communion with you all, how it was first brought about, how it was kept up, how much lasting influence it has had, it seems to me indeed one of the many mercies for which one is so little duly thankful during the time they are vouchsafed to one; and yet I did feel, even at the time, the privilege of those summer mornings in the study at beautiful Heidelberg, but little thought that they would never come again, and that I must live upon their remembrance for the future.

You will like to hear the report Sir Henry Holland made me yesterday of the Queen, whom he saw on Monday. He says that she is precisely in the state that you would wish anyone dear to you to be under similar circumstances. Speaking much of her husband, at time overpowered by a burst of grief, and then becoming calm, but quite without effort; and the King of the Belgians told him that he was perfectly astonished at the natural state the Queen was in: 'I find her now as she was as a child, her own self entirely without excitement, making no violent exertion under deep grief, but giving way to it, and always looking beyond it.' . . .

It is no exaggeration to say that if I could spread this cheering report through the streets it would give to hundreds of poor people and small shopkeepers as much heartfelt joy as though it related to the child of each. I never saw anything like the individual feeling for her. They none of them knew that they cared for the Queen until this great sorrow came upon her, and then they find what love they bore her.

To J. M. S.—Green Street, Easter, 1862.—My pleasant news is that I have got Harriot back again, since yesterday, which makes me really feel it is spring-time. Now, I must tell you that among the many things for which I gave thanks last week—its quiet, its time for thought, its freedom from worry, the free access to so many helpful books—Mr. Hutton's tract occupied a place. You would, perhaps, think my language exaggerated were I to tell you the impression it made on me. It happened (??) to be the right book at the right time for me; but I cannot imagine any one's reading it without being greatly struck. The truth he has reached has been evidently through a struggle as for very life. He says much which I have never found so well said before. That he has not come yet to full insight does not trouble me in the least. The foundation he has got upon is stronger than iron; and, if I may use the expression, it is so mathematically correct that one can build up upon it without cutting away or having to chip away anything. I wonder whether you can understand me. I have had, too, a book of Sir H. Holland's, on rather toughish subjects, too scientific in many parts for me, but written admirably. The caution, humility, and impartiality with which it discusses each new step in science reminds me of Darwin's book; and I cannot give it higher praise. Of course the views of the two are perfectly different.

To the same.—1862.—I cannot see why people are to pity Mr. Stanley. I think his is quite as much of a mission, as any to evangelise the heathen. Of

course, it is an easier and pleasanter life to live at Oxford, and enjoy his own pursuits; but feeling as he does, that his vocation lies with young men, that he can sympathise more than others can with them, it seems to me quite a call from God, to try whether he may not have some influence over the boy on whom his country's future so much depends. All this I told him, feeling it very strongly; and I think he rather liked it, in the midst of people's assurance that he would be bored with this and that etiquette. 'Of course you will be bored; but what does it signify if you pass three or four uncomfortable months or not, with such an object in view?'

He saw a great deal of Princess Hohenlohe (the Queen's half-sister), whom he describes as charming. She told him that the Prince was not only certain that he should die early, but that he wished to do so. And this wish arose principally from the very high ideal he had always before him, and his feelings of his own shortcomings, and of the difficulties that surrounded him. He would say, 'Though I am quite happy here, I look forward to the time when God will call me, where I can serve Him better, and without the limitations that encompass me here.' He believed that he was going to more earnest and more devoted work than he could carry on whilst in the body. He was always trying to prepare the Queen for his going first. The Princess says the Queen went out every morning to look at the cows, and go round the farm, because he had been used to do so; that her only comfort was the conviction that his spirit was close to her, which he had also assured

her would be the case. Lady Augusta Bruce writes out whatever strikes her as being likely to soothe the Queen's grief; and sometimes the least expected bits have the most effect.

To Baroness Bunsen.—March 14, 1862.—Mrs. Stanley's death was a shock to me, for, although I knew her little, she had been kind to us; and I feel so deeply for her poor son. The day before I left town he said to me, 'The only serious drawback to my journey is the having to leave my mother. She may be ill!' His is so tender a nature that he will not offer the resistance to sorrow that a man usually does, but will be quite bowed down by it. I trust, however, that he will have the comfort of feeling that he left her at the distinct call of duty, for it seems to me that the chance of influencing that boy's mind towards what is true and right, the possibility of putting in a word that might bring forth good fruit hereafter, was as much a mission from God as any that ever went forth. She was soothed and pleased by kind and feeling messages from the Queen.

If you should ever wish for a book of good sermons, read Montague Butler's Harrow ones, preached in the school-chapel. For boys they are the very best I ever read, and excellent for all. The tone of Christian teaching is so high and so manly a one, that it appeals to the best nature of the boy; and I felt quite thankful to think that any part of the future generation was likely to be brought under such influence.

43 *Green Street, June 7*, 1862.—My very dear Madame de Bunsen,—For the last three weeks I have been living in such a whirl that I have vainly tried to sit down in peace, and tell you how grateful I felt for your dear letter, which I neither expected nor deserved. Though I do hear *about* you from Abbey Lodge, it is a great relief to have a few words from your own self, and words which no one else could have written! Of all the gifts that God bestows, one of the most precious is the power of seeing the bright side and making the best of everything. It is more than resignation, and is in some degree constitutional. At least those from whom it is withheld must comfort themselves with thinking so! I like to imagine you in this lovely weather sitting under the high trees you mention, watching the sunlight falling under and across them. What would I not give to be by your side, instead of which we are on the verge of a general packing up of our goods for the Pantechnicon, and this when every relation I have in the world has come to town, and wonders (naturally enough!) that I have anything to do but to receive and go about with them!

For the last fortnight we have had the pleasure of a visit from Sidney Doyle, who came up to look for a temporary abode near London. She has found none as yet, but we have had the comfort of seeing how much strength she has left after her life of sickness, for it is little else during six months of the year. She leaves us to-morrow, and I am happier about her than I expected to be.

Those who are not at the Exhibition pass their days at the Guildhall, listening to the endless papers

read by the members of the Social Science Association. I have been there once or twice, and had I a little more strength should greatly enjoy it, for the subjects treated are deeply interesting to me. Yesterday the Section I attended gave itself up wholly to the discussion of the most effectual means of raising and helping the working classes without degrading them. It was very pleasant to see how the clergy of the different manufacturing towns came out, evidently showing that their whole energies were engaged in the work, and there was an unconventional language and manner that told one they felt they had got at the hearts of their people.

The co-operative societies seem to be doing wonders, and a Professor Huber, from Prussian-Saxony (he called it), confirmed the good results in Germany that had taken place from the same movement. Education, workhouses, and the employment and emigration of women are to be discussed next week. But imagine six different Departments meeting every day for eight days in the City, from 11 to 4, and in the evenings at Burlington House, from 8 till 10! No head, social or savage, could stand such an amount of learning.

To the same.—Carlsbad, August 25, 1862.— . . . . . As to my own health, about which I know your affectionate interest, I got better as soon as I reached Ostend, and felt that all visits, all note-writing, and all social duties, had ceased for me for awhile. I never before felt so strongly the longing for solitude. I had been wound up for many weeks,

and it seemed to me that if I were not allowed to remain *down* the whole spring would snap. Why I was so worn out I know not; but there had been constant care about some one (not as much as anxiety, thank God). The leaving Green Street was a pang; we had been happy there for six years. Then came the terrible accident that killed my cousin, Colonel Williams-Wynn, and in consequence my brother's election. It was a hotly contested one, and I had no hope that he would gain it, so that a majority of nearly three hundred was the more astonishing. Our happiness at it was extreme, for it had long been one of my most earnest wishes that he should get into Parliament. He has now been returned for the County which his father represented for fifty-six years, and I know he will devote himself heartily to the work. This was the last event of our London life. We lived on telegrams for a week, and then we set off as soon as the matter was decided. Our old doctor at Coblenz recommended us both strongly to take these waters, which he thought likely to do me permanent good. The place is beautiful; I am astonished to find my power of walking so much increased. The country is lovely, and one is tempted to wander on for hours in the forest. We lead the quietest life that two people ever did, and enjoy the perfect repose not a little. The only forlorn moment of the day is when I go out at six o'clock to drink. You walk in single file through a long narrow street up to the spring. All as they arrive take their place at the end of the procession, and you move on at a foot's pace exactly like mutes at a funeral,

one by one, in silence; sometimes there are eighty people before you. At last I get to the longed for haven, have my glass filled, and am free to walk where I please till another quarter of an hour forces me to go through the same discipline. The society is made up of Poles and Russians. On my first arrival every second person was in mourning, and I thought an epidemic must have ravaged the land, till I was told that all the Poles wore black for their country; that it was a point of honour not to appear in anything else. The men have crape on their hats, and the pretty women are clad in fanciful black. There is something touching in it, and yet something weakly, in which one can hardly sympathise. One cannot imagine an Englishman putting on mourning for the woes and oppression of his country, and then consoling himself with twopenny whist and three glasses of hot water at Homburg!

To the same.— Wenlock Abbey, October 27, 1862.— I am staying in this most quaint and curious old place with the Gaskells. If the weather were warmer my *séjour* would be delightful, but we are literally living in the ruins—in the rooms of the abbot, with the ambulatory for the monks opening out of them, and there are all sorts of queer holes in the stone walls to enable him to see or hear what they were about. The heavy, massive doors, the stone floors, and windows, and shutters, are all the old ones, and there is a draught about two inches high that enters under each door. The cold is beyond what I ever felt, but the building is so full of interest that one bears it. No one but

Mary would ever have thought of living here, but she delights in getting away from all the comforts of Yorkshire to this ruin. Ghosts abound, none of the maids will walk in the monks' passages singly after dusk, and we have a story every morning of some fearful noise heard in the night. There are only a few rooms made habitable as yet, but any amount of money might be well spent on it.

To the Rev. F. D. Maurice.—Many thanks for your visit; I shall not easily forget it, nor the assurance that you are prepared, through good report and evil report, to hold to that state of life to which you have been called. It was an unspeakable relief to me, for more look to you for help than you can be aware of. Now do not think of writing one line in answer to this—I know you must like to hear that you spoke words of healing to that smitten heart, and it is a satisfaction to me, every now and then, to find an excuse for writing. I do not inflict much of it upon you, for I do not think it right with all your work, but I own sometimes I do long for half an hour's talk with you beyond what I can express; however, I generally know what you *would* say, by remembering what you *have* said. As —— says, you little know how you have helped me, and cleared away difficulties that seemed impassable! I know that at times you must be weary and cast down, and see no light. Oh then, comfort yourself and take courage and be thankful, as you think of the numbers who are literally going on their way rejoicing in consequence of your words, of your teaching, and your example.

My best love to Georgiana and believe me, always your grateful and attached. C. W. WYNN.

To J. M. S.—Folkestone, January 7, 1863.—We find such a gale of wind as prevented yesterday any boats from coming in, and it is with extreme difficulty they can get over to Boulogne; so we must wait and watch the weather. The hotel is full of people, delayed like ourselves; and the waiter, on proposing to us to dine at the *table d'hôte*, added, 'Thirteen sitting-rooms will dine also.' However, the fourteenth sitting-room preferred a bad dinner in peace.

Please get Stanley's 'Bible, in its Form and Spirit;' for the two sermons I have read strike me as most excellent.

To the same.—Toulon, January 24, 1863.—Our night journey to Avignon answered very well; and though sleep there was none, the hours passed quickly, and daylight brought pink over the Avignon hills, giving a lovely view. We hoped to get on to Marseilles next day, instead of which we were detained a whole week by a sad circumstance. A poor lady was travelling to Cannes with her husband for his health. He arrived very ill; the landlady told me she was quite alone; so of course I went to her. He got rapidly worse, and died in that very night; and there was the poor wife utterly alone, without servant or money, for his remittances had missed on the road. She was quite a spoiled child, and could do nothing for herself; so that I had to order every arrangement of funeral, &c. (which in France, you know, must take

place twenty-four hours after death), for I felt they would give her an enormous bill if left to themselves. There were telegrams to her relations to be sent. He was a colonel, just returned from India, and had been on the wreck of the *Colombo*, where he underwent great hardships; and had rushed off from Southampton, with the insane belief, that so many English have, that a Southern climate will cure incurable disease. Fortunately there was no suffering whatever; and the poor wife could not believe he was really gone. You can hardly imagine what the discomforts and confusion of a great hotel under such circumstances were. However, one got through it, as one gets through everything; but there was something so singular in having a person whom I had never heard of eight hours before, in my room, entirely depending upon me. Her brother-in-law arrived at last; and we came away on the 19th. Then we went to Arles, which is a wonderful town with small, narrow, miserable streets broken here and there by magnificent Roman remains more perfect than I have seen elsewhere; and wherever they dig, they find these beautiful friezes, urns, and bits of columns, just under the soil. We drove to see some old churches and early Christian tombs in the rocks, and there was a low tree growing up and down among them, with a yellow flower which struck me as being an uncommon one; and, on asking, the guide told me that when the Saracens were encamped here they fed their horses on the beans they had brought with them. Charles Martel fought them, conquered and built one of these chapels we had seen, but the beans had taken root, and this is the only spot o

which this African plant is to be found. Curious! The man's French-Latin name I could not make out. There, for the first time, we felt a Southern sun, making the open air far warmer than the house; and also Southern cookery, which is not so agreeable. The dinners do well enough, but the breakfasts are hopeless. The bread is made with oil instead of milk, and we tried to fancy we did not taste it. Then we thought, as oil-cake fattened cattle, it would at least have that beneficial effect on us, but we were obliged to give it up. Here, at Toulon, we shall stay some days, as I am rather poorly and want quiet. We are delighted with the beauty of the environs, which no guide-book mentions, and are much inclined to put ourselves in one of the white villas nestled on the hillside; but I suppose we shall finish our journey to Mentone.

Genoa, March 17, 1863.—To the same.—As we are now about to settle again, I want to tell my friends where I may be written to. I am writing, listening to the splash of the rain on the white marble terrace before the window, which sounds more charming than it is.

On the 5th we left beautiful Mentone—not sorry to do so, for our lodging had become unbearable, and there was no chance of finding rooms in a more airy situation. My rheumatism increased with the sun, and, wonderful to say, has taken its departure since we came here to rainy weather and a grey sky. We like the look and feel of this place so much, that we have actually taken the first floor of a palace, two

miles out of the town, till the end of April. Perhaps it was rather rash to do so; but I longed for space and a garden, where we could sit, and not walk; and both these luxuries we have in perfection—enormous rooms, of course, with marble floors, and no carpet but whenever we have sun, they will be warm enough I hear that, by the end of March, Genoa becomes hot; so we have not long to wait. We move in to-day, and I expect we shall have a funny *ménage* at first. The kitchen range seems to me to consist of larding pins and pancake gridirons. There is not a jug, nor a teapot; and the proprietor cannot understand either being necessary. Garibaldi's daughter lived there; and he seems to think we can need nothing more than the honour of living in such precincts; but my enthusiasm is null, and a teapot must have. Our cook does not understand a word of anything but his Genoese *patois*, and my Italian is none; so ordering dinner is not an easy matter. However, it will improve in time; and we both think the climate will suit us far better than Mentone.

We had an introduction to ——, who remembered having seen me once, or rather having heard me say I did not care for music—an avowal that made such a impression upon her, that she has never forgotten it. Wonderful *how* one becomes famous! I hope now, however, the bad impression I made will wear away. I only saw —— for a short time, when he expatiated on the extreme civility of his butcher; how he cut off exactly the pieces they wished, 'but he would not do so for others.' It seems to me a simplicity to be recovered, when you hear a man, who has lived fifty years

in the world, still talking of the civility of his butcher as being confined to himself alone.

Tuesday, March 17.—Our night was a stormy one. The wind shrieked and sighed through the lofty rooms, just like a troop of ghosts mourning for their desecrated house. The view is quite lovely. The young spring green of the horse-chestnuts, mingling with the orange trees, the brightly-painted villas and gardens all round, the blue sea, and dark-purple mountains, capped with snow (rather *too* near us), make the most harmonious combination I ever saw. I feel sure we shall both prosper here! Adieu. I must rush into Genoa to procure some necessaries. If one could but live upon air!

To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.—Genoa, 13 *March,* 1863. Your letter was such a pleasure, for we longed to hear that all had gone off well, and no terrible accident. The Prince kissing his bride on deck, gives one hopes of him; it was just the thing to attract all the sympathies of the people to him, instead of, as I should have expected, his squeezing her hand, and dragging her on the stairs where he would be hid. It was a trait worthy of Queen Elizabeth! just what she would have done under the circumstances.

I hope you will bring back C—— quite cured; if not, you had much better send him to us—I am certain that change is good after any mental exertion. To dream of being a Greek particle is a bad thing, but an Italian verb with *ne* and *ci* added rightly, is not much better.

I am much interested in your milliners, but have

no hope of *ladies* doing anything, unless they can get the employers to co-operate with them. It is no use giving fourteen days for one's gown to be made, and the result being that the woman can thereby take seven other gowns extra. The ladies ought to pay their debts, and the milliners ought to send in the bill without one's servant wearing out a whole pair of shoes in trying to get it. Imagine that at Genoa those who go to the great milliner have to settle in the autumn, before they go out of town, what and how many dresses they will want for the Carnival season and she won't make them otherwise; so that you are booked to a blue or green gown four months beforehand—but she will not be hurried.

Just now, as I was at breakfast, the housemaid came through escorting another, to show her out; 'the washerwoman?' 'Oh no! the hairdresser.' 'Do you have her every day?' 'Yes; she is very cheap, only ten francs a year, and as you see, she does it very well, and the *crépé* too.' The result was a quantity of friz and elaborate false plaits, but it looked as tight and good a shape as possible. All the hairdressers are women, which is a fact I recommend to the notice of Miss Faithful & Co.

To Mr. Rio.—My dear friend, I cannot write upon other subjects than the one that fills my heart with sorrow. Nothing is so hard to bear as that long, long watching, that hoping against hope. When one feels that one's darling is safely garnered up, shielded for ever from sickness and from sorrow, it is, I think, more easy to say and feel 'God's will be done,' but to stand by and see her suffer, requires a stronger faith.

will give that faith, Who alone can give it. May be strengthened to bear the sorrow that a Father's e sends you.

To the same.— . . . . I feel so heartily with you all h this bitter affliction, and know how little alleviation t is to have contemplated it for long. What is called a long preparation makes little difference when at last he blow falls. But *she* has ceased from suffering; *hat* is left to *you*, and how gladly will you bear it nstead of her. When one has watched long by such lness, and seen the gradual effect which it is permitted to have not only on body but on mind; nay, ven sometimes, as it appears to our blindness, on e very spiritual life itself; one longs that the bands ay be loosened, and the loved one enter into the lorious liberty of the children of God.' Yet, when anted, and the weary spirit is called to its rest, the membrance of the suffering one has witnessed fades vay, and alone the consciousness of the irreparable ss remains.

To Baroness Bunsen.—Genoa, April 1863.—I have been very much astonished at the 'signs of the times' in this town.—Vans in the market-place, with showy placards, setting forth that inside are represented 'the iniquities committed in the tribunal of the nquisition.' There is a day theatre, of course only ttended by the lowest classes. They gave a drama, alled the 'Huguenots,' in which a friar comes in to ck for Bibles and heretic books to burn. A rfect storm of hisses and groans assailed him;

which were renewed whenever he appeared again the great mortification of the poor actor, who thou he was doing his part creditably. 'We are no lon bigots!' was the cry. The educated men appear have no faith at all; but at this one can hard wonder. A professor, who comes to read Italia with me, said, 'We cannot separate the religious fron the political question. The Pope and his faith must go, and then we shall choose our faith. Your prayer-book is the best I have seen.' Mr. Strettell says th tie to the Pope is so strained throughout the country that any slight pull may snap it off short. Mean while there is no ranting or disclaiming; but they d not shrink from speaking openly; and he thinks ther is no want of belief in all the great verities of th Christian faith. He seems to have a large acquaint ance with the clergy even in the south, and is muc more hopeful than I should have expected.

During my long quiet days, I have been rather a a loss for books. Two volumes of 'Letters by Madam de Swetchine' interested me. It is not the first co lection of her thoughts and life, but a more recen one of correspondence; and though there is muc verbiage and flattery of her friends, there are deep thoughts and bits that one can lay to heart and think over; but how she can have written such long letters and carried on her position as *Dame de Salon*, I cannot guess! I do delight in that sort of work; it is the most charming way of studying biography. Ye it is gone by; another generation will have none o this pleasure. No one now has time or inclination t pour out the thoughts and musings of a contemplati

life. If one does write a long letter, it is about Jane's measles, and Anna Maria's housekeeper; and perhaps it is as well, and safer, than dwelling on self in any shape.

To J. M. S.—Albaro, Genoa, May 9, 1863.—We are lingering on here, unwilling to tear ourselves away from our tranquil life, which suits us both so well. Probably we shall remain till the last week of May, unless a sudden burst of heat makes us feel we must not longer defer our journey to Como. Here it would never be too warm, owing to the sea breeze, which blows from ten to six all the summer, and is, I think, a very dangerous luxury. We have now no acquaintances, as the six or seven resident families are gone into the country. I never was in a place where life was more agreeable. The people are happy, and seem to be making progress, and to be content, good schools springing up everywhere; and evil does not show itself, to worry one at least, as it does elsewhere; so that one is not kept in a state of antagonism, as at Rome, for example. There is certainly much simplicity and honesty; and the country people are regularly affronted if you offer them money for putting them to inconvenience. This, joined to the lovely scenery all round, explains to me the affection that all those who have passed any time in Genoa seem to feel for it. Most of the English residents were brought up here,—they marry and come back to settle afresh for the rest of their lives; but it seems little known to foreigners, who rush through a few palaces, and pass on.

During my ten days of illness, I had fine time for reading, and luckily got one or two books that interested me. Mr. Strettell lent me Arnold's 'Lectures on Modern History,' by way of a new book, which I had wholly forgotten; and it is peculiarly suggestive. You may remember the curious distinction he draws between the grace of faith and the gift of faith. It seems to me more ingenious than true, as I cannot but consider all gifts as graces from God. Mr. Strettell, however, thinks that St. Paul intended also to divide them, and to show the uselessness of the gift of faith that will remove mountains, in contrast with the grace of faith, that worketh by love. You will easily imagine how much brooding and thinking over this took! I longed to be near Mr. Maurice.

No one of the few English in Genoa have been used to go to the service, excepting on the Sunday; and therefore it seems to me useless to set about building a church here directly, which they are wild about; but, as usual, they expect other people to pay for it. There are but six resident families; but they say it would have a good effect on the many Italians who are now interested and inquiring as to our faith. I doubt it. A church deeply in debt must be a scandal. However, I know it will be done. (Here are candles and a better pen,—the Italian ink is horrible.) That a widely extending rent in the Church *must* take place, I cannot doubt. It is a most perilous time for her. On all sides one sees how little she fills up her calling. If the view which the *Times* gave of the Bishop of Oxford's sermons is a true one, they must have been awful to hear. It seems to me

licit teaching, that God has abandoned man rly; that he must keep his own head steady, not look to the right, nor to the left, if he would s along the narrow path.

To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.—1863.—Burning incense fore your hero all day is so bad for him. Sooner later it drags them down; and when I was with arlyle, I always felt it a matter of conscience, just ecause I did honestly love and admire him, to make stand against what, in anyone else, one should have assed over. No sooner do we catch a lion, than we orge him with the most unwholesome food; and hen it disagrees, and he makes a beast of himself, e jeer and laugh, when, had we given him a dry one to gnaw once a day, none of this would have appened.

Thornes, September 1863.—*To Baroness Bunsen.*—Nearly three months have passed since I received our last letter, and not one word even of thanks for s kindness have I given you in reply! Usually, think, that excuses for not writing to those one oves are wholly unnecessary—a sort of treason to ffection, but now I must tell you why for such a ime I have given up that communion with you which vas so dear to me. We arrived at Milan the first days of June, meaning to remain a week; we stayed even. For the day after our arrival, our poor maid vas seized with typhus, and miliary fever came on he top of it. You can imagine what this was in a reat hotel, and only our two selves to look after her.

We could not bear to send her to an hospital wh
there were only Italian nurses, of whose language
did not understand a word ; and yet the extreme f
that the Italians have of infection made it very di
cult to manage. I am bound to say that no c
could be more humane and kind than the proprie
of the Hotel Royal, where we were. After thr
weeks we moved into a lodging, and found an exce
lent surgical nurse, who was of the greatest comfor
The miliary fever of course I had never seen before
and a fearful disease it is, seeming peculiarly fatal t
women in Italy, of whom the doctor told me it kill
numbers, especially at Milan, where it is most preva
lent. The anxiety was not a little increased fro
our relations being unhappy about us, and writing t
urge our leaving the poor woman ; so it was a constan
struggle, as we felt no doubt at all as to the duty o
staying. At the end of six weeks, we moved her with
her nurse into the 'Casa di Salute,' and after remain-
ing another seven days to be sure that the complaint
was subsiding, we left Milan quite at ease as to he
comfort. It is impossible to imagine anything mo
perfect than the arrangements of this Maison de Santé
where you pay for the patients, and they are sur-
rounded by every possible comfort in lofty airy rooms
and extensive gardens to make it as cool as it can be.
Would that we had anything like it in England!
Even in France such institutions only exist for
lunatics, but in Milan it receives all diseases. The
heat of Milan during the dog days was extreme, and
it required all the strength Harriot had acquired at
Albaro to stand it, which she did wonderfully for a

time. Whenever I was not with the poor invalid, I employed myself with throwing water on the brick floor, and in the morning before I could dress I had to empty the contents of the tub over the small bedroom, which was like an oven.

Among the many special comforts for which we had to be thankful, was the finding a charming clergyman and his wife, the English chaplain there, and their kindness was unbounded. It is one of the few instances I have yet seen of our Foreign chaplains fulfilling their mission thoroughly.

Mr. Williams[1] came for his wife's health, who has been cured of tic by the Milan air (a thing to be remembered), and they pass their time in comforting, helping and cheering all who are in need. He calls it his parish of Lombardy, and goes far up into the hills, where the scattered Protestants belonging to the engineering and mining works keep him 'lots of children to be baptised.' His wife is just the right helpmate for him, so practical and useful, having a weekly meeting at her house for the practice of sacred music, in order to get at the English girls who are sent to study music at the Conservatoire and elsewhere, and who, she says, need greatly some one to watch over them. Her kindness to us in our difficulties is beyond expression, and she has since taken our maid into her own house to recover before her journey home. From Milan we went to Zurich to rest a bit in cool air, but it did not answer, so we came on to England, and after a hurried ten days in London, found ourselves here, where the quiet is almost

[1] Now incumbent of Wallington, Surrey.

strange after the worry and fatigue of the last two months. And so ends my long story!

To the same.—Genoa, November 21, 1863.—Here we are settled in a house on the ramparts, high above all the town, with the wind blowing unimpeded from the mountains over us; which I hope is strengthening, for it is very cold. However, we have had delicious weather as yet—so sunny and mild that I am beginning to understand the animal pleasure of merely living in such a climate and scene. At first, with one's English habits, one fulminates against the able-bodied young men who spend half their day sitting on the wall, doing nothing but nourishing themselves (for they do not seem to eat) upon all the beauty around them. Yet, it is at least better nourishment than what they would get in the public-house!

What quaint people they are! Our household sphere has been moving uneasily, in consequence of the cook and his wife (our housemaid), as soon as our dinner was sent up, going out for the whole evening; and, on my remonstrating, he said very quietly, he was exceedingly sorry, but they had subscriptions to the theatre, and unless I would kindly pay the outlay, they must really go. And we actually have done so, for it was impossible to go on in that way for fifty nights; nor were we inclined, as he suggested, to take the tickets ourselves, though he assured us it was quite a moral theatre, only '*pièces de famille*.' Can you imagine the idiotic Genoese nobility, who decline to receive anyone connected with trade or business of any sort, or who is related to anyone who follows

it? A lady, who had the *blue* blood, tried to ascertain whether we were fit to associate with them; and looked quite aghast when I put an end to the matter entirely by saying, that a Welsh pedigree would always beat an Italian one hollow! I am sure Lady Llanover would honour me for such an assertion! But it was too ludicrous to be treated gravely.

To Mr. C. W. Williams-Wynn.—Genoa, December 1863.—To-day being wet, we have a silence around us that seems quite strange, accustomed as we are to the noise of the recruits and soldiers drilling. They had one very curious exercise, of throwing themselves on one leg, then kneeling, and saluting with their hand to their cap. It seems to be a very difficult one, from the extreme trouble the sergeant gives himself; and we could not imagine what royalty required of the kneeling rows of soldiers; but on asking our Italian servant, he answered, '*Oh! c'est pour saluer le bon Dieu.*' And then one remembered the noise made in the churches when the Host is raised;—but it takes five months' practice to get it right, he says; and one should wonder at it for so working an army as this is, only I fancy it must be an excellent exercise.

To Baroness Bunsen.—Genoa, January 1864.—It is very difficult to get books of any sort; but, in the lack of other matter of interest, I have taken up the subject of 'the Church in Italy;' and a curious subject it is. The hatred of the people against the priests extends to the religion they have taught.

One of these writers, in a little pamphlet just published, says:—'The Church has ruled us,—has had the entire management of our education for three centuries; and what is the result? She has made us the most sceptical nation in Europe!' What a fearful confession! but I fear a true one. We assisted at a three days' demonstration in the cathedral, to purge the town from the guilt of Renan's impiety. A most curious scene it was—the magnificent old building blazing with lights, and velvet, and gold; all the pillars clothed in damask; the area entirely full of a wondering crowd, who evidently had no idea why they were called together. One peasant called it a 'Triduo di San Renan,' another 'something new about the Holy Virgin.' There was a violent declamatory sermon beginning—'Blasphemy! blasphemy! blasphemy!' and proceeding to assure the congregation that this magnificent proof of the piety of the Genoese (query, the wax candles?) was the best amends that could be made to an offended Deity! The result of it was, that all the French copies of the book were sold, and two Italian editions, before the end of the week! Now, whatever failings the Roman Church has, it has not generally that of foolishness; and I cannot imagine what can have induced them to get up this scene, which was utterly unneeded in Genoa, when they must have known well the natural consequence.

I am reading the two last volumes of Froude's 'History' (Queen Elizabeth's reign): and wonderfully interesting they are. The author's access to the Simanca MSS. has enabled him to print letters which are most curious; but they all, I fear, prove an amount

of falsehood in Elizabeth which is almost incomprehensible, until one remembers that any sincerity in the diplomacy of that day was unheard of; and certainly she was fighting at fearful odds against Spain, France, and Rome. Still it gives a shake to one's early enthusiasm for the great Queen, which is unpleasant. But, with all his faults, Froude is a magnificent writer, and intends to give the entire truth; but it seems that he has a constitutional sympathy in favour of all those that are cried down, which is apt to mislead.

To F. M. S.—Genoa, January 26, 1864.—Here we are very dull; and so we have been taking a little interest in the Church of Italy, and though it may sound somewhat presumptuous, have picked up a good deal of the actual feeling of common people about it. They will speak to a foreigner as they dare not to a native; and, funnily enough, I think my not speaking Italian helps it, for I don't put words into their mouths, and they have the satisfaction of telling their tale completely, and their thoughts, which is always a relief. There are heaps of pamphlets too, which give me something to read. I wish I had come upon a teacher like yours, though I believe it would be beyond the powers of any teacher to make me speak Italian; but unfortunately I have got a distressed singer on my hands; and as I can't take singing-lessons, I have her to read to me.

Genoa, January 1864.—I wonder if you have had the intense cold from which we have suffered for

three weeks. I never felt anything like it elsewhere, and our exposed situation here of course made us feel it more. The oil froze in the room, and water spilt on the drawers turned to ice in a little time. Such cold they declare has not been known in Genoa for fifty years. Now I trust it is over, as a thaw seems to have set in; but it has been a dreary winter, and we have repented often that we fixed ourselves here for so long. It was a mistake; however, we must make the best of it now. My life too is so strangely unlike what it has ever been before! As long as one is travelling, it seems natural; but to be settled completely, and yet to be utterly without any claims or duties makes one feel lost in the world.

To J. M. S.—Genoa, February 6, 1864.—Will you read '*Le Maudit*'? It is strangely interesting, I think, and shows for being the work of a genuine priest—very powerfully written, and has had an enormous success. It is curious that there is a branch of the same literature in France and Italy as there is amongst us, answering to our 'Essays and Reviews'—what they call '*La renovation religieuse*'—and edition after edition of these works is sold, which, when one considers *how* little they read, is very significant. I have now before me advertisements of numbers of these works; and the Italian pamphlets are nothing else.

To the same.—Nervi, near Genoa, February 17, 1864.—You see we have changed our quarters. It is almost impossible to imagine that an hour from Genoa

the climate can be so different. I never felt an air so deliciously soft—far pleasanter than Mentone, for it is thin ; and you are not so closed in by mountains.

I have borrowed all the *Frasers* of the last six months, and have been much struck by some of the theological articles. 'Women and Scepticism' is well done, by whom I know not. Kingsley on 'Froude,' in *Macmillan*, I think excellent! Besides these, I have only some liberal pamphlets, which you will not see in Rome.

They seem in England very eager for Denmark, and to welcome the hope that France may attack the Rhine, when we are not to move a finger to defend Prussia. I fear she (Prussia) is going, as usual, to do a very shabby thing, and take a duchy, or a piece of one, to herself. Here we are in the middle of Prussian politics. Count Usedom is a sensible, moderate man, with Bunsen's fascination of manner and simplicity, which is very winning.

The orange and lemon trees are finer here than I have ever seen them, really like forest trees, and bending under their fruit. The snow lay two inches thick on them when we arrived; but they do not seem to mind the cold here—half of which, anywhere else, would have killed them—evidently in consequence of the sort of traditional faith they have inherited from their forefathers that they can live here ; so, happy in their conventional belief, they go living on without inquiring into the right of the thing in any way. Until I had settled it thus, I was quite provoked at seeing them raising their yellow heads in mockery of the snow.

To Mr. C. W. Williams-Wynn.—Nervi, February 23, 1864.—I must talk of the weather; it has been so extraordinary—deep snow, and bitter cold even here, and I was awakened by violent thunder and lightning. The papers show that the cold has been far greater here than in England; and the people naturally begin to believe it is portentous of a year of great events. Now the rain is pouring down, and it is quite soft; so I trust our winter is leaving us at last. Our view is more cheerful than a sea one usually is: the house is surrounded by a sort of pleasure-ground park—the clumps of palms, pines and tropical trees, intermixed with the orange and lemon, are very picturesque, the sea making the background. For the last week we have been much bored by the yearly *chasse*, which has caused incessant popping. Anything so ludicrous you can hardly conceive. One sees the men creeping almost on their stomachs from one bush to another, in order to get a good position to fire at a sparrow or a thrush—for nothing larger is to be seen. Of course, all our sympathies are with the small birds; and I do not think the slaughter has been very great. This (the large men destroying the pigmies) reminds me of Denmark. Can we go on doing nothing, and comforting ourselves with verses in *Punch*, to the effect that all Europe envies us? That proclamation of the King to his people was the most effective in its simplicity that I ever read. I am going to send the *Spectator* to ——. I think it will make her furious, which is so wholesome for those who only see one side.

I wish you could listen to the wonderful stories

—— gives me of spirit-writing, or psychography, as she calls it—the wildest tales—all which she is quite angry if one does not believe implicitly; while, when it is a question of Old Testament signs, she is far beyond them, and sneers at the very notion of any one in these days accepting such evident fables. So I say fairly, if it is only a question of probability, putting aside all authority, I would rather believe in Balaam's ass, than in a gentleman in a luminous dressing-gown, who appears in order to desire his daughter to learn Syriac, and bring out his book, which his sudden death prevented him from finishing. Of course it is a question of taste; but I prefer the ass very much.

To a Nephew.—Genoa, March 8, 1864.—I should say, from slight points in your letter, that you were in the state that Sir J. Mackintosh calls *désillusionné*. I may be thoroughly wrong; but this brings me to the paragraph of yours of February. I know how one loathes to have a bit of one's old letter warmed up again, and presented to one; but you state the case so neatly and tersely, that I must use your own words. In answer to the confiding young lady, you assure her she will forget her affection in three months,—'For I am far too selfish to understand how any boy can be unselfish enough to wish to marry; the gain is so problematical, and the loss so apparent.' Quite true, till boy or girl is in love, I cannot understand it either; but no sooner do you *fall* (query, *rise?*) into love, than, of necessity, you *are* unselfish, and, therefore, in a different position from that

to which your words apply. Exactly, so far as a person loves, whether it be God or man, so far he has left himself behind him, and is struggling to reach to another. Of course, there are plenty of happy marriages undertaken upon a wise calculation; but those I cannot understand, nor you—the loss *is* apparent, though I should put it on the side of the girl. He may be bored by having a person dependent on him, from whom his fireside is never to be freed; but it is somewhat more of a trial to belong to another, and look to his humours and fancies as her guiding star. So my conclusion is, as long as you see the certain loss in marrying, as *Punch* says,—*Don't.*

I wish the drums of the Genoese army were at the bottom of the sea; they are making such a noise, that I can do nothing. Trumpets would be harmonious in comparison; but these drums rub all thought away; perhaps for that reason they are adopted for the soldiers. I am told the drill becomes more incessant and careful every day, and that the men learn it *con amore*, with the expectation of putting it into practice in a few weeks, though I trust this is only popular rumour.

Genoa, March 1864.—My dear friends.—You must not think me selfish if I venture to write, but I crave so to tell you how deeply and truly I am feeling for you and with you, that I cannot refrain. All one is allowed to do for one's friends in their sorrow, is to suffer with them, and little enough that is; the most entire sympathy cannot lighten the burden, or fill up that ever increasing blank of which one is hardly

aware, when first the dear one is taken away. As year by year, one loved face after another disappears, the world gets very dreary and strange, and one longs for the Home where they are awaiting us, and where one hopes to come, though the hope burns very dimly at times.

To F. M. S.—Genoa, March 18, 1864.—At last winter is gone; and sun and spring winds give me courage to write. It seemed to me forlorn to do so, as long as I could only tell of the fluctuations of our cold. Since we have been back from Nervi, we have been trying to do a little more than was possible for the three months previously; but we cannot manage much.

You are just entering upon that round of wearying typical ceremonies, out of which all life has vanished to most of those who take part in them. The ladies 'washing the feet' struck me more than I expected, for to many it was evidently a valued religious privilege; and the softness and kind cheerful words to the poor pilgrims were very genuine; but the crowd of sight-seers was such that, had we not gone with the Rio's, we should not have been near enough to have seen the reality of the thing.

To the same.—Genoa, March 28, 1864.—I know so well the effects of what one thinks a little attack of fever at Rome, and which takes away all power of mind and body. You will get all right again by slow degrees; but I never shall forget my incapacity for enjoying anything after one of these attacks. Social

teas were my horror; and the only moment of the day I felt able to look at existence with satisfaction, was when I had sent all the others out, and was alone. My letter of yesterday will show you that I am not bright. I think the state of one's health shows itself more rapidly in one's letters than in any other way; one can exert one's self to talk, and walk, and act, but the moment I come to a sheet of paper, the truth must come out.

Take the Holy Week quietly. It will give you no satisfaction. I felt so much in Rome the painfulness of the schism, and more than I ever did before the impossibility of its being done away. There was a ceremony that takes place on Holy Thursday evening, in St. Peter's, that struck me much. They call it, I think, '*Washing the Altar;*' but I remember the deep impression made by the fading light, and the comparative solitude; for other more attractive ceremonies had taken away all but a very few, who were worshipping.

To the same.—Genoa, April 15, 1864.—A few travellers have come to us here. The pleasantest visit was from Lord Houghton last week, and it was a great refreshment to my somewhat weary spirit. He was passing his Easter holidays at Cannes, and very good-naturedly came over here. He is the easiest man in the world to amuse, as nothing comes wrong to him, and he is never bored. One day we went over to see his old friend, Madame d'Usedom; and the scene was a wonderful one. Whatever she, in her vehement way, asserted, he denied; and at

dinner, they launched into a furious dispute as to the merits of the great St. Iago tragedy. At last, in answer to her unmeasured denunciations of the priest, he said, 'I don't know *what* you would have them do. They gave absolution; and that was all they could do. I wish your Protestantism could do as much in the midst of such a fire.' Her face of astonishment, and his enjoyment of it, were the funniest contrast I ever came across.

Miss Cobbe was staying here, to whom I took a liking,—a thoroughly jolly, straightforward, clever woman, whom I should have liked to see more of. Have you seen her last book, 'Broken Lights'? She lent it me;—very remarkable, with much truth in it, but spoiled by her attempt to classify the religious ideas of the day into Churches. Into the first Broad Church, she puts Maurice and Kingsley (the former of whom she can't understand); in the second Broad Church, she counts Stanley: but in spite of all this, the little book is full of beautiful things, and has pleased me greatly.

We have here Mrs. Somerville, a charming old woman, with her intellect still clear, and at eighty-four writing 'on the atoms of space.' She writes in bed every morning for four hours, and told me it was a constant excitement to her to look forward to during the remainder of the day. I have been reading Froude's last volume, which I do not think as good as the previous ones, though most exceedingly interesting. I am quite of opinion that Kingsley has had great injustice in the Newman affair. He is entirely right, though it was ill-judged, I think, and

too uncourteous to make such an attack. The *Spectator* I entirely disagree with.

I thought the whole correspondence on Eternal Life very satisfactory.

What curious enthusiasm we are showing about Garibaldi! It was a great mistake that the Italian Minister should not have received him—ungrateful and unstatesmanlike. Italy owed it to her great soldier, and it would have prevented his falling into the hands of the Marylebone radicals. However, I see our Government are wise enough to do their duty, and receive him.

To the same.—Genoa, May 1, 1864.—I suppose no one ever left Rome without a heavy heart, in spite of the many discomforts, and, I must say, the weight on one's spirits, from the depressing influences around, the degradation of the poor and working classes, and those heathen ceremonies, for really some of them seemed to me pure idolatry. When I was in Rome, I took things to heart too much; *now*, I feel I should enjoy it all more, and long to be back for an autumn, which I fancy would be charming before the swarm of strangers came.

We are very much tired with farewell visits and packing arrangements. The society has been pleasanter of late; but we both look forward not a little to a *tête-à-tête* for the next two months.

To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.—Bologna, May 7, 1864.—It is very frisky to be able to put another date than Genoa, not but that I love the poor old place, but

we really wanted a change. I certainly have a love of wandering deep down in my nature, which only increases as I grow older. On Tuesday, we set off, very tired, but enjoyed the lovely warm evening to Alessandria, where we slept, and started at seven next morning, not reaching Parma till two. We found the journey very hot, when that evening the weather changed suddenly, and since, not all the wraps we can put on can keep us warm.

Parma interested me much more than I expected, for when I found that of all the Correggio frescoes in the cathedral I could make nothing, I was in despair. They might be beautiful, but seemed to me only a confused mass of legs and arms. However, when we got to the gallery, where his two pictures are, I was satisfied, for they are most beautiful. Almost the loveliest picture I ever saw is his St. Jerome and the Holy Family. There are also lovely Francias, and as we were very comfortable, we stayed till two the next day. The whole time it was bitter cold, and we were out till late; so, as was to be expected, I caught cold and had to take to my bed as soon as I got here. No one can stand these sudden changes. I am not well enough to go out; otherwise I wish to attend one day of the great trial that is going on here, of the 106 thieves and murderers. It is a band that has existed for years, not the least political; but during the government of the Church, no effectual measures were or could be taken against them, and the province was dreaded. At the inns, the rooms were broken into, and there were no means of redress. However, as soon as the country came under the civil power, the

men were caught, and are now being tried in the Municipal Hall. During the time they are in court, they are kept in a large iron cage, built on purpose, surrounded by soldiers with revolvers; so I suppose they are afraid of a rescue. One is admitted by tickets, and we might as well have gone.

This time ten years we were here before, and saw the procession of the Virgin of St. Luke, who had come down from the convent home on a mountain three miles off; and the whole population was kneeling in the Grand Piazza as she passed. Curious that the first thing we saw was the Virgin again, with the soldiers of Italy, instead of the Papal ones, round her; but I do not think the kneeling was quite so universal as before.

To F. M. S.—Ravenna, May 11, 1864.—As you see, we have been delayed somewhat. *Of course*, health broke down. I got so poorly from the sudden change of weather, that when we reached Bologna, I took to my bed for two days.

Our tour has been charming with this exception; and my being detained at Bologna enabled Harriot to poke about everywhere. It is a most interesting town, with its abundance of Francias, whose works, you know, I love as I do those of no other painter. Then we came here to the worst inn I ever was at. It might be tolerable for those who are out all day, but if one is poorly, unbearable! Still, I would go through it again for the sake of the churches here, which are quite unlike what I ever saw, or, I believe, can be seen elsewhere—the gigantic mosaics, lining

the walls, as bright in colour as when they were put up fourteen centuries ago. I am certain I should get to like them better than any other decoration of churches; there is something so majestic in that long line of figures, stiff and stern as they are; the very impossibility of conveying any feeling or emotion in the faces seems to increase the awe they inspire, and one cannot help thinking of the mighty cloud of witnesses around one. At Rome, in the Church of San Cosmo and Damiano, near the Forum, I think there are some mosaics, though very inferior to these. The town has nothing in itself curious or picturesque, being given up to whitewash—I suspect on account of the malaria, of which it is the very home. In the marshes around, two or three miles away, these large, gaunt, deserted churches rise up, the only objects to break the expanse. It is curious to find the Christian monuments so wonderfully perfect, and hardly a trace of Roman or any other.

As to my pleasure in travelling, I must have a strong infusion of gipsy blood deep down in my nature, for it certainly raises my spirits. Of course, it has a physical effect on one, which is, I suppose, the true cause of it.

To Baroness Bunsen.—London, September 20, 1864.—Amidst the confusion and noise and hatred and pulling down of old landmarks, on which all Churches have entered, sometimes one's heart is apt to sink at seeing the extraordinary state of things: everywhere infidelity battling against belief, and belief so fettered and swaddled in chains and bands of men's

making, that she has no strength left. There seems a general uprising against all dogma. The Roman Catholics have it amongst them just as much as we have; but the Church of England is labouring most heavily under the storm, and I cannot but believe there will soon come such a rent as will tear her in two; I do not see how she can go on as she is at present. Whatever be the end, God's truth must stand; and this is but the working out of His purpose. If one could but always take to heart that sentence in its whole and full meaning, 'das Fortschreiten des Göttlichen in der Menschheit ist der Fortschritt der Weltgeschichte!' craven fears would cease. Then, besides inward dissensions, there is the tide of Romanism, which never beat on us more strongly than it does now, nor more noiselessly. Under the pretext that the flood of unbelief is coming to swamp the country, and that it is wiser to take refuge in any haven that promises security, they are doing much work among those ignorant of what is the result in Italy of being in their haven. We brought home with us the reports of the Catholic Congress at Malines, which it was difficult to procure. Among the speeches is one of a monk of the barefooted Carmelite order —of which there are two houses in England— giving an account of the state and progress of their faith here: stating that it is a more Catholic country than Italy (which it may easily be), and that the more ascetic the orders, the more candidates present themselves.

To Baroness Bunsen.—Rhyl, April 29, 1865.—

. . . I came down to Wales to recruit after my six months in London, and though at first I was too poorly and too anxious to enjoy it, the last three weeks it has been very delightful to find myself once more in this lovely country. For the last seven or eight years I have not been farther than the borders, and the summer weather we have had has enabled me to drink in its beauty to the utmost. Those soft aerial tints belong to no other country that I have seen, and though I believed I could admire nothing so much as the clearly defined horizons that stand out against the glowing skies of Italy and Switzerland, I am almost become a convert to the exceeding loveliness of that soft blue haze in which distant hill and sea are bathed. From the home of one relation I went to that of another; but about St. Asaph and Abergele is noted for its 'Gentlemen's seats,' as the pocket-books have it. The quaint way of living, too, amused me; for we are decidedly behind the age here. At —— we had a Welsh harp, which pring-pronged during the whole of breakfast and dinner, which, with nine children talking at once against it, made the noise and scramble quite bewildering; but, as Pope says of Belinda's failings, 'look (from the window) in her face, and you forget them all.' However, I got at last so weary that when H. joined me a week ago we made an excuse of requiring sea air, and put ourselves in a lodging in this small sea town, where we have passed our days on the beach, and the repose of it has been delicious. But this is now over, and we go to some dear aunts near Gresford to-day, and after that to London, but not to stay there. I

cannot make up my mind to pass the five months shut up there, unless absolutely necessary. All those I care for I see more comfortably in the winter, and for society, as it is called, I care less and less each year. Perhaps because I can no longer get such as I have been used to. What a blessing it is, my dear friend, that one's love of nature increases with age, and as other enjoyments fade away that becomes more keen and more satisfying. One is never grateful enough for the many blessings vouchsafed, but I cannot accuse myself of want of thankfulness for the great blessing of friends such as I have enjoyed since my very youth. Now, all are taken away excepting Maurice. I sometimes think over the perfect communion of thought and mind I have had, where veneration was excited to the utmost, and I can hardly believe that 'such things were.'

To J. M. S.—May 1865.—Did you happen to remark a sentence in the new American President's speech on taking office? 'The duties are mine, the consequences are God's.' It struck me as wonderfully good, and makes me think the man must be worth more than is believed.

Homburg, July 25, 1865.—My dear Madame de Bunsen,—I have often thought of you during the last trying fortnight, and rejoiced to feel that you were not exposed to the intense heat which you must have undergone at Carlsruhe. We have never felt such suffering days from weather as we have experienced here; so sultry, that one knew not what to do. All

of a sudden a black, heavy cloud would absorb all the heavens; but instead of the much longed for rain, a hurricane of dust would burst forth, passing away in an hour or so, and giving place once more to the hot sun and breathless air. You can imagine how poorly everybody has been. The want of rain is a serious drawback to Homburg; the plateau on which it stands seems to escape every shower, which (the learned tell me) is apt to follow the course of the two streams below. Are you old-world enough to remember Thalaba? The striking episode of the rainless district has come back to me vividly during this time. However, I do not write merely to descant on the weather, but to say we leave to-morrow and go to Cronberg, the place about which Frances told me. We went to look at it, and fell quite in love with its groves of Spanish chestnuts, first imported into Germany, as the story goes, by the knights of Cronberg after the Crusades. It is a perfect garden of fruit trees, and altogether looked so enjoyable that it was with difficulty I prevented Harriot from settling upon two rooms in the only tower that remains of the old castle. Of course the view was beautiful from the tiny casement, but you had to pass through an entirely dark hall, then climb up seven steps, and find yourself in a small room of stone, vaulted, aud colder than anything that could be imagined. The furniture—two beds, one or two saints on the wall, and a looking-glass. It had evidently been the dungeon, for the staples in the wall and the rings were still there, and I have no doubt many a prisoner had inhabited it before us, and his bones reposed in the dark hole we had to cross in

order to reach this engaging abode. I was peremptory in refusing to think of it. After six weeks' warm bathing, imagine sleeping in such a place. So we descended to the village below, and have taken three rooms in the little tavern-inn, and a wooden belvedere at the top of the house is to be given up to us as salon. I dare say it will be very uncomfortable, but we shall not mind. Our view is lovely, and we rejoice at the thoughts of complete country and liberty. Our stay will not exceed ten days, as I am anxious to make a little tour, which always sets me up sooner than anything. After three days of constant change of air, I gain strength, and sleep curiously.

Here everything is ruinous, as I never before found it in Germany; but what can one expect with that huge gaming-house towering over all, and paying for all? Of which the guide-book informs us the first stone was laid in '47, after service! to *whom*?

The elections have of course interested me greatly, and it was a relief that none of our belongings had to stand a contest. I hear that the moderate Liberals and Conservatives are equally low, on account of the men of extreme opinions who are come in on both sides. They may be right, but I cannot help looking hopefully to the result of having members with decided earnest views. It seemed to me that the fault of the last Parliament was the want of real conviction on either side. There was a thorough indifference, that made one feel each measure was looked upon as a party one merely. If it was a question of reform, the Government party were glad it should be defeated, while the Conservatives did not take the trouble to

enquire into its merits. *Now* there are men come in, who, right or wrong, believe in the necessity of certain measures, and will struggle hard to carry them. A luke-warm opposition will not do. I rejoice particularly in the return of Mr. Stuart Mill for Westminster, and of Mr. ——, especially the latter, for he has worked for the cause of the working men this many a year, and there is an honesty and straightforwardness about him that makes him very powerful. He will not only do good, but get good in his new position. In my day I used to hear it was so good for a country beauty to come up to town, and go to Almack's, where she could no longer reign supreme, but found her level among fifty other beauties. A popular leader is just in the same position, and the House of Commons will be his Almack's.

Robertson's Life, of course, you will have had or heard of. It is most interesting to trace the development of his mind, and I think the second vol. quite takes hold of one. Then there is a very remarkable volume just published, 'Ecce Homo;' I think it would interest you exceedingly. Mr. Maurice says of it, 'very remarkable, whatever be the main design of it. My own opinion is that the author is thoroughly in earnest, and that he has fairly considered the Life from Renan's point of view, and has arrived at the conclusion that entire veracity is the only solution of the riddle it presents. This is my impression. I doubt not both orthodox and unbelievers will attribute a very different purpose to him. The style and course of thought are those of an accomplished layman and scholar.' I got the book, and am even more struck

than he is. There is an entire want of the conventional phraseology that is a relief, and a fitness and beauty in some of his expressions that is quite startling, while it turns one's attention to the aspect of the human character, least often dwelt upon.

To J. M. S.—55 *Montague Square, November* 3, 1865.—I did hear Stanley's funeral sermon at the Abbey. It was most clever; and the preacher's beginning by saying he should entirely dismiss the religious aspect, was a master-stroke, for it left him free to dwell on the social aspect alone. One could not help honouring him for his love of truth; but I think it was a mistake. So heathen a discourse I could not have imagined. Socrates would have spoken more of God; and from that pulpit it was quite out of place, and left one cold and uninterested, though the advice to the young men was very fine. It seemed to me also, that it was quite unnecessary to make so marked an omission of what is usually the groundwork of a funeral sermon. The extreme reticence that Lord Palmerston observed in speaking of any religious convictions belonged very much to his standing. *Now* every man's religion is to be discussed and inquired into by his neighbour, but thirty years ago no one ventured on it. I remember, with my own father, who was a very religious man, and brought up in a wholly different school, how he shrank from any talk upon topics that are now discussed (with thorough earnestness, one must say) at a morning visit! To him the present licence on such matters would have been unbearable, and irreverent in the extreme; and therefore I have much sympathy

with those of a former age who could not bear to 'wear their hearts upon their sleeve for daws to peck at.' So I end by saying that, if the preacher felt, with his paramount love of truth, that he could not take this into account, I wish he had declined to preach at all. He was evidently embarrassed at the beginning, and perhaps felt he was hampered.

The *Times* gives most of what he said tolerably enough, but the adjuration to the young men was very striking. 'You, whoever you may be, who think that to check the gaiety of the social home circle is a mark of a superior mind, take example, &c.,' so going on.

. . . . It is a great mercy that as one gets old, and all other faculties become more dim and weak, the appreciation and enjoyment of nature gets stronger and more real. Fine scenery I do not need; the growing grass and the trees bending over it seem enough. You will understand this, and I need not make excuses for such twaddle about 'green fields;' but it is unlucky, you will say, just as we have settled in London. Not at all! we hope to be there from October to May.

. . . When once habits of communion are broken off it is difficult, amidst the press of business, to resume them. The business is poor enough, but occupies one all day long, and that I find the proof of age coming upon me. I used to walk over the pebbles in my path without stopping to take breath; now, I consider them, and sit down to rest when I have got over one or two: 'As much as I can do *that* day,' I tell myself. . . .

To J. M. S.—January 3, 1866.—I must tell you how very much I am struck by the little I have as yet read, about fifty pages, of 'Ecce Homo.' I know not when a book has taken such hold upon me. The character comes before one as I have seldom felt it. There is a singular beauty and novelty in some of his expressions, that is almost startling, yet so well judged and appropriate are they that they seem to open a new vein of thought. For example, that epithet, 'His terrible purity,' how marvellously true that is! I imagine I see that it is written by a lawyer. As to the main design of the book of course, I cannot judge, having read so little, but it seems a thoroughly earnest seeking after the truth. Of course, people will howl against it; whoever does not use the conventional expressions, will be called an atheist.

I am always very jealous of the division between spiritual and physical needs. It is apt to lead to a tangle, out of which it is difficult to creep. If you feel that God enables you to serve and love Him better in health of body, surely He means you to pray for that state.

I have been much amused by Ruskin's 'Ethics of the Dust;' there is some beautiful writing and excellent teaching in it, though somewhat one-sided. What teaching is not?

19 *Old Steyne, January* 22, 1866.—*To the same.*—Your poor dear uncle! How it grieves me to hear of the depression of vital power which, from your account, seems to be creeping over him,—the result

of over-work. As to *that* ceasing, we must not expect it. I have had to do with such natures before; they seem to be sent into the world to spend themselves for others in some way or other. It is their vocation. Do you remember a great line of Goethe's? where I know not: 'Bid the caterpillar not to spin, although the thread is of its own entrails.' Of course this is mangled, but it is to that effect, and years ago showed me what must be, when I was worrying in vain at a similar case.

To Rev. F. D. Maurice.—55 *Montague Square, April* 1866.—We have had a very tranquil time since you went, for I never remember London so deserted at Easter. The world has returned with renewed strength for the coming strife. For the first time for years, party feeling is running so high that it is breaking up Society, and women (of course!) do not let their friends who take the opposite side know they are in town, feeling it impossible to meet on pleasant terms until Lord Grosvenor's amendment is settled. The Government expect a majority of 25, but there is much secrecy observed by some who are afraid of pressure. To me the whole question is interesting, mainly as touching the habit of bribery, which is either worse (?) or has never come before me as it has done of late. Some say increase of the franchise must lessen the temptation, others that the evil will become greater; but the truth is, those who in effect are the bribers do not feel it a moral delinquency. I could not help saying to Mr. Jowett, by whom I sat at dinner the other day, 'You have influence on the

young men of the day; most of the clergy have none, but you have; and why do not you try to root out this canker, so that the next generation may be free from it; preach it down, or argue it down.' He seemed amused, and passive, but as though it were an evil out of his sphere to meddle with.

5 *Brock Street, Bath, May* 6, 1866.—I was very sorry to leave South Parade, and particularly enjoyed my bedroom, with its ivied windows and its peaceful view. That R. Catholic church is a very interesting one, and I found myself watching the early worshippers in their homely everyday garb, going in as if it was the natural beginning of the day. In general, I think, Protestant congregations look as if they were feeling a satisfactory self-consciousness at patronising the most thoroughly respectable institution of their country.

Dover, July 23, 1866.—How I should like to hear something of Germany from some one who understands it! No one here feels as I do about these terrible events; they weigh upon me till others would think it affectation; but I have so long (since my early youth) connected Germany and Germans with all that was most straightforward and honest, and brave and patriotic, that this entire crumbling down of the whole quite oppresses me. It seemed to me quite impossible that when it came to the point, citizen would fight against citizen, and I was expressing this belief the very day before a regiment was cut to pieces, if the *Times* speaks truth. The only thing

that has given me unmixed pleasure has been the episode in Hanover—that is delicious!—the king running off and leaving his women folk as 'pledges to his dear town,' and the conquerors and conquered having a carouse together before they part, delights me. Surely some good will be the result, if these small princedoms are swept away for ever, though by an arbitrary and perhaps unjust power.

'A battle expected near Frankfort!' It makes one's blood run cold to think of it, and for no great principle. Victor Cousin says, 'War is the exchange of ideas by means of cannon balls.' Here, the ideas seem wanting, excepting on the part of Italy.

Spa, July 25, 1866.—What fearful reading the papers are! Those accounts of all the suffering and agony going on around one, and the miserable kings sending ships and carts full of treasure away, while such appeals as Lord Denbigh's and the Hanoverian are allowed to appear! I have no love for Prussia, yet cannot help wishing she may have no serious check, or the misery will be indefinitely prolonged; and also one cannot but see the ultimate good that will come out of her treachery and greed. A constitutional king will arise, and the people will be strong enough to get themselves well governed. Baroness Bunsen writes that it is a war of religions, and that the opposition to Prussia is set on foot wholly by the Ultramontane party, which I do not believe. It is true her husband always said the next war would be one of religion, but that aggravation of wickedness I trust we may be spared.

To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.—Lausanne, August 26, 1866.—Neuchâtel was a mistake, and we were glad to leave it. The hotel is on the lake, which smells horribly, and has a black scum which might belong to an English one, and I was rather the worse. The thing that did answer was the day's excursion to Chaux de Fonds—a short rail-line that ascends in zig-zag up the mountain, until you are landed on a wide plain, where you find a flourishing town of stone, calling itself a village, with the thin delicious air of an Alp, the inhabitants all given up to watchmaking, and as rich as possible, but nothing exposed in shops, all for exportation. On getting here, we found the usual difficulty in housing ourselves, having got into the regular track of tourists; but at last we succeeded, and were happy in sitting at our mid-day coffee in the shady garden overlooking the lake. How you will envy us! and do you know there is nothing to envy except for the name of it? I know no place that loses its beauty like the lake of Geneva in hot foggy weather. It is now like a steel mirror, and the mountains and sky all a cold blue—no shade and colour, as elsewhere; and I am sitting with the shutters closely shut, in hopes of keeping out the hot sun. The stations are crowded. I must say the young Englishmen amuse me so, that I am very much obliged to them. One, travelling with exactly the same luggage that one would fancy belonged to the town-hangman out on a tour—two coils of rope, a quantity of *nooses*, a rope-ladder, hatchet, and a heap of spikes; and the funny thing was to see the owner's

devotion to his property. The porter moved them from the omnibus, and the man rushed to take the precious burden out of his hands, as if he was likely to run off with it. Then we had two enormous men, bearded like the pard, in knickerbockers. They went third class, in such magnificent silk stockings, as must have cost enough to pay for their second or first class easily. There is a likeness to a beetle that is so striking in a man thus got up, the large loose shooting-jacket body, the baggy thighs, and then the thin spindle-legs are precisely a beetle walking on its hind-legs. If they had but four, it would look harmonious; and I should like them to dress the lower arm in the same way.

I think the Home for Orphans is perfectly throwing away money, with all the objections to children being brought up like a herd of sheep. What do you think of five or six hundred people each taking one—those who are rich enough, to put it in the lodge, or with their gamekeeper, and so on? The expense would be little felt. The child would be *humanly*, not *humanely* trained, not as part of a machine, which is always the end, to say the best, of a public institution. One could, in the present dearth of servants, workmen, soldiers, &c., easily get him or her a place, and the five hundred would be provided for at once, without those horrid matrons, &c., &c. One should feel every penny of one's money went to the object; and, above all, the child would have to rough it, and be brought up as it must go on, instead of a litany every half-hour, and a devoted sister teaching it to sing, and brushing its hair morning and evening.

I am much freshened by the rain this morning; but I agree with you, there is something lowering in a lake atmosphere, however far removed. I look forward to Fribourg, which will suit me better,—from all I hear, old and picturesque. I find I need comforts much more than I did, but then I am quite content with coffee and good milk in an old inn, looking into a street of peaked buildings, crowded with bright-coloured dresses. The one thing I cannot bear more than a day is the *trapesing* in to the *table d'hôte*, to meet the British traveller dressed out, and no one saying a word for an hour and a half; therefore we struggle to get out of the track, and perhaps may go to Glaris, and the inner Switzerland. The people here are *so* sharp-set for money. Last night, finding ourselves at a distance from the town, we asked the way of a better sort of farmer; who, when he heard we came from England, condescendingly said he always liked to hear of other countries, and would walk back with us, as it was in his way. We talked for a while, he telling us all about agricultural life here; but near the hotel he began to say he was very poor, and, to our surprise, we found he meant to have money, which it would have affronted a German or an Englishman to have offered.

I am reading Renan's 'Apôtres,' which is beautifully written, full of imagination and poetry, but every history in the world might be idealised into nothing by such a treatment as he applies to the Scriptures; still it is very interesting to me as a study of what a critic may come to.

The last three days I have been very much inte-

rested by two huge volumes of Archbishop Whately's life, which give me a very different notion of him from what I had before. He appears to have been maligned during his whole life, and I am astonished to see how genuine was his piety, and how firm his faith! His was the essence of good sense, and it is marvellous to see what light that throws upon every matter that comes within its ken.

To the same.—Wiesbaden, October 1866.—Poor Frankfort! she tries to accept her degradation quietly. One cannot be in the midst of these countries and not see that, if another war is to be averted, Prussia must be prepared at all points; indeed, I hear from Berlin that this is the conviction of all those who are best informed; but the middle classes will take part with the power that relieves their commerce from the miserable restrictions put on it by each princeling. I hear that last Sunday the name of the Nassau family was omitted, and the Prussian King prayed for instead. The Duchess of Nassau was not even told of this; so it was only an accidental cold that kept her at home; and all her court who were there walked out of the church on hearing it.

She remains at Biberich. When the Prussian commandant waited on her, he was very civil, and begged to be allowed to order a guard of honour to do duty at her doors. Her answer was, she only wished never to see a soldier; and so there is the palace without sentinels of any sort. He pulled down her flag and put up the Prussian, which she desired might be immediately replaced by her own, and told

him fairly, as often as he put up the Prussian, she would take it down. So he had nothing to do but yield. Yesterday there was a festal representation in the theatre, a tableau with Prussia sitting in state, with all the virtues supporting her, and the annexed countries bending before her, enacted by young ladies; and, in the background, that eternal bust of Frederic the Great crowned. One is so tired of the one hero belonging to their history; however, they have now got out Charlemagne, and bring him in.

To J. M. S.—Brussels, October 23, 1866.—We had a bitterly cold journey of three days from Wiesbaden, and on coming here last night found summer again. It was a curious change from those lands where everything looked gloomy, to this sunny town, crowded with our Volunteers, with a grin on every face. We were much amused at seeing the crowds of dirty tiny 'boys, who insist upon fraternising with every officer, by rushing up, shaking him violently by the hand, with the greeting 'All right, all right!' evidently the only two English words they knew. The smarter the uniform, the more they attacked it. I must say the wearers, generally good fathers of families, took it very kindly. On getting to this hotel we were rather surprised to see 'Head-quarters of the 1st Lancashire' stuck up, and the difficulty of getting beds or any waiting upon was great. It is now all over; but the enthusiasm on both sides has been overwhelming. It was a clever policy of the king; and I rejoice, too; if, as I believe, Belgium will most certainly, sooner or later, want our help,

this week will tell upon the people at large. It is not like a welcome to an army under orders, but to 1,400 citizens, who, influencing public opinion, in the persons of their brothers, cousins, &c., will prevent our Government from shirking (as it inevitably will attempt to do, under the guidance of Bright & Co.) and keeping neutral. Terrible as is war, *there is something worse!*

To Mrs. Rio.—Montague Square, October 1866.—Now I must tell you that I am quite engrossed by a book you first mentioned to me, '*Recit d'une sœur.*' I found it at Brussels, and can hardly describe the effect it produces on me. It is quite charming and *unique* in its way. As yet, I have only reached the end of the first volume, but I can imagine nothing that can come up to the beauty of those two characters, the husband and wife! It seems like returning to old acquaintance, so much have I heard of old from your dear husband of them all; and each person who comes upon the scene is equally pious. It gives me also a fresh notion of Mrs. Craven, from the clever polished, somewhat hard woman of the world, that I alone have seen. There is but one blot, and I believe I find it so, because I am English. Those four lines, '*A Dieu.*' If put as an invocation at the beginning of her pages, it would have been most fitting, but I do not like to see that name where the preface usually comes. One cannot read the book without being the better for it, and feeling more gratitude to Him who so drew those pure young hearts through suffering to Himself.

To Mrs. Rio.—Beginning of 1867.—You and I, my dear friend, have loved each other so long, that I do not like you not to know the real cause of my illness. You must have been puzzled by my giving up so entirely my usual habits, and yet going about like other people. Last spring cancerous symptoms declared themselves. I had felt weakly and ill through the winter; but it was a surprise to me. The recommendation of the surgeon was to strengthen my general health, and to give up London life, and London air, in order to keep the malady dormant as long as possible. This has been the cause of our entire change of manner of living. The disease is slowly increasing, but it is hardly to be called suffering yet; rather a sort of general discomfort and weakness. I lead a wholly invalid life, and am to write and exert myself as little as I can bear to do There is usually a dread of mentioning this malady, which I cannot understand. One must die of something, and one thing is much the same as another; and at my age, the time to be passed is not very long, whether it is to be suffering or painless. And now, my dear friend, I know you will like to hear how much comfort and happiness I have. Since the matter has been settled I can hardly express to you the peace and content that has come upon me. All the restlessness, the questionings, and seekings, have passed away; and I feel like a little child, led step by step by a loving Father. I shrink from even dwelling on this to any one; it seems so wonderful and I so unworthy of it. So don't pity me. If it pleases God to keep me in this state of peace, I am thankful; but if it is taken

away, He will help me to bear it. Any way, I can trust. I would not write this in my letter; but there is no reason for making it a secret.—Ever your affectionate friend, C. W. W.

To the same.—What a comfort to feel that this year can but bring us that which is the very best thing we can have—whether of suffering or of joy. And yet all the time, though I do not happen to fidget or worry about my health, I do to the utmost about my furniture, house, servants, &c., so odd is one! But I have a sort of deeper conviction below it all that it is childishness, and will subside as I get wiser, which is devoutedly to be wished! . . . . I have been laid up with a cold for the last ten days, but it has given me one pleasure, that of being able to read in quiet and peace the last vol. of the 'Art Chrétien.' I have done so with the greatest satisfaction; it is most interesting, and seems to me the fit conclusion to the great work, for when I go through the whole, and see all the conscientious labour and the eloquence bestowed on it, certainly I feel it *is* a great work, and one which your husband may feel gratitude to God for being permitted to finish. Few are allowed to leave such a memorial behind them, and all who are connected with him may well be proud of it. . . . Perhaps I may have the luck of meeting you in Germany, but it is no use making plans, and I find it great happiness to live from day to day, not looking forward, but just going on in entire trust and confidence.

To F. M. S.—Bingen, April 1867.—I will end with a quaint little bit of Germanism. At Bingen one day, the little landing-place of the steamers was dressed out with all manner of flags. I asked the landlord if it was a royal birthday (which they always *fête* in that way). 'Oh no! not at all. The truth is, the superintendent of the landing-place has two daughters who have made their first communion this morning, and so, *er hat geflagget.*' I so liked the participle made for the occasion, and the conviction that it was a matter for 'flagging.'

To the same.—May 1867.—Though your letter, dearest child, made me sad at heart, I was very grateful for it; grateful to you, that you did not shrink from letting me know how much you are suffering. It is possible that, by the time you get this, a little light may have broken in; but it is a very bitter trial. Those times when one cannot look up, can see no light, hope seems gone, and nothing left but a consciousness of wishing one were otherwise. It is awfully bewildering, and yet I believe it is as distinct a trial (this state) as a broken leg. 'Out of Thy faithfulness Thou hast caused me to be troubled.' Patience and quiet waiting on Him will bring a change; and you will be ready to go through your appointed time with thankfulness—feeling how near she who is gone before is still to you. And all those glorious sights and sounds of summer, with you she shares them all. All are Sacraments; and if there is any belief in the Communion of Saints, surely we may believe it is not confined to the Altar, nor to the

Church alone. And all the time I know how sad it must be for you; but I want to persuade you not to be unhappy at your own deadness and want of spiritual feeling, as it were; inasmuch as I am convinced, you can only bear it, not struggling to be otherwise. Soon it *will* change.

To the same.—July 1867.—I picture to myself your long summer days, with that constant burden of anxiety, that could not be crushed down. At such times, I think nature seems so unsympathising; you feel out of harmony with her, and the brighter she is the more she jars. Afterwards, when all is over, and one is left to sorrow, then God's love gives back the key to those hidden harmonies, and nature once more tells of peace, and joy, and rest, and reunion.

To Mr. C. W. Williams-Wynn.—Berne, July 5, 1867.—I think the Sheffield revelation the most fearful and the most sensational that one has ever read. It is bewildering to see what can go on under the coating of respectability, and in spite of education, which was to do so much; for, remember, the system of national education must have found many of these men children, and trained them. While I quite agree with you that it is an awful warning of what may be coming, I do not see that a refusal of more reform would have mended matters; nor in truth do I think the choice was left you. You would have had a revolution like '92. It does not seem to me you had the power of refusing, without rousing such violent passions as would have overturned everything. Now,

at least, whatever change takes place, it may be peaceable; and many will feel that their grievances have been removed. Whether it was the result of conviction in this case, or of the unceasing efforts of those who ought to have known better, to arouse the mob, it seems probable that had anything seriously endangered the success of this bill, there would have been a struggle; and I think it has been this conviction that has made Conservatives give up so much, and be ready to abandon their own principles, in order not to have on their shoulders the responsibility of hurrying on a collision. Almost everyone I spoke to in the spring said the bill was detestable; and they would give anything to destroy it. Yet everyone has voted regularly for every clause of it. This has *never*, in my remembrance, happened to such a degree before; and therefore I feel convinced that all, perhaps unconsciously to themselves, had an overmastering sense of the necessity. It seems mad to plunge into a deep river, not being able to swim; but with a mad dog behind you, one would be apt to run the risk!

I am very much better, and feel more and more that there is a something in the Swiss air not to be found in places and countries I like much better. . . . I sometimes wonder and think sadly over what I shall do when all ties of a home are broken off, and those little pictures one loves so much are to be packed up—perhaps for my lifetime! Still I had no choice. . . . .

To J. M. S.—Zimmerwald, near Berne, July 15,

1867.—On the 5th we left Berne, with our carpet bags; and, passing through Thun and Interlaken, went to Meyringen, where we had a most enjoyable week, with perfect weather; and amidst scenery more beautiful than any I had ever seen,—one of those weeks which stand out as landmarks to look back upon! The leading feature was H.'s going up to the Faulhorn, sleeping at the little inn on the summit, and rejoining me at Interlaken next day. Her departure was glorious; with four bearers, guide, and she in a *chaise-à-porteur* at her ease. She had longed for years to ascend one of the snowy range, and I was very anxious she should accomplish it. Nothing could do better; and it fully repaid her. From the unusual quantity of snow, the path was more difficult than usual; but she got to the top by six in the evening, and she sat looking at the wondrous sight most of the night. She thought the scene even more wonderful by moonlight than by day. Meanwhile, I was prudent; but enjoyed myself intensely sauntering about. Only once was I weak enough to give myself up to a guide. It is true he took me a beautiful scramble, along a valley which ended in a glacier; but the very sight of him always walking on just before worried me, and I was much happier when I got Stegen to dawdle along with me. I walked more than I could have hoped to do, and altogether felt very happy and thankful. Those 'everlasting hills' are comforting and steadying! Our rooms were engaged at this place; so we were obliged to leave Meyringen on Friday, unluckily as we thought, but I believe we had had as much fatigue as was

good for us. We came on here, therefore, to a little *pension* in the hills, two hours from Berne. The weather changed to rain that evening; but we were just tired enough to feel relieved that we could not go out; and to-day it is once more sunny and clear, lighting up the snow wall all around till one sees every crevice. The foreground is rich pasture land, sloping down to the valley and lake of Thun; the *châlet* where we are stands in a garden, and we have charming rooms, with a broad wooden balcony.

We are supposed to be *en pension*, but we never can bear *that* more than a day, so we live and feed by ourselves, and are sorry to feel we must go away in a few days. But our time is very short, and on the 25th we shall leave Switzerland for England. What a whirl London seems to be in just now. I have no sympathy, and little patience, with the fuss that has been made about the reception of the Sultan, which is very English, and not a little absurd—that we should have allowed all the respectable Christian Princes and Princesses to house themselves as they best could, receiving them most shabbily, or rather not at all, and, feeling at last ashamed of it, have lashed ourselves up to unlimited expense in honour of these Mussulmans, who, as far as I ever heard, are utterly insignificant characters. The Queen of Denmark had no room but her bedroom in which to receive her visitors, and this uninteresting Turk is to be lodged in Buckingham Palace!

Have you read a few hymns by Frank Palgrave? a tiny collection of seven or eight. I think two or three of them very fine, please get it. One comes

home wonderfully to me; but you know the 'Christian Year' is Hebrew to me, so that these may not strike others as they do me.

To a nephew.—July 17, 1867.—My dear ——, Now I am going to answer your letter, being settled quietly for a week or two at the top of a hill.

You write somewhat in a dejected spirit—not as much as low, but *ennuyé* rather. Why? I am disappointed at your account of the barristers you live with; they must have changed for the worse, or other men must have changed for the better. In my day lawyers were the only ones, as a class, who would talk. Of course they dogmatised, and they prosed, but still they could understand an allusion to men and things of other days. For the water-party—equivalent to croquet now—and the pic-nic, one's object was always to get a lawyer. However, I do believe, principally from having seen a very little of your friends, that the intellectual development of young men is greatly advanced now. Like all old women, I find their manners altered for the worse—I mean those of the casuals you meet abroad. . . .

As you truly say, —— now talks for effect, and it is increasing rapidly on her, in consequence of the company she keeps. Nothing, as far as my experience goes (and I have had some), deteriorates a woman's manners and character so quickly as the living exclusively in small literary society. It may not have the same lowering effect on a man, but I have never seen a woman who is not the worse for it.

You will all have left London before we reach it.

It will be a dreary time enough, and I shall be glad to feel it is over. If one could but build up a bonfire in the square, and therein consume all one's old trash, and the remembrances attached to it! Your map delighted me, and I laugh whenever I re-study it. How can you, a somewhat *blasé*, fine, exclusive man, pour out such genial fun? It puzzles me! God bless you.—Ever your affectionate,

CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS-WYNN.

To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.—August 1867.—At Shrewsbury, the station room was littered with tracts called 'A Study earnestly recommended to the rich.' I read the fifty pages, which were an exposition of the sufferings of curates and clergymen generally, from large families and small incomes. The entreaty was that all should contribute to the fund who could do so, as it was a shame to the country that such things should be. I long for a counterfund, to enable *ensigns* to marry. There appears no reason whatever, why a man in a white necktie should have a right to six children, while one in a black one is to have none at all, or rather to be blamed if he has. It is very sad that any man, young or old, should not be able to marry, but it is not one bit sadder for a clergyman than for another. Many clerks go on their life long in single blessedness, and no one pities *them!*

To Mrs. Maurice.—Wenlock Abbey, August 26, 1867.—My dear friend,—Having now turned my back on London, I can thank you for your letter. The

fortnight I was there was one of hard work, and I could not write at all, though H., as usual, took the labouring oar; Charles came up, and at last the clearance was complete. What a mass of useless things one gathers round one to weigh one down! and it is the rubbish that it is hard to part from, and round which all one's memories cluster! However, now it is all over, and I feel lighter. We are still tied to 'residentiary life,' by ten or twelve boxes in the Pantechnicon, of books, &c., &c. I came here on Thursday, and am enjoying intensely the lovely weather, and all the charms of this place; and about the 12th or 14th of October we are to go south for the winter, which I write glibly enough, but you, dear friends, will know how keen is the pang of thus separating myself entirely from almost all that I love or care for. However, I do not believe I have the option of not doing so, for the doctor put it very straightforwardly before me—either I must make up my mind to be a complete invalid a year or two before I need be so, or I must give up all my habits and live where I can be more in the open air than is possible during a winter in England. For Harriot's sake I could not hesitate; the future is far worse for her than for me, and I am bound to take every means they think likely to prevent my getting worse.

To J. M. S.—Pantyochin, September 1867.—My dearest Julia,—How I like to hear of all your summer sounds and sights. I can fancy myself among you, and enjoying it all with you, for I have a particular gift for '*figurez vous*,' as the French say in all their

descriptions of scenery. It used to affront my father so much, that he always shut up the book when he came to the '*figurez vous*,' saying he neither could nor would; but I like a word-picture, and think I have a very tolerable idea of your view—I wonder whether I have or not? It is quite certain from all your letters, that upon the whole you have in Cornwall more enjoyable weather than elsewhere, though I suppose you have months when more rain falls. I cannot say it has been right summer latterly, and at Wenlock, though very hot, it was foggy and oppressive. It is a trying place from the coldness of the high vaulted rooms, and the change from the glowing heat out of doors was too great. The magnificent ruins are clustered close round the Abbey, so that you are actually in the midst of them, and of an evening see the large white owls coming out of their nests high up in the ruined aisles. However beautiful in form, I think a ruined church is essentially a depressing object, although I tell myself that it has done its work, and so ought to be cast aside.

To the same.—92 *Park Street, October* 26, 1867.—I have seen dear Mr. Maurice once before my headache came on. . . . He is looking very well, and does not seem overdone. I was intensely interested by his telling me that, being appointed to preach at St. Mary's during November, he has chosen the subject of Hope for his sermons. It is greatly needed now, for, instead of the *God of Hope*, we have made Him into the *God of Despair!* As I lie awake at night, I find myself imagining what he will say, and draw

both pleasure and profit from the consideration. I did not even know where to look for the words 'God of Hope,' and when I found them—Romans xv. 13, —it seemed almost like a revelation afresh. Taking it in all its ramifications, I am sure it is the virtue least practised. Faith and Charity we struggle for, but poor Hope we let drop, and are rather ashamed than otherwise of her. '*I can't help hoping*,' is all we can say.

I see in yesterday's *Spectator* a beautiful character of the Bishop of Lichfield, I imagine by Mr. Maurice; and what a glorious article there is upon Napoleon and Rome! Little chance is there of its passing the French frontier, and our newsman assures us it is useless to attempt ordering *Spectator* or *Pall Mall* for Cannes, not one number in six arrives. This is a great drawback, for I depend upon those papers. We have taken divers Reviews with us, but must trust to a French library principally.

To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.—December 1867.—I was interrupted by a visit from the clergyman who came to pay a visit of sympathy, and to offer to come to me, if I was prevented from going to church. He was very good-natured, very High Church, dressed irreproachably as to bands and Quaker coat. There he sat, giving out old dry crumbs, which once were bread, but one might mumble them now in vain. It gave me the notion of having the heap of crumbs that remain in one's bag after a long journey thrown at one. Altogether a curious study! But the sick and the sorry are usually so good and humble, that, just

like the poor, when a gentleman chooses to give them his stupid lecture, they bear with him so kindly. I daresay they would have been refreshed by this man. Certainly the art of getting into contact with the *spirit* of a man ought to be learned by the clergy, if their influence is to continue. This well-meaning individual did not get deeper than the crape on my gown.

To Baroness Bunsen.—Cannes, December 7, 1867.—You will perhaps have heard of the crushing sorrow that has been laid upon us—the death of our darling Sidney Doyle. It is a relief to me to write to one who can feel for us so heartily as you can, dear friend! We arrived here on the 16th; a week after came a telegram to say *there was no hope*—we had not even heard she was ill—and the next day all was over. Harriot set off by express, without any hope of seeing her, but for the sake of those she left. I should have been only a clog upon them: but it was a comfort to think that H. would hear all the last details, and would be in time to lay her loved one in the grave.

When I last saw our dear Sidney, she seemed as well as usual, though I saw a change during the month passed together; it seemed to me for the first time that there was a failure of power to resist the constant *malaise* under which she suffered; and I am beginning to be able to feel thankful that her brave and buoyant spirit has found its blessed rest, before it was bowed down by over-mastering disease. . . . . She was such a wife and mother as is seldom seen,

from her extreme cheerfulness, her determination that her constant ill-health should not sadden the household, or prevent her from doing everything herself. The physicians have often told us that it was this courage that kept her alive. God in his wisdom has seen fit to take her from us.[1] . . .

As to the children, one feels they are like the young trees one sees planted under the shade of taller ones, which encircle and warm them, and keep out all cold and blasts. After a time the cutter hews down the old ones, that those below may have fitting space to put out shoots, and struggle up higher; but how bare and desolate they look at first. . . .

Farewell, my dear friend; do not *care* for me, or think I am desolate. My peculiar state of health brings such repose of mind with it, and it makes me naturally feel thankful when those I love are garnered up and taken away from sorrow and worry.

How beautiful Cannes is, you well know; but I am astonished at it. I am getting fast to think it the most beautiful country I have ever seen—the walks so accessible and free, and the colouring more lovely than Italy. With the exception of a heavy snow for two days, which the housemaids looked at with admiration, we have had sunny days for the three weeks I have been here.

To Rev. F. Maurice.—Cannes, December 17, 1867.—My very dear friend,—I thank you for your loving words

[1] Miss W. W.'s youngest sister, Lady Doyle, died in London, November 23, 1867.

of sympathy, and, though I cannot write much, you will like to hear that they are of comfort to me. You have expressed better than I can my only ground of consolation. Day by day as life draws on I feel more certainly that God is Life, and in Him alone is our Life. He will give Life—will continue it in such proportions and measures and ways—as He sees best, and I find I can rest satisfied better with this belief, wholly and unreservedly trusting to Him for the *now* and the hereafter of myself, and all those I care for, than in any teaching or theory, however comforting they may have seemed to me years ago. Nothing seems to be steady—to stand the wear and tear of mind and body but this. All else fails! Then come the words, 'No man cometh unto the Father but by Me,' to be unspeakably precious. They give a warranty that the longing that the Father's Will may be done, and He be all in all, is wrought by the Son, that He is drawing me to the Father, and so altogether I am at peace.

Last night Harriot returned from her long and trying journey, of course with a heavy cold; but one could not expect it to be otherwise, and I am thankful she was enabled to see the dear ones once more. All that she tells me of the poor children is comforting; the devoted love for her who was everything to them, showing itself in their struggles to exert and be cheerful for the sake of their father and of one another. . . . .

God bless you, my dear friend! you are mixed up with all my most solemn and most blessed thoughts. Ever your affectionate, C. W. W.

To F. M. S.—Cannes, Christmas Day, 1867.—My dearest Julia,—One word of greeting to you all at this blessed time. I trust you are together at Cambridge, and love to think of you there at last. Harriot is getting out of influenza that has confined her to her room since she returned, and when I see her strong again all will be right. I am writing in a moment of disappointment, having walked off to the church, and finding it (half an hour before the beginning of the service) quite too full to get a place, so I had to come back; and I so seldom *can* go, that I do not bear it well. But I should not complain, for there is Communion every fortnight for invalids, and daily service, so that one has all the comfort one wants. But Christmas is always to me a very happy time, and I think I have felt it so the more, since I have had naturally to pass it mostly alone and gravely, than in the days of youth. There seemed to me something revolting in the merry making which used to make so large a part of Christmas tide; but I felt at the same time I was wrong and *Christendom entire* was right. Kind people write to me that 'Christmas must be most trying.' Surely if one believes at all, ever so little! one cannot think of one's own losses on this day! . . . . . I want much to hear of your dear Mum, and trust you to tell me all about her. I think of her much, and know how fondly her thoughts will turn at this season to the dear ones far away across the seas. Yet they are near her in spirit, perhaps as near as the sisters who are gone home, and are awaiting you and me. . . . . McDonald's unspoken sermons suit me; among much that is quaint and

wild, and wordy to excess, I come upon bits that are excellent and full of truth and thought.

God bless you dearest, ever your affectionate,

C. W. W.

To Mrs. Milnes Gaskell.—Cannes, December 27, 1867.—My dearest,—Do not let us grudge our fourpences, but take it as a cab for a bit of talk! Alas! one-sided talk alone it can be. It is a relief to know you are over that detestable school work. Is there no one to whom you could give it up now, going there yourself occasionally when you feel inclined, so as to take off the feeling that 'to-day I must go, for I have not been for six days.'

Sometimes I wish desperately you could be here, and then again I feel it would be doubtful whether, upon the whole, the life would suit you, accustomed as you are to such an energetic one.

The temptation to take too long walks is very difficult to resist, every step being prettier than the one before; and when one has got up a hill one hates to come down again. We want to go to the cemetery here; one might see a cross that suited. I have no notion of anything else. Surely a marble one would be best, though I cannot myself care the least what it is. Mr. Ker showed me a pretty bas-relief that he had put on his sister's tomb in the church here, done by Monro; and to people to whom it is a satisfaction to see that sort of thing in connection with one whom they have loved and lost, perhaps, it is as good as could be.

Is all the preparation taken against Fenian outrage really supposed to be necessary? What an

atrocious attempt this last blowing up has been. As an American said, 'A very little more of this will bring you to Lynch Law.' The police seem to have been terribly dilatory in their action. As in the police van affair, we never make up our minds to act till the mischief is done. 'Athelstan the unready' is the real Anglo-Saxon type still.

To Mrs. Maurice.—Cannes, February 1868.—My very dear Georgina,—Your letter was and is a comfort to me—few, I might say none, can sympathise as you can in trials of mind and body. I trust that the writing of it was not too much for you! Your rheumatism would not be mended by coming here, for years I have not had such decided attacks of it. I believe it is owing to the mistral which has blown for the last fortnight, but with the constant bright sun it is difficult to understand how much precaution one should take against exposure to it. Altogether, I have no doubt that I have had less pain (that signifies) this winter, than I should probably have had in a colder climate, but as is generally the case—providentially, I think!—when one studies one's own well-being merely, circumstances arise that make it nugatory. I was to come here, my dear ones said, to lead a quiet life without anxiety or cares, which were supposed to be hurtful. The anxiety of those three days, when one telegram had come, Harriot had set off, and I was expecting another to say all was over—was sufficient to fill many a month . . . . . .

I have been longing to tell you how grateful I am for the Sermons on Hope. I have read them over

and over again, and shall do so for many a day without feeling that I have come to the whole of their meaning, for they are almost painfully full of matter, not a usual criticism on sermons in these days—they have helped me much, and so they will those to whom they were spoken. Those on the Missionary and the Churchman I think the most perfect, particularly with the letter to the *Spectator* on the Cape Town excommunication as an addition, which is excellent.

Having been shut up a good deal of late, I have had time to read Montalembert's five large volumes about the monks, which you probably have done before. One cannot put down the book, and yet it is difficult to understand how a man of such undoubted power can write so much that is puerile. Ignoring all that was passing out of the small circle to which he confines himself, he dwells on one legend after another, and tells one that 'History is not a collection of facts and dates, but of the ideas and impressions which filled and ruled the mind of contemporaries.' I never met with so provoking a work, and when he compares Goethe's death, calling for 'more light,' with those of the Anglo-Saxon nuns of the seventh century who died happy and content, as examples of paganism and Christianity, one feels more than provoked!

'Now Cambridge will be beginning to be spring-like, and I hope you will get out a little. Oh! If I could but have you here! and yet I fear it would not suit you any better . . . .

That week in South Parade at Bath I like to dwell upon. It was a time of quiet and pleasant

communion, the last we have had, but I do not give up hopes of another, though times and plans seem strangely uncertain now and one feels it difficult to take thought for them. Sometimes it is heavy work bearing up, when one is so entirely cut off from all work and from all one's interests.

God bless you, dear friend! I should grudge sending you so dreary and dry a note, but I fear I must not make it longer now. As one luckily pays one's own postage, I do not feel such scruples in sending a few abrupt sentences across the sea as I should otherwise do. My fourpenny bits I call them! My dear love to your husband—I hope he takes interest in the attempt to set up colleges in France where women may learn. I think I can see that the clerical party is making a great effort to improve the course of instruction they give. Certainly there seems an improvement in the general literature; it is the fashion to be moral. The other day in a criticism in one of the leading periodicals, I came upon this—'In spite of the heretical and decidedly *biblical tone* of this work, there is merit in it'!!—Ever your very affectionate, C. W. W.

Holles Street, May 11, 1868.—As to myself it seems to me I have nothing to say. My track is such clear sailing that I don't feel that there is anxiety or difficulty in it. No crooks or side winds to be guarded against or feared, but it is very different with Mary's illness, overpowered as she is with interests and calls of all sorts which must be attended to.

But dear—do not worry yourself with putting

things in order! I know how necessary one fancies such exertions to be—but somehow or other, 'things right themselves in a providential manner,' as an old nurse of ours used to say, when the untidiness of our rooms was greater than she could, or chose to grapple with—and there is truth in her words with which I often have to comfort myself.

Holles Street, May 1868.—*To J. M. S.*—I saw dear Mr. Maurice yesterday, and he comes in to luncheon, Sunday. Short as are his visits, for he generally goes down again in the evening, I cannot tell you what a comfort they are. His tenderness and wonderful sympathy in one's difficulties and shortcomings, is quite marvellous. He is altered, and it seems to me that gradually all hard and fast lines of his theology are softening and fading away, leaving an after-glow of love and charity more beautiful than ever Holman Hunt imagined!

Bognor, June 2, 1868.—I cannot tell you how much I am enjoying myself here. Fine far-extending sands when the tide is out, and the lanes and hedgerows with their honeysuckles, beautiful in their bright green clothing with plenty of large trees overshadowing the road, most unusual so near the sea. I am not particularly well, yet, as I say, enjoy myself greatly, which sounds paradoxical, but is true. Nippold's history interests me exceedingly; in spite of his somewhat rugged, unattractive style, I cannot put the work down. It is a most suggestive volume, and gives one abundant matter for thought. We have no

such history in English—merely episodes treated by one-sided men.

To Baroness Bunsen.—Bognor, June 2, 1868.—My dear friend,—Your letter received two days ago was particularly welcome to me; and when I saw your dear writing it seemed to me you must have known how constantly my thoughts have turned to you during the last week. Now, from this preamble, you will guess that I am beginning the book I have so longed to see in print. Praise enough of it you will have from all sides, for I have not heard one dissentient voice; but I hardly believe it can be as fascinating to anyone as it is to me. I read myself again into all *his* thoughts and expressions, till I can fancy I am once more in that Charlottenberg library, where so many happy hours were spent. It is difficult to show you how happy I am when I can take up the volume for a little bit. I am still in Rome, and read as slowly as I possibly can, to prolong the account of that beautiful time of youth; and what a youth it was! surely most remarkable to find that sense of a vocation given him as a boy, and continuing unshaken through sorrow and trials, till he gave it up, fulfilled in his old age. It seems to me in this he stands alone. Years ago I was struck with something of it in the life of Fichte; but many men pass their lives vainly groping after it, and at last abandon the search in cowardice and little faith. It is admirable, and a comfort for many a failure to read such a life of brave trust and faith as this. I have always felt the sense of a vocation, and the being allowed in some degree

to obey it, to be one of the greatest blessings that God can bestow; and therefore, perhaps, I am more struck by this bright example than others are.

How many will feel grateful to you for what you have done, and for the *way* in which you have done it. You have given the whole character in a piece, as it stood, entire, without breaking it into parts, and calling one his religious feelings, and another his political ones, as is of late too much the custom of biographers. . . . .

To Mr. C. W. Williams-Wynn.—From a decayed hotel on a hill, out of Fribourg, June 29, 1868.—Our present quarters are primitive enough, but very enjoyable after the hot hotels, and the dinners. It is a largish house, on a hill a quarter of an hour from the town, which was built for a summer hotel, but failed, and ended in a sort of tavern restaurant, where the peasants come after market. We have taken the second floor, so as to be out of their way, and have six rooms—one, a large salon, with a table twelve feet long. Said table is delightful to me, as it holds all one's books, papers, and flowers, and is so large that it never needs tidying for want of space. The views very cheery and pleasant, over hill and dale, and woods, to the Lake of Neuchâtel, and the Jura mountains. The extreme freshness is the merit; for, though very high, we have nothing like a Swiss view, only very rich vegetation, and farm-houses in every direction. We could not bear the idea of going from one hotel to another; so, with the banker's help, found this. You have no notion what places we were sent to, by way of

country houses; beautiful views, but such dirty holes, that one must have fresh papered and painted and furnished them. There cannot be a greater mistake than to fancy the Swiss are a clean race, which one does till one knows their ways. They paint their shutters fresh green, and their houses every year, but they never open the former, so that all manner of unclean things flourish within. You would have been amused had you seen our starting from the hotel yesterday. They evidently looked upon us as pioneers going into a wilderness, wishing us God's speed, and shaking hands.

I cannot tell you how depressing this summer travelling is. It is right, I dare say, for one's health; but the aimlessness of the life makes me now so low; one thinks of old times with a sadness one has not had before; and I am apt ungratefully to forget how bright has been the past, as I look at the clouded future. But this feeling, I know, proceeds in a great measure from the weakening effect of the intense heat, which makes me less able to resist such thoughts. H., too, is thoroughly unwell; but the complete quiet will, I think, do us both good in time.

To J. M. S.—Meyringen, August 1868.—We are still in the mountains 'roughing it,' and, I think, are all much the better for it. The heat began again at Berne, and was evidently so injurious to Mary, that we settled it was wiser to leave it. Here, she and Harriot made daily excursions in *chaises-à-porteur*, which seems to have the best effect on both. They went over the Wengern Alps to Lauterbrunnen with-

out fatigue (I drove there in a reasonable way). After a week or so we settled in this charming place, and have all been enjoying our ten days to the utmost, in our different ways. The bearers here are particularly good; and it is wonderful to see what steep places they carry one up and down, perfectly sure-footed, and apparently without exertion to themselves. To my sisters, who enjoy it, I suppose it must be thorough rest, and Mary has revived ever since she came in contact with the glaciers. I amused myself exceedingly my own way; but they put so much kind pressure upon me to accompany them, that the other day I consented to go to the Rosenlaui Glacier. My presentiment that the mode of conveyance would not suit me, turned out a true one; and right glad I was to get home again; the motion is to me disagreeable. We had twelve men with us, four to each chair, to replace each other; and you can fancy how much the noise and clatter impeded one's enjoyment of the beautiful mountain path, up which we were winding. As soon as I could persuade them to set me down, my object was to outrun them, which, of course, was tiring enough; and my sisters were much amused at seeing my vain attempts, and the determination of the bearers to pounce upon me from every bit of vantage-ground. The weather was beautiful; and I thoroughly enjoyed a rest on the Alps, while Harriot was carried up to the glacier—a feat her bearers were very proud of, as no woman had ever been carried up before.

We have enjoyed our cozy fortnight to the utmost, and feel as if we had had time to talk over the future and the past, and to see our way. It is such a comfort

to talk out, which cannot be done spasmodically; or it does more harm than good, and is no relief to anyone.

How beautiful summer is! I am almost shocked to find the delight I now take in the mere colours and shapes of hills and trees. A few years ago I cared little for fine weather. The air, however, of Switzerland helps much the feeling of *bien-être*. At Meyringen it was like a small jet of soda water playing upon your skin all day; however hot was the sun, there was this tingling sharpness.

The road from Meyringen was too lovely—across the Brienz and Thun lakes! and Interlaken seemed to me more beautiful than I had ever seen it before, with all the snowy peaks perfectly clear, and its fringe of walnut trees glittering in the sun.

I am deeply grieved to hear of ——'s death. What bereavements that poor man has gone through, and so bravely! His faith has always seemed to me more like that of the men of old, than what one meets with now—no beautiful hot-house plant, but strong and coarse, with deep roots, that need no care to keep it upright. He trusts God to look after his faith, instead of being always brushing it up, and turning it over himself.

To Baroness Bunsen.—Homburg, October 1868.—I was glad to hear how well the Bishop of London did here the other day. He came for his health, which was quite broken; but insisted on preaching every Sunday, and made acquaintance not only with the clergy of the town, but with the pasteurs in the little villages round.

The English chaplain here (a young fair-haired boy, as much fit to have the cure of souls in such a place as this, as my nephew would be!) told me he always went with the bishop, and was quite surprised at his power. 'He speaks German very imperfectly, yet he always contrived to ask such a question as set the person addressed off on his *hobby*, whatever it might be, in his parish; and the information the bishop got was enormous.' We so seldom send a good type of a travelling bishop that it was very pleasant to hear how very much this one was appreciated.

The increase of gambling is enormous; and now some English girls, and plenty of American ones, win and lose daily. Respectable sort of women too, whom I know, go to the gambling-table daily; returning in time for the *table d'hôte* at their hotel—in short, pass their day there, and argue that it is just like croquet, or any other game. I saw a young girl covered with onyxes, which she had bought out of money won there! This is so entirely new to me that I am quite aghast at it. The English chaplain told me it has increased greatly during the two years he has been here. He therefore wrote a tract, which he had put into the hands of each of his congregation as they left the church; and has affronted them so deeply by it that he will probably have to leave.

Then the dress is quite repulsive. We meet them on their road to the Kursaal; and certainly never did I see such looks and gowns before. The landlord of our house, who is a very superior man, told me that the notorious Monsieur le Blanc, the director of

the gambling-house, said to him the other day, 'The licence that the English and American young ladies allow themselves—*est ignoble.*' Everyone says they mean no harm; but of course they are surrounded by those who do. And imagine mothers letting their daughters go into the midst of such vice as is to be seen in those evenings! It is impossible not to hear stories of horrors which in old times (twenty years ago) would never have met one's ears. How I long for the time that Prussia has fixed for sweeping it all away! If she will but not be indulgent longer! I heard an Englishwoman the other day finding fault with the Prussian Government for shutting up the play-tables on Sundays and Feasts—'they actually lose a million of francs by it!' Shall we have another revolution before long? Sometimes it seems likely, when I think of the gigantic misery of the lower classes, and the fearful (partial) immorality of the rich and high-placed! Such places as Homburg make one feel there must come something to purify the general corruption, and it cannot be by rose-water! Now I have said enough on this miserable subject; but you will understand how impossible it is to be in the midst of a small society like this, and not to feel depressed by the gradual degradation of thought and principle which you see around, all spreading from one centre of vice.

To a niece.—1868.—I can quite enter into all your weariness of what are called comforting words, and which are for the most part irritating ones. You must not expect anything else, and I think the easiest

way of bearing them is to be silent and turn the conversation as soon as you can to other matters, so as to show you prefer not continuing it. I would have you do nothing that seems ungrateful for what is meant as kindness, but there are limits. It is always an exertion to them, and therefore one wants them not to make it. That old proverb applies so well to all such cases: 'You can't have more of a cat than its skin,' and very often the skin is worth nothing, or at least not the sort you want.

To the same.—1868.—I have nothing to say that can comfort you—the whole depth of the sorrow must be gone through, and all attempts to bridge it over I have found hopeless—but I hope you are enabled generally, of course it varies at times, to see and feel in how very close a communion with your darling mother you are all this time, struggling for her sake to live for others and not for yourself. I do believe this from the bottom of my heart. The feeling too that if anything can cloud her present perfect peace it would be the seeing you all so miserable makes one put a restraint on one's self. Years ago, when I was going through what you are now, I happened accidentally to read a short German poem of some not much known writer. It described a mother burying her only child, and going nightly in her grief to weep on the little grave. One night the little thing appeared to her looking mournful and sad with drawn and faded features, and, I think, uncurled hair! It said, 'Mother, I cannot sleep, you make my shroud so wet, your tears keep me wandering here.' Of

course the poor mother turns over a new leaf at once, and the end is the child comes again in brightness and gladness to thank her. As far as I remember, there was not much in the poetry, and it might be called sentimental and materialistic ; but it struck me, I felt there was a truth in it. If anything could disturb the happiness of the dear one who was gone it would be my sorrow, and so I tried not to grudge her great gain.

To Rev. F. D. Maurice.—Dover, February 23, 1869.—My dear friend,—In spite of the intense pleasure which it always is to me to have a letter from you, I could not help feeling shocked that I should have been the cause of your putting pen to paper unnecessarily. I was very grateful to Georgina for the cheering little message she bid you give me about yourself, and believe it thoroughly ; for the sake of those who love you, you will try and not wear yourself out! I know what a trial it must be to you not to spend and be spent on the work that has been given you. The doing nothing is the most laborious kind of doing, yet sometimes it seems a distinct call, and most is done in those passive states. . . .

As to myself, I have really little to say. I am very comfortable and happy, though at times I feel half bewildered at finding how little I depend on or hold to the regular teaching. All seems to fade away ; and I feel alone with God, as though I had drifted away into a region where I can only trust absolutely—trust that He will prepare me as it best pleases him for hereafter, whatever it may be. I have

read and thought, as you know, a good deal during a long life, and this state is so wholly contrary to what I had expected that I am puzzled; it seems literally a 'Peace that passeth understanding.' But enough of this sort of confession. We go to-morrow by slow journeys to Arcachon, where my sister Mary is; she is suffering, and it will be a comfort to see her. A—— writes from Edinburgh more cheerfully than usual. She ends by saying, 'When I can read nothing else I can read bits of your Christmas gift at Cannes (the 'Companion to the H. Communion'). Dear friend, how much do we owe you! to how many weary and sick souls your words have given comfort and support. May it be returned tenfold to yourself when you have need of it!

My dear love to you both,

Ever your attached and grateful friend,

CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS-WYNN.

To Mr. Rio.—Hotel Chatham, Tuesday afternoon, February 1869.—My dear friend,—Our interview came so suddenly to an end yesterday, that I felt I had not said half I wished and intended; so that I must patch on a few words to tell you how much I enjoyed the seeing you once more. It was very kind in you to come, and the kindness was not thrown away. During the last months, when sleepless nights give me plenty of time for thinking over all that has interested me in my past life, our early conversations together return to me as vividly as ever, and always bring back some of the keen delight I used to take in them. I am so utterly unable to talk now, that

I read nearly all day, and the two volumes you have sent will just suit me. I was so unwell last night, that we have given up going until to-morrow, when I dare say I shall be more fit for it. . . . .

As to myself, I am so quiet and happy that I am half frightened at it. The entire and absolute rest in the goodness and love of God gives a 'Peace that passeth understanding.' He may think right to withdraw it, and then I trust to be willing it should be so. I have always wished to die leisurely—not to shuffle off my life as a tired child does its clothes on going to bed at night, but to be allowed to put away each worn-out faculty gradually. You see how willingly I should ramble on, but the pain in my eye tells me I must end, and you will hardly be able to decipher this. God bless you all, dear friend!

Ever yours affectionately,

CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS-WYNN.

Arcachon, March 1869.—*To J. M. S.*—Of course, the express from Paris was somewhat trying; and we stayed a day at Bordeaux to rest, then railed on here—the very queerest place by way of a chosen abode for invalids that I ever saw. You go for two hours on sand, between sand-hills crowned by more or less stunted firs. At last you stop, still surrounded by sand, at some small *châlets*. An omnibus takes you to a gigantic hotel, from whence you have no view but firs on one side; on the other, a bay quite land-locked, but all so flat as even a Dutch landscape seldom approaches. I could not help laughing when I thought of the trouble and exertion we had given

ourselves to get here, and till an entire change of weather comes, I see I shall not be allowed to travel, so I suppose we are here till after Easter. We have excellent rooms, enormously lofty and large, on the ground-floor, opening on a terrace, and due south. Still, why any of us came here I cannot guess. Mary was settled in the forest, as it is called, a mile off, which in this weather was a great obstacle to our meeting. It was a sad disappointment to us to find that her rheumatism is certainly worse than when she came, and I feel convinced that this place in some way did not suit her, so was glad to see her on her way to the station yesterday, to sleep at Bordeaux, where she will see a doctor and take advice as to going further. My doctor is pleasing and sensible when he does not say that reading in bed causes the lungs to congest, but in spite of him I have been reading a good deal. Mr. Rio kindly sent me a large packet of books, all in one line, but not the less curious. A life of St. Paule has interested me. She was one of those high-born Roman ladies who became Christian in 340, and was taught by St. Jerome. The author has taken his materials entirely from St. Jerome's letters to her and her companions; and it throws a reality over their life that those sort of performances usually want; while, at the same time, one sees how very far they had already strayed from the simplicity of the gospel teaching.

I have also a very remarkable book, 'La Morale et la Loi de l'Histoire,' by Gratry.

Huxley's article on the 'Physical Basis of Life' is very remarkable,—most suggestive and excellent so

long as he draws no conclusions from his discoveries. When he does, he always strikes me as wrong; and there is a tone of defiance, almost of exultation, as he throws down the gauntlet to the orthodox, which gives me a strong distrust in him; it is so entirely opposed to the first principles of an inquirer into science.

Tieck pleases me much, principally in the enjoyment of his beautiful clear style. It is something marvellous when one opens a German book, written in that time, to find the difference from one written in the present. They say the same thing applies to modern French and that of forty or fifty years ago. I know not, but I should not say our English was deteriorated at all.

What do you think of the letters in *Macmillan* from the Girl of the Period? The curious part to me is the strong sense of dulness which seems to belong to girls' lives now.

To J. M. S.—Grand Hotel, Arcachon, April 23, 1869.—My dearest Julia,—I have been thinking and wishing to write to you the last two days—not to tell you of the sorrow that has come upon us; you will hear of it soon enough somehow, but rather to dwell upon the cloud of mercies, which has for the present almost veiled it from our eyes, and also that I want you to help me. For the last ten days, our dear Mary lay at the point of death, but without pain of any sort, which had subsided before. It was not till Wednesday last, the 21st, that she was released, and the peace which brooded on her, and spoke in every word she

said, was indeed, that which 'passeth understanding.' So blessed a scene they tell me was seldom witnessed, for she was herself to the very last; she even made her own little jokes on the pomposity of the doctors, while she said she was perfectly happy. You know she had always had a dread of illness, and of the course her malady might take, and when she found that any partial recovery must be to continued pain, it was a relief to feel she was not to undergo the trial any longer. All she loved were around her, and an old medical friend of Milnes's also came out, and was of the greatest use. There was a most kind chaplain who would come at any time to minister to her, in which she found great comfort. It all seems like a dream to me still, but one without bitterness—not even that I could not go over and see the darling once more—my failure of breath would have prevented my speaking, and would have worried her. Charles kindly came and staid with me, as she begged Harriot would remain with her to the end. I used to send her short sentences taken from Mr. Maurice's writings, or what I remembered he had said to me, and she liked them as messages of comfort. Now dearest, to the object of this incoherent letter, you will not wonder that I long to get back among our own people, to pass the bit of life which God may yet give me; I may not be able, that is a different thing, but the English doctor thinks I might when the summer is settled in. Our object is the back of the Isle of Wight, where I am assured one may find a residence for summer, and of course also for winter. Should this reach you while still there, would you mind just asking the

house agent what sort of houses they are likely to have—I should need a garden with trees, where I could be shut in and sit. In short, a comfortable villa. The doctor thought I might move from hence in May, but I am naturally weakly just now—I cannot write a line more.

God bless you both, dearests,

Yours ever,

C. WILLIAMS-WYNN.

I will write to your uncle.

Three days after this letter was written, a sudden failure of strength showed to those around her that the end was nearer than she had expected. When told of this change, her fervent expressions of thanksgiving were like a hymn of praise which will never be forgotten by those who heard it. During the last hours, her chief care was, as ever, not for herself, but for those she was leaving, and with words of love and prayer her spirit passed away.

Her body was laid in the cemetery amidst the pine trees at Arcachon.

LONDON : PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

00023479

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018